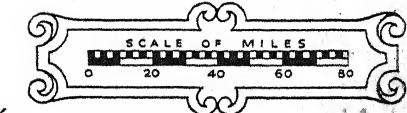


Sketch Map to illustrate  
JUNGLE TRAILS  
IN NORTHERN  
INDIA



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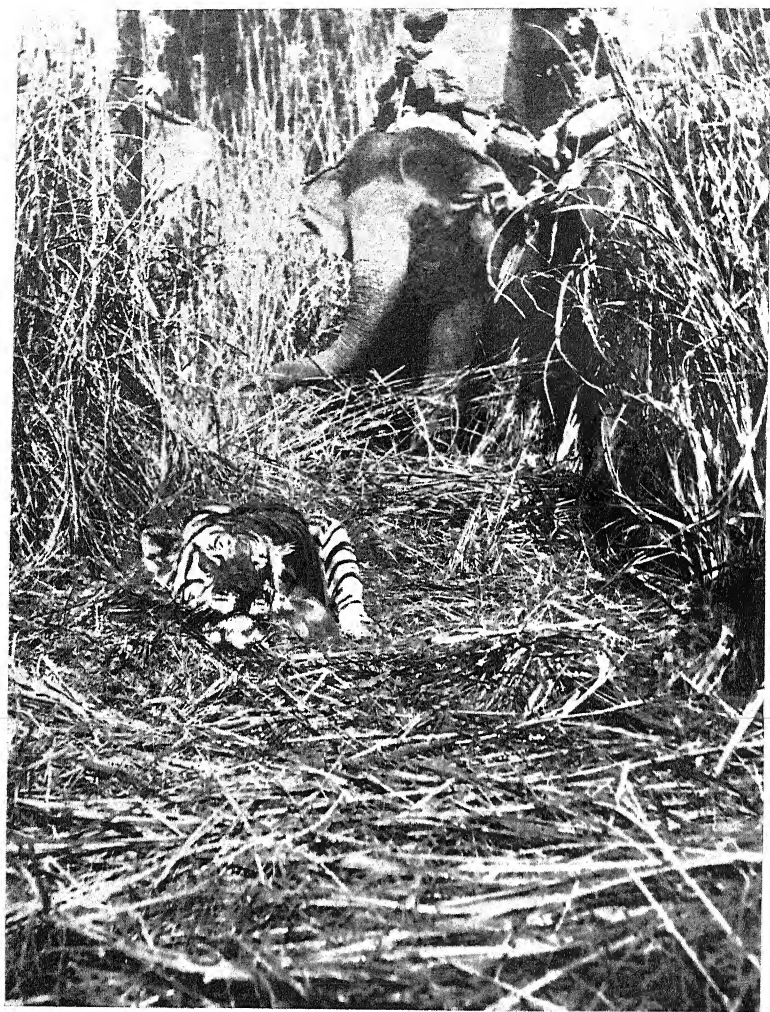
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*Jungle Trails in  
Northern India*



A VERY HEAVY TIGER KILLED IN THICK COVER

(See p. 123)

# *Jungle Trails in Northern India*

*Reminiscences of Hunting in India*

by  
SIR JOHN HEWETT

*With 24 plates  
and a map*



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## FOREWORD

A NUMBER of friends, who shared with me the pleasures of tiger hunting in the United Provinces between 1907 and 1912, have from time to time urged me to write some account of our doings. I have attempted to do so here, and have included in this book some description of other expeditions to the Tarai and other Indian jungles. My daughter Mrs. Atkinson (Lorna) has kindly collaborated with the story of her visit to Leh in 1921.

I have received much assistance and advice from friends, particularly Sir Richard Burn, B. B. Osmaston, referred to *passim* as Osma, Percy Wyndham, A. M. Caccia, and A. D. Cohen (whose help in typing and arranging the manuscript has been invaluable). For most of the photographs I am myself responsible, and some I owe to members of my family ; the best are those taken by Captain O'Neill, of the Thomason Engineering College at Rurki, to illustrate scenes in the Kumaun Tarai in 1895.

In the appendix is a glossary of scientific names of mammals, birds, reptiles and fish, trees, shrubs and grass, of vernacular words used in the text, and of the words of command given by mahouts to elephants.





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Northern India*





## *Chapter One*

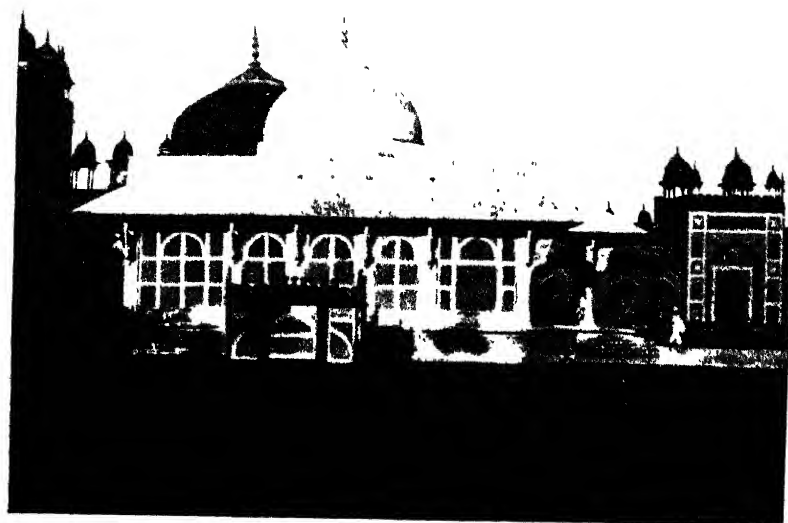
### EARLY DAYS AT AGRA

IT was my good fortune, on arriving in India to join the Bengal Civil Service sixty years ago, to be posted to such a desirable district as Agra then was. The Civil Service in the North-Western Provinces and Oudh (as the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh were called) contained almost as many members educated at Haileybury as had passed into it under the system of open competition. This system had come into force nearly twenty years before, the members of the service recruited under it being known as 'competition wallahs.' Owing to their seniority the Haileybury men still monopolized most of the important posts, and I was lucky enough to find myself under one of them—Alick Lawrence, a nephew of Lord Lawrence, as magistrate and collector. The district was an interesting one, and Lawrence gave me every help and encouragement in learning my work. I remained at Agra four years, except for two short absences—one at Bulandshahr in the rainy season of 1879, and the other at Muttra in the cold weather of 1879-1880. Bulandshahr, from the social point of view, provided the greatest possible contrast to Agra. There were only three Europeans there. One was the late Sir William Garstin; one of the others was on the sick list during the whole of my stay. Muttra was a charming station and district and, like Agra, had a number of most interesting specimens of architecture,

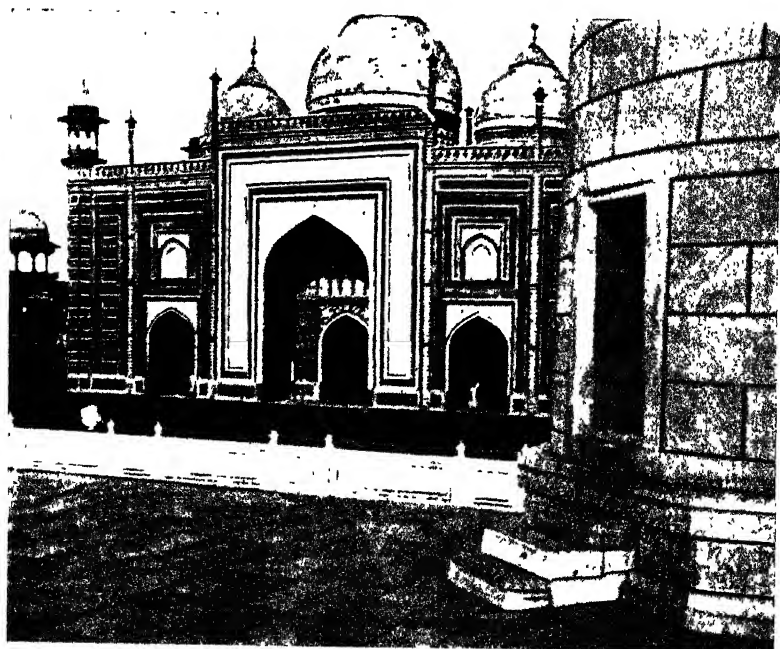
chiefly Hindu temples at Muttra itself and Brindaban. In those days it was the station of a British cavalry regiment, which was, however, at the time on service in Afghanistan.

Whether at headquarters or in camp in the Agra district, there was a good deal to occupy my interest as well as to give me work. Agra is celebrated for the buildings erected in the time of the Moghul Emperors, particularly Akbar and Shah-jahan. The Taj Mahal, the Fort, Secundra (the tomb of Akbar five miles away), Itimaduddaula's tomb on the left bank of the Jumna opposite the city, and Fatehpur-Sikri (the site of the capital which Akbar built twenty-two miles off) all invited constant visits which helped to relieve the tedium of the long hot weather. The burning west wind from the desert sometimes continued to blow till considerably after midnight in May and June, and when the monsoon did burst as it was timed to, early in July, it did not always bring the same relief as in places where the heat was less fierce. All the same, Agra was not in those days an unhealthy place, and there were no anopheles mosquitoes to inoculate one with malaria : they came later with the introduction of the canal into the station. During a great part of my time there, I did not even own a mosquito net. Had it not been for constant exposure on famine work during the hot weather of 1878, the climate would probably not have done me serious harm.

From a social point of view, Agra was at that time a very pleasant station. Being the headquarters of a revenue division there were a number of civil officers there. It was also the headquarters of a brigade. There was a regiment of British infantry, two native infantry regiments, and field and garrison artillery. There was a strong contingent of officers connected with the Rajputana-Malwa Railway, the Telegraph Department, the Military Works Department, and the Public



SALIM CHISHTI'S TOMB AT FATEHPUR-SIKRI



THE BULAND DARWAZA (GATE) AT FATEHPUR-SIKRI



Works Department (in both the Buildings and Road and the Irrigation Branches), as well as a number of European officials in charge of miscellaneous posts and a few European non-officials. So, during the cold weather especially, there was plenty of gaiety. In the winter, however, I had not much spare time for amusement, for I used to spend three months or more in camp and most of it in the part of the district in which Fatehpur-Sikri is situated. At first Lawrence took me out to teach me how to employ myself, but before long I was allowed to go alone. A more delightful form of life cannot be imagined—up early in the chilly morning when one could not, on mounting one's horse, always feel the reins in hands numbed with the cold, going from village to village as soon as the people began to move about, then back in time to dress and have breakfast, spending the rest of the day hearing reports and trying cases, and now and then getting a short outing with a gun in the evening ; after dinner, a brief spell before a wood fire in the open, then early bed. Nothing could be more enjoyable or healthy.

In those days Agra was, for the plains, a good sporting district. There were plenty of black buck—the number now, is sadly reduced—and, in the ravines of the Jumna, a fair show of ravine deer—since, alas, almost exterminated. In parts of the country where there was dhak (the flame of the forest) jungle, there was quite good pig-sticking and, in the heavy grass on the banks of the Utangan River to the south of the district on the borders of the Bharatpur and Dholpur States, it was excellent. During my time at Agra two leopards were speared at different meets on the Utangan, but they were not to be met with elsewhere.

My weight (I was twelve stone-ten fully trained at school when eighteen), and build combined to prevent my enjoying the pig-sticking delights of the district except in a very desultory way. But I was always very interested in the sport, and





COL. A. E. WARD



MR. J. C. MACDONALD



time with me, when I was Chief Commissioner of the Central Provinces, in investigating for the British Museum the smaller mammals to be found in those parts. George Mayne, a keen sportsman and an old friend of his who is also still alive, was then in charge of the Agra Bank and lived in a large house on the Mall. Mayne invited me to chum with him, so I left the Club bungalow after occupying chambers there for some months. In conversation with Ward and Mayne I picked up a lot of valuable information about the birds and animals of India, and all this stimulated my keenness to get a chance of seeing the jungles.

While at Agra I learnt that the danger from snakebite was much less than I had been led to expect. Before coming to India one was told that one would be lucky not to find before long a cobra in one's bed, or to be just missed by a krait falling out of the venetian blinds or bamboo chicks. Capt. Williamson in his *Oriental Field Sports* mentions an occasion when, as he was dining with a friend their attention was suddenly attracted by a cobra capella [*sic*] and a rat falling from the thatch together into one of the dishes on the table, with the result that each of the four did his best to be out of the room first! On the other hand, that very entertaining writer, E. H. A., in his *Tribes on my Frontier*, writes: 'Of all our frontier tribes snakes are pre-eminently unsociable, and avoid us so anxiously that we see very little indeed of them, except in the baskets of snake-charmers; and of those we do meet, only one in many is venomous.' And again: 'The fact is, that in real life, as distinguished from romance, snakes are so seldom seen that no one who does not make a study of them can know one from another.'

True as it is that snakes do not, to the European in India, constitute a serious danger, this cannot be said of the Indian villager. The Home Department of the Government of India used to publish a resolution on the annual returns from

Local Governments, showing the mortality from wild animals and venomous snakes, and the rewards given for their destruction. In his report for 1928 the Public Health Commissioner to the Government of India announced that the figures were not regarded as very reliable, and that they would not be recorded in future. There seems to be no reason for the assumption that those figures, supplied in the usual way through the district officers, should be any less reliable than other statistics (which are very numerous) collected in the same manner. In some respects, indeed, as they embody payments actually disbursed for the destruction of dangerous animals and venomous snakes, they must be supported by the disbursements effected on these accounts at the district treasuries. The discontinuance of the information contained in them was to my mind ill-advised. Every year the returns showed that about 20,000 persons had died owing to snakebite. It may be admitted that deaths attributed to this cause had sometimes been due to foul means. In a village, distant a long way from a police station, a body will often be cremated or buried before the police are able to arrive on the spot to test the cause of death. But snakes cannot always keep out of the way of people living in mud huts and walking about without shoes on earthen floors, or placing their hands carelessly in earthen vessels used for the storage of grain and suchlike, and they do undoubtedly cause a large number of deaths of Indians. In some places they are very numerous. At the station of Sambalpur, for instance, which is situated on the banks of the Mahanadi River, snakes were so plentiful that it was considered unwise to go out of doors after dark without a lantern. There was a great scare in Calcutta once because the water stand-posts were found to have some small poisonous salt-water snakes in them, and it took some time to dispel it. Probably the most dangerous snakes to human beings are the Russell's viper, the krait, and the cobra. During the whole time that I lived

in India I never saw a krait, and I only once found a cobra in my house. I was then living at Bareilly, a place where snakes were pretty numerous.

Englishmen are very seldom killed by snakes in India. I can recall only two cases. In one case, a young officer in a Bengal cavalry regiment went out to shoot quail in the rainy season at Allahabad wearing tennis shoes, and was struck in the tendon Achilles by some poisonous snake. In the other, about 1911, Mr. Slater of the Geological Survey of the Mysore State was bitten by a hamadryad (king cobra) in the Thirthally jungles. These jungles, in the Shimoga district of the State, are notorious for hamadryads. Mr. Slater was outside a traveller's rest-house with a twelve-bore gun in his hand. A coolie pointed out a hamadryad sunning itself close to the bungalow. Mr. Slater was interested in snakes. He had on either long boots or leather gaiters. He put his foot on the snake's head. The snake managed to wrench its head loose, struck Mr. Slater's leg above the knee and then escaped. Mr. Slater cut the wound, sucked the blood and put on ligatures. The nearest doctor was sent for and everything was done, but Mr. Slater died in the evening. In both these cases, the men killed threw their lives away. It would not be unfair then to assume that the chance of a European being bitten by a snake in India is not much greater than in England. Yet, outside the house one can often see plenty of them. I have been out shooting in the rainy season and seen any number of snakes swimming off in shallow water to get out of the way. But with thick gaiters and boots it is possible to feel perfectly safe, except perhaps in the case of a big snake like the hamadryad, whose usual habitat is thickish jungle. When the floods are out over a wide stretch of country and snakes take to trees, it is possible to glean some idea of how numerous they can be. I had a chance of doing this once when travelling in the rainy season on what is called a *dak gari* (stage-



coach) from Bareilly to Ranibagh *en route* to Naini Tal. The water was almost over the wheels and nearly on a level with the floor of the vehicle. The trees on the side of the road were literally festooned with snakes. It was a gruesome sight.

On the occasion of a similar flood a few years ago, the newspapers gave an account of the rescue of a wretched man who said he had been on a tree with a snake coiled round him for forty-eight hours. When the boat approached the tree to take him off, the snake just slipped into the water. What agony the man must have experienced while the snake clung to him to keep itself warm, and what forbearance he must have shown not to disturb it ! A snake can accidentally cause a lot of trouble. In August 1932, in the State of Kolhapur a ferry-boat crossing a river ran into a tree from which a snake fell into the boat. A hundred out of 120 people on the boat were drowned. A similar accident occurred in the Shahjahanpur district of the United Provinces in July 1936. A snake invaded a ferry which was about to cross the Ramganga River, then in high flood. Panic ensued, the ferry was overturned, and only ten of the sixty passengers on it were saved.

In Agra in May 1880, I had an experience as to the charming of snakes which led me, on reading a letter signed 'A charmer of snakes' in *The Times* a few years ago, to send the following lines to that paper in confirmation of the writer's account of an instance in which he had seen a snake-charmer's influence on a snake, and of the manner in which it was exercised :

'One hot evening I was sitting after dinner in the garden when the bearer rushed up with a panic-stricken face and said that there was a snake in the bhisti's (water-carrier's) quarters. We rushed off there to find all my servants and those of my neighbours jabbering at the top of their voices, but there was

no snake. An investigation the following morning showed that a snake had passed through the coach-house, the floor of which was strewn with sand, and entered a hole in the extreme corner of the wall. I determined to see if I could get hold of a snake-charmer. And the tahsildar (native magistrate)—a fine old public servant who had saved the life of a Chief Commissioner in the Andamans—was lucky enough to find a man who was passing through Agra on a journey from Rajputana. I could almost see him again when I read your correspondent's description of the man who charmed the snakes for him. I set the man down in the coach-house, and he played his "bin" with just the same movements and gestures as your correspondent describes. In a few minutes a cobra came out looking quite fascinated and swaying from side to side with the music. When it had come out a little way from its hole the snake-charmer edged himself behind it. He then seized it by the tail and, after shaking it a moment or two from side to side, made an indescribably quick movement and, seizing it by the head, forced it to open its jaws. The poison fangs were perfect. My snake-charmer dealt with them in a different way from your correspondent's. He had a piece of hardened wood something like a slate pencil and with that he broke off the fangs. He then set to work again, and the cobra's mate came out of the hole and was treated in the same way.

'I was, I confess, rather amazed at his success. There was an old and rather tumbledown culvert on one of the roads leading out of the compound of my house. I asked him to see whether he could charm a snake out of it. He resumed the playing of his "bin" and dancing, and in a short while succeeded in getting a Russell's viper, with its poison fangs in perfect order, to come out, and that he treated in the same way as he had treated the cobras. I gave him his baksheesh, and

he went his way after thanking me for giving him the opportunity of putting three snakes into his baskets. I was, and am, absolutely convinced that his performance was genuine and that he had not planted the snakes on me with the connivance of my servants. In fact, he could not have done so. I had then only been two years in India and did not often tell the story, but I did in later years, sometimes to believing ears, but also, I am sorry to say, to unbelievers.'

What struck me as the most remarkable thing about the man's performance was the rapidity with which, after shaking the snakes by their tails, he seized them by their heads and forced them to open their mouths. Years afterwards I saw a man doing this with the Russell's vipers brought to the Parel Laboratory near Bombay so that their poison might be extracted for the preparation of anti-venine. The man employed there was not a pure native of India, and he possessed great strength and was very quick. It was not a pleasant sight to see him force the vipers, some of which were very thick, to yield their poison into a glass receptacle, but he was an artist at his work. Eventually, by some mishap, he was, I heard, bitten by a Russell's viper, though he recovered after treatment with anti-venine. But he would never touch another snake.

The destruction of the poison fangs, whether by pulling them out or breaking them, renders the snake only temporarily harmless. New poison fangs grow, and the snake-charmer has to deal with them. I have the skull of a hamadryad which I shot, and there are three or four embryo fangs of varying sizes in it, as well as the fangs which were in use when it was shot.

I did not come into contact with one till twenty-eight years after I had first gained any experience of the jungles. Clutter (P. H. Clutterbuck, Inspector-General of Forests) and I had gone out on a pad elephant from the Boksar bungalow in the Patli Dun to see whether we could find any tracks of tigers.

As we were moving along, we heard a sharp hiss some twenty-five yards behind us. We went back and saw a large snake, which had evidently just been watering at a pool below, going up a precipice. It had stopped but was not menacing us at the moment. I was riding with my legs on either side of the mahout as he sat driving the elephant, and I had a magnum double-barrelled .350 Rigby Cordite rifle. I managed to shoot the snake, and he fell down to the base of the cliff into the pool at which he had been drinking. He was a mature male, 10 feet 6 inches in length, with beautiful olive cross marks on his skin. It was not till then that I realized that he was a hamadryad. A short while afterwards, when we were encamped at Kiari, which is on the plain below the foothills not many miles from the place where we found this snake, just as we were leaving camp after breakfast we got news that there was a big snake in the canal distributary which runs past the camp. Several of us went to see it, and it made violent efforts to get out of the water at us. Jack Campbell (Commissioner of Kumaun) put an end to it with a shot-gun. This snake was also a male hamadryad, length 12 feet 1 inch. The hamadryad is fairly common in Burma and Assam, and in the former province at all events, will run up to 16 feet. In the United Provinces its habitat is rather local, but there are one or two places in Kumaun, especially the Nandaur valley, where it is numerous. It shares with the African mamba the reputation of attacking man without provocation, but, though it seems likely that the female will do this if disturbed near a nest where she has eggs, it is probable that, in ordinary circumstances, a hamadryad will move off without making an attack. It is very speedy. While I was Chief Commissioner of the Central Provinces, the then Maharaja of Jodhpur was living at Pachmarhi under an order of Lord Curzon excluding him, for the time, from his State. He was riding a pony on the polo ground when a hamadryad went for him and pursued

him off the ground. Every now and then one showed itself on the long drive round the plateau of Pachmarhi. The hamadryad, from the experience I gained of it, seems to like hilly country, such as that at Pachmarhi, and the low hills rising from the plains to the Himalaya. Whymper shot one at the Naini Tal Brewery about three miles out of Naini Tal on the road to Kathgodam. Sir Antony MacDonnell laid out a golf course in the grounds of Government House, Naini Tal ; the most distant hole called Spionkop was near a fall to the plains called the landslips. There was, while I was resident in Government House, a hamadryad living near this hole which was seen by a number of people. It was unpleasant to feel that we had such a neighbour on the golf course. Since I left, the holes both of the hamadryad and the course have been carried completely away in a local landslide. It is wonderful to see the Bengali attendants at the Calcutta Zoo enter a cage with half a dozen or more hamadryads in it. They do this for a very small present, have no fear and seem, as the snakes rely on them for their rations, to be in no danger.

A creature which one was taught by one's servants to avoid owing to the fatal results of its spitting at one even up to a distance of forty yards was the biscobra. E. H. A. tells us that ' though known by the terror of its name to natives and Europeans alike, it has never been described in the proceedings of any learned society, nor has it yet received a scientific name ; accurate information regarding it is still a desideratum.'

It was not till years after I had left Agra that I came personally into contact at Jhansi with what was supposed to be a biscobra. I was at the rest-house there for a couple of days in the rainy season, and when he woke me up and gave me my tea on the second morning, my bearer warned me not to go to my bathroom as a biscobra had taken possession of it. I got up, and on going into the veranda saw the bungalow

sweeper with a bamboo about thirty feet long with which he was about to attack the intruder. However, on entering the bathroom I found that the so-called biscobra was a perfectly harmless lizard, incapable of spitting one, much less forty yards. To my mind, the poison of the biscobra is as mythical as the rope trick, but there are many people who believe implicitly in both.

It was the custom in those days to pay a visit now and then to the Orphanage at Secundra near Agra to see the wolf-boy there. In his book *Jungle Life in India* (1880), Mr. V. Ball, of the Geological Survey of India, describes the visit which he paid in August 1874, three years before I first went to Agra, to see this same wolf-boy. He remarks, with obvious truth, that the majority of people seem to be unable to discuss the question of wolf-children without prejudice. He mentions the interesting fact that, shortly after his visit to Agra, he saw an announcement in the newspapers that recently, when going his rounds at night, the night-watchman had seen something enter the hotel bungalow and, on his giving the alarm to the wife of the hotel-keeper, she had just time to enter the room and save a sleeping child from the attack of two wolves which she found there. In those days the reports given in at the police stations of the district that wolves had taken children away were frequent. The Jumna and its tributary, the Chambal, have enormous areas of ravines, the habitat of wolves, and one of my less pleasant duties was to arrange for the payment to members of criminal tribes known as Kanjars and Sansias, of rewards for the destruction of wolves. These wild men showed great ingenuity in doctoring jackals' heads to imitate those of wolves and, though I often detected the fraud, I should be sorry to say that I always did. But to return to Mr. Ball. The report of the superintendent of the Secundra Orphanage in 1872 that a boy of about ten had been burned out of a den in the company of wolves had attracted Mr.

Ball's notice. In reply to his inquiries, the Superintendent wrote that they had had two such boys. One, who had been brought in from the Mainpuri district in March 1872, always remained very wild and died after a few months. The other, stated by the superintendent to be thirteen or fourteen years old in 1872, had been in the orphanage for six years and was the one Mr. Ball saw in 1874. The book contains a photograph of him, with a lengthy description of the interview Mr. Ball had with him. The boy was somewhat slenderly built and about 5 feet 3 inches in height. Nine years before, the body of an old female wolf, with two cubs, had been brought into the magistrate's court at Agra. At that time the boy, who was one of these cubs, was exactly like a wild beast and went on all fours entirely. Before being sent to the orphanage he was kept several months by the Civil Surgeon of Agra, who bound him on to a bedstead in order to strengthen his legs, but it was months before he could assume an erect position.

When I saw the wolf-boy in 1878 he appeared to be about eighteen, and Mr. Ball's description accords very closely with the impression that I formed of him then. About the same time the boy was seen by the late Colonel T. St. Quintin, then serving with the 10th Hussars at Muttra, as described on p. 105 of his *Chances of Sports of Sorts*. I was again at the orphanage thirty years afterwards in connection with the resumption of the building occupied by it by the Public Works Department of the United Provinces Government, and I questioned the then superintendent as to what had happened to the boy. He reported that the boy had died a few years before, having lived to about forty, that he never spoke, that he was very much addicted to smoking, that he made one great friend in spite of his being unable to talk to him, and that, when the latter died, he was very depressed and on the day of the funeral kept pointing up to heaven. The

Superintendent informed me that in their records there was mention of another wolf-boy who was registered in the forties and lived for a number of years before he died in the orphanage.

What the superintendent told me set me thinking about this question of wolf-children. I tried in vain to get a copy of the pamphlet issued in 1852: 'An Account of wolves nurturing children in their dens, By an Indian Official,' which was compiled by Sir William Sleeman. The accounts given in his *Journey through the Kingdom of Oudh* seem to be convincing as to the cases which came under his knowledge. Some years ago *The Morning Post* published an account, by a correspondent, of two Indian children found living with wolves near Midnapur in Bengal. By the courtesy of Mr. G. W. Woodgates, of the Midnapur Zamindari Company, I was able to obtain an account, prepared from his diary by the Rev. J. A. L. Singh of the Orphanage, Midnapur, on December 3rd, 1926, of his discovery of these two children six years earlier. I reproduce it here :

'The Wolf-Children were seen before by the villagers on various occasions, and told first time to me on Thursday the 26th August, 1920. Second time the same Ghost-Story was repeated to me on Friday the 24th September, 1920. Also seen through a Field-Glass by several people from Kharagpur (European and Anglo-Indian of the Bengal Nagpur Railway employment) and other places from a machan from a distance of 100 yards or little more, on the 9th and 10th, Saturday and Sunday, in the month of October, 1920.

'Three Wolves came out first, one by one, from their den by a tunnel-like passage closely followed by two cubs. Instantly one human head covered with bushy hair, with a ghastly look about it, appeared from the tunnel, tarried for a little while looking this side and that and came out followed



by the other little one at its heels. They crawled on all fours.

‘ Actual excavation took place on the 17th October, 1920, Sunday. I took charge of them on the 1st November, 1920, Monday, and brought them home. I guessed the elder about 8 years and the younger about 2 years of age.

‘ I reserved the publication for the following reasons :

‘ (1) That they being girls, if their rescue story became public, it would be very difficult to get them married.

‘ (2) That such publication would lead to innumerable visits and queries, which would be a great draw on my time.

‘ Keeping those two views in our mind, myself and my wife, guarded the secret of the rescue like the hidden treasure. Fortunately, or unfortunately, I cannot say, both the children took seriously ill. Their condition became so hopeless that we were compelled to take medical help. Our Family Doctor, Dr. S. P. Sarbadhicory was called in on the 11th September, 1921, Sunday. Watching the patients for some time, Dr. Sarbadhicory wanted the family history of the patients, and said that he could not treat them without that.

‘ Finding the doctor so obstinate, and having no other alternative we agreed and told him the rescue history, requesting him very earnestly not to divulge the secret. But this added impetus to his publication. The next day all the families in the town, wherever he went, knew it.

‘ The treatment was successful with one, but the younger one died early morning on the 21st September, 1921, Wednesday. She was baptized some time before she expired. Her name was Amala. Kamala the surviving one was baptized on the 1st January, 1925.

‘ Kamala :

‘ Now Kamala can utter from 30 to 40 words, or little more. She can form a few sentences, with two or at the most three

words. She never talks herself ; when questioned she may or may not reply, but to me and to my wife she replies mostly. She is obedient to me only. She is always indifferent to human ways, but pays attention at times when she likes. Has a very powerful hearing and a sharp animal instinct of smelling. Can smell meat from a great distance. Never killed any domestic animal or bird, or kid in the house. Fond of pouncing upon any killed animal or bird if found anywhere. Never weeps or smiles, but she has got a smiling appearance. Shed one drop of tears when Amala died, and would not leave the place. Learning to imitate, but very slow. Does not play at all, nor mixes with the children. They both liked the company of an infant Benjamin while he was crawling, learning to walk. But one day gave him such a bite and scratching that the boy was frightened and never approached them. They both liked the company of my wife, and the surviving one is much attached to her. There was a peculiar glare in their eyes, which could be seen at night : like that in the eyes of dogs or cats in the dark. Still she sees better at night than day, and seldom sleeps at night after 12 o'clock. They used to cry, or howl in a peculiar voice, neither human nor animal. She still cries at times. Averse to all cleanliness. . . . Never used to care for clothes, used to tear it off. Only a loin-cloth was stitched on her in such a fashion that she could not open or tear. Used to eat or drink like a dog, lowering the mouth down to the plate, never using the hand for the purpose. Gnawed a big bone on the ground with the mouth and rubbing it at times to separate the meat. Now she uses her hands for eating, and walks straight on two legs but cannot run at all.'

In reply to a further inquiry Mr. Singh wrote, on 18th August, 1933, the following letter :

‘DEAR MR. WOODGATES,

‘I am extremely sorry that I could not comply with your request of the 16th May last, as I was laid up with fever, and take the first opportunity of replying you to-day.

‘Herein below I am answering all the queries of Sir John Hewett :

1. Q. Is she still alive ?

A. No.

2. Q. If not, when did she die ?

A. She died on 14. 12. 29.

3. Q. Before her death, did she (1) Learn to walk ?

A. She could walk freely but not fastly.

Q. (2) Become more civilized ?

A. Yes, in the way that she did not disobey like before, tolerating human habits to be infused into her, though unwillingly.

Q. (3) Mix more with the children ?

A. Yes, she remained in the same room watching their movements and latterly took part with them. She was tempted by eatables to come and play together with other children.

Q. (4) Learn to walk better on her two legs or to run ?

A. She learnt to walk like an easy-going man, but never could run.

‘I remain,

‘Yours sincerely,

‘[Sd.] J. A. L. SINGH.’

An interesting feature of this case is that both the children were girls. There seems no reason whatever to doubt that, when they came under the charge of Mr. Singh, they had been living for a considerable time in the wolves’ den.

Of the dangerous wild animals in India, tigers are responsible for killing more than twice as many human beings as

any other ; wolves come next, and they destroy more than twice as many as do leopards. It was stated, in answer to a question in the Legislative Council of the United Provinces, that in 1926 in the districts of Bareilly and Pilibhit wolves had carried off forty-seven and forty-eight persons respectively. These figures relate to an area of a little under 3,000 square miles inhabited by a population of about a million and a half. The wolf steals young children : I have never heard of an adult being attacked by one. It does not seem unreasonable to believe that, by an impulse which we do not understand, the female wolf, when suckling cubs of her own, may, in rare instances, preserve a child which the male has brought to the den for food. An explanation of how this might occur—and not an unreasonable one—was given to Col. Lionel James, as described by him in a letter to *The Times* some time ago, by an old Indian friend. The child after having been deposited in the she-wolf's lair with the other cubs might, owing to delay in breaking it up for food, become saturated with the smell of the cubs in such a way that the she-wolf could not distinguish it from her own litter, and, after it had once been suckled, the child became hers as it was thenceforth impregnated both with the scent of her own cubs and that of her own milk. My own belief is very clear that wolf-children—i.e., children which have been brought up with wolf cubs—do sometimes, though rarely perhaps, occur.

I suffered while at Agra from fever, first contracted on famine duty in 1878, and by the autumn of 1881 my weight had fallen to not much over ten stone. Dr. Hilson, the Civil Surgeon, began to wonder whether I should ever get acclimatized. I was immensely pleased when I learnt that I was to be transferred to a district at the foot of the Himalaya, then known as the Tarai parganas. From one point of view it seemed strange that it should be for my good to go to a part of the country where at certain times of the year malaria was

very prevalent but, on the other hand, I should, during the summer months, be in the hills at Naini Tal, and I was advised that this would be of great benefit to me. And so indeed it was ; for, though I had a certain amount of fever during my first cold weather in the Tarai, I then threw it off, never suffering from it seriously again except when I was in the Central Provinces more than twenty years later, and except for two other sharp attacks due to sunstroke, which rapidly passed away, when I was at Calcutta.

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## *Chapter Two*

### TARAI

THE transfer from Agra to the Tarai meant a complete change in one's social life and work as well as in the type of country in which one passed one's existence. The wide extent of country in which Agra and the neighbouring districts are situated goes by the name of the Doab, the flat plain lying between the Ganges and the Jumna. The journey to the Tarai took one straight to the north towards the great mountain range which separates India from Thibet, Nepal and China.

At the foot of the Himalaya is a waterless belt, called the Bhabar, of five to fifteen miles, which extends from the Ganges on the west to the Kali (or Sarda) on the east. No water at all rises from the ground. There is a thin bank of alluvial soil lying on boulders. The Bhabar proper to the east of the Ramganga River is composed of comparatively recent beds of boulders, gravel and silt brought down by the Himalayan streams. These deposits are of great depth and extremely porous, so that in the hot weather the streams are all dry and no water is procurable even in wells. There is in this tract a large variety of trees. The sal tree, found in pure forest growth, is the most noticeable and valuable. The cotton tree and the haldu, with handsome rounded tops and producing a fine yellow timber, are great features of the landscape. In the neighbourhood of the larger streams are considerable

areas of shisham, babul, yielding gum, and khair, yielding catechu-tannin. In open tracts there is a certain amount of mohwa, mango, pipal, gular and bargad, the branches of the three last being very good for elephant fodder. There are some nice flowering trees, especially the amaltas (called the Indian laburnum), the barwa and, on the fringe of the cultivation, the dhak tree. The small bamboo is common, as well as the following shrubs and undergrowth frequented by tigers—bansa or pilu, bhanwa and ganj, the last a large creeper. In grassy blanks in the forest the following giant grasses occur—ulla, chota ulla, munj, kans and, in swampy areas, patair, a bulrush.

In the hill area above the Bhabar the underlying rock is generally Nahan sandstone. The soil is very shallow and the steep hillsides are well drained and excessively dry. There are many small streams in the valleys. There are also several more or less level open valleys called Duns. The most important of them is the Patli Dun, the valley of the Ramganga before it descends into the plains.

The Tarai lies south of the Bhabar, a plain with a gentle slope, averaging some twelve feet to the mile, to the south-east. Its general aspect is one of forests and swamps, with scattered cultivation which increases as one goes southward.

The flora of the hill tract north of the Bhabar and of the Tarai vary a good deal from place to place, but the growth is generally stunted in height and usually not very good. In the hill area saj, a large timber tree, kusambh, the ebony tree, aonla, and dhauri are among the noticeable trees. In places the chir tree flourishes. The giant maljhan creeper is very common everywhere.

Water reappears in the Tarai, at the top of which are the sources of innumerable springs. Sal occurs in patches here and there, and the dhak tree, toon, kaen (the tiger tree), jamun and ruini, which yields a valuable dye, are common.

There are frequent patches of shrubby undergrowth such as wild rose, pilu, nimbu (wild lime) and other species. While the giant grasses that are found in the Bhabar occur in the dry places, there are others which flourish even more luxuriantly in the swampy areas, such as nal or narkul, patair, dubh grass wherever the coarser grasses have been killed out, and khaskhas. The sweet-scented root of the latter is used to make screens to fit the doorways of bungalows in the plains. These screens are then watered to ensure the inflow of cool air during the hot weather.

These three tracts—the lower hills up to about 2,000 feet, the dry tract at the foot of the Himalaya and the swampy Tarai—are the home of tigers. A few tigers penetrate to the inner hills, but, owing to the scarcity of game and the prevalence of cultivation, the number is negligible. The fauna include the wild elephant, now uncommon, tiger, leopard, sloth bear, wild dog, hyæna, jackal, badger, three kinds of otter, the Indian marten, wild pig, sambar, chital, swamp deer, barking deer, hog deer and four-horned antelope. There are plenty of langurs and red monkeys, two kinds of flying squirrel, the pangolin (made familiar by the splendid photographs in Mr. Champion's *The Jungle in Sunlight and Shadow*), and the porcupine. The hunting leopard or cheeta is not found. In fact the only parts of India in which I have myself heard of its existence are some of the districts of the Central Provinces and Berar. I have never met anyone who has shot one but have talked with emissaries of ruling chiefs endeavouring to catch them in the Central Provinces. In 1925 Col. Sir Afsar-ul-Mulk (who wrote a brochure on the hunting leopard) told me that there were very few left in the jungles of India, and that the princes who still kept them for antelope hunting had to import them from Africa.

India with its over 1,600 species is a wonderful place for birds, and bird life in the submontane Himalayan tract is very



rich, especially in the summer months. The following short account of it by Osma is full of interest :

‘ Game birds are not very numerous in species, but the peafowl, the red jungle-fowl and the kalij pheasant are common, as well as black partridges and grey partridges and quail of several species. Florican are found in open maidans but are not common. The jungle crow and the Indian tree pic are found throughout the forests, and both of them are useful in indicating the presence of carnivora or their kills. The white-crested laughing thrush goes about the forest in noisy troops, often giving false alarms and disturbing game. The gold-fronted and orange-bellied chloropsis are handsome birds and wonderful mimics. Two bright little bulbuls, the red and the yellow vented, are both common and have pleasant cheerful notes. Four species of drongo are common in the sal forest where they defy and challenge passing crows or hawks. The bay-backed shrike is common in open scrub forest and the handsome scarlet minivets with their yellow and grey mates are often to be seen in flocks. Orioles of two species, the Indian and the black-naped are both common, the latter especially so in the forest, and they are among the most conspicuous objects in their bright yellow and black plumage. Their notes, too, are mellow and flute-like. The paradise flycatcher, in its white or chestnut and black plumage and long tail feathers, is one of the most beautiful objects in the ever-green forest and especially by the streams. The shama, the king of Indian songsters, reaches its western limit in the area south-west of Kaladhungi. The crested swift is not uncommon near streams in the Bhabar where they build their wonderful little nests composed of tiny fragments of bark consolidated with inspissated saliva on a dead and usually inaccessible branch of a high tree. The single egg fills the nest which is only as big as a half-crown. Various nightjars

frequent these forests, the most noticeable being Horsfield's nightjar which has a loud note, resembling the blow of a hammer on a plank, uttered at regular intervals of about one second during the night. Cuckoos are very numerous both in individuals and in species. Actually, eight species may be heard in these forests, where they breed. These include the common cuckoo, the Indian cuckoo, the brain-fever bird, the plaintive cuckoo, the banded bay cuckoo, the drongo cuckoo, the pied crested cuckoo, and the red winged crested cuckoo. All of them are parasitic in their habits and have curious characteristics and usually insistent calls. Paroquets are numerous and of three species, the large Alexandrine paroquet being perhaps the most noticeable. Big fishing owls and little scops owls are common in the sal forest ; and among birds of prey, besides vultures, we meet with the fine crested hawk eagle and the changeable hawk eagle. Both these species are able to kill pheasants and even peafowl. The crested serpent eagle is frequently seen and heard, and Pallas' fishing eagle is common on the Ramganga River. The peregrine falcon and the shikra are also common birds, and there are many others. Finally, the Indian pitta must not be forgotten, with its loud whistling call and coat of many colours. They are only found in the submontane forests in the summer, but they are then very numerous and conspicuous.'

Rice was then the staple cultivation in the Tarai. There was, I think, only one landowner. With this exception it was a ryotwari tract, the cultivators of which all held their land from the Government direct. The district was administered by a Superintendent and an Assistant Superintendent, and was included in the Commissionership of Kumaun. Mr. John Crawford Macdonald was the Superintendent. He and Sir Henry Ramsay were cousins of Lord

Dalhousie, who was Governor-General in the period just before the Mutiny. Mr. Macdonald had lived in a rather extravagant set at Trinity, Cambridge, and by the time that he went down from the University he had made a hole in his patrimony. He went to Australia, where he pursued various occupations, at one time driving a coach and four, and at another managing a turnpike. He eventually drifted to India shortly after Lord Dalhousie ceased to be Governor-General. At one time Mr. Macdonald was designated for a high position in the Forest Department in the Central Provinces, but ultimately he settled down as assistant to Mr. Elliot Colvin, then Superintendent of the Tarai. On the transfer of Mr. Colvin on promotion to a higher appointment, Mr. Macdonald succeeded him as Superintendent. For that office he was admirably qualified, having a good general knowledge of most things, including engineering. There was no separate police or forest officer in the Tarai, and the Superintendent and his assistant presided over the Civil as well as the Criminal and revenue courts. The Executive Engineer in the Irrigation Department had charge of the canals drawn from the Kichha River and one or two other streams in the eastern part of the district, but all the irrigation operations from the smaller streams were in the hands of the Superintendent. Mr. Macdonald was in his element in devising schemes for irrigation from them. These small twisting streams rising in springs on the swamps along the south boundary of the Bhabar are numerous, and have very attractive names, such as Jeonar, Bahilla, Kakrala, Kagarsen, Nihal, Dhimri, Andhoa, Bharat and so on, and larger streams sometimes emerge, such as the Kosi, Dabka, Baur, Bakra, Baror, Kailas, Deoha, Nandaaur and Bahgul.

When I joined in the cold weather of 1881 I found myself taking on multifarious duties of which I had acquired no knowledge at Agra, and under Mr. Macdonald I gained a lot



THARU WOMEN AND CHILDREN



CHIDDHA PADHAN AND OTHER BHUKSAS



of experience in different matters which would otherwise never have come my way. He was the essence of kindness, and always ready to help anyone who, in his opinion, deserved it. He had the most wonderful grey eyes. He had great restraint over his temper unless a situation arose which justly put him out. He was for twenty years, from 1871 to the time of his death in 1890, in charge of the Tarai parganas. At the end he was fortunate enough to be able to look round and see the good results of all his work. After his time the administration of the tract was not, to my mind, and the minds of others well-qualified to judge, maintained at the high standard to which he had raised it. It was indeed good fortune to be brought under his influence and guidance.

The Tarai was very unhealthy, and immigrant cultivators suffered a great deal from malaria. There was, however, a constant stream of immigrants, nearly all of them Muhammadans from the neighbouring districts of Bareilly and Pilibhit and the State of Rampur. Rents were very low, and the unhealthiness of the tract was forgotten by people anxious to secure farms on small rentals. In the north of the district are two indigenous tribes, the Tharus in the east, as well as across the Sarda in Nepal, and the Bhukasas in the west, the former being considerably more numerous than the latter. Both have features indicating their Mongolian origin. Both lay claim to be descended from high-caste Hindus, and the Bhukasas wear the sacred thread. These claims are not admitted by experts. The two tribes look down on one another, the Bhukasas charging the Tharus with rearing fowls, and the Tharus retorting that the Bhukasas sell flesh and fish, which, however, they deny. I have heard Bhukasas in a humble mood describe themselves as being *pani ke kire*, i.e., worms of water. They attend to their living in water practically all day in order to cultivate rice. The Tharus, too, are great rice cultivators, producing better-class rice than the Bhukasas, and

are altogether better farmers. In fact, I have seen no farmers in India equal in neatness to the Tharus. Their homesteads are fenced in and kept in good order and their poultry well looked after. Mr. Macdonald was very fond of them. They are, however, inveterate poachers, and often got into trouble by breaking forest rules. Tharus and Bhuksas suffer comparatively little from malaria. Every autumn a very large number of boxes containing bottles of pills for malaria, dysentery and other small ailments used to come out from England to Mr. Macdonald's order. We never went to a village without a supply, and Tharu and Bhuksa, as well as everyone else, begged to be given pills of some kind.

Mr. Macdonald was an ideal sportsman, generous to a degree, anxious to see everyone with him get a chance of sport, himself not willing to shoot any animal except a tiger or a leopard, but very keen on bird-shooting, particularly black partridge, from a howdah. He was very familiar with jungle lore, and greatly looked up to by those who served him as mahouts or in any other way.

Since those days the means of getting about the Tarai have been revolutionized by the advent of the Rohilkhand and Kumaun Railway. Then the main line of communication (apart from the metalled roads, running from Bareilly and Moradabad respectively to the foot of the hills at Ranibagh and Kaladhungi, which pierced it from north to south) was a road extending over the whole length of the Tarai from Bilheri on the east to Kashipur on the west. At intervals of ten to twelve miles along it were small but very comfortable rest-houses. It was what was known as a kachcha road, without any metal of any kind on it, but it had a fairly good surface in the centre; which heavily loaded carts were supposed not to use. The going for them was rough on a somewhat lower level and with deep ruts, and the prohibition against using the better portion of the road was systematically ignored.

The result was that it was only for a short time after the annual repairs of the road had been completed that it was possible to drive with any comfort in a dog-cart to the different rest-houses on it at Kashipur, Bazpur, Rudarpur, Kichha, Satar-ganj and Bilheri. Near the road on both sides was a small belt of cultivation. Beyond this there was much swampy ground, the larger swamps being of great extent. It was impossible to get about much of the country on horseback, but I had three elephants at my disposal and did most of my work on them. Two of these elephants belonged to the Government (Phulbegam and Jagannath, a small makna) and the third (Ali Piari) was kindly lent me by His Highness the Nawab of Rampur. Phulbegam was rather old and slow. She was fearless, but her feet had been much injured by work on the hard roads in the plains. Jagannath was a light-hearted young fellow and so was his mahout, Hamid Khan. Ali Piari was a lovely young female who promised to develop, as she did, into a splendid shooting elephant with quick and easy paces and very plucky. So I was well mounted.

The jungles lay mostly to the north of the road. It was little use trying to get any sport in the larger jungles in the winter as the cover was too heavy and continuous. Tigers, though constantly present, were always on the move, and thought nothing of going ten to twenty miles on a nightly prowl. In the spring, after frost had made it inflammable, the grass in the open plain was burnt in order to secure succulent green shoots for the cattle which came in large herds in the hot weather from villages in the plains below. After the grass had been fired there would remain on the plain lovely patches of unburnt grass and scrub of considerable size, the only places where there was any water, and these were the haunt of every kind of game. The big swamps, except on the very fringe of them, were unsafe for elephants, and little or nothing could be done in them. A few of them in those days were breeding-



grounds for tigers. As the weather got hot the patches of grass among the trees on the banks of the small streams became the resort of tigers, leopards, deer and pig, besides quantities of peafowl and red jungle fowl (the original of our gamecock) and some florican and francolin. The combination of trees and grass beside these streams went by the name of bojhi, and the frequent little enclaves of specially heavy cover were called kondels. In those days enormous herds of chital, the spotted deer, sometimes of one hundred or more, were not uncommon, and in the grass on the big open spaces one would expect to find plenty of hog-deer. It is all changed now, the change having been brought about partly by the toll taken of these animals, but chiefly by some fell disease which in the nineties attacked both the chital and the hog-deer and destroyed countless numbers of them.

Besides chital and hog-deer there were smaller numbers of sambar, locally known as jarau, and swamp-deer. The former had bulky bodies but very poor heads, and could not compare with their fellows in the Central Provinces or in the neighbouring Himalaya, where a few still existed. In the Tarai the barasingha or swamp-deer, locally called gond, appear in recent years to have increased in number. They mainly live in damp cover and do not, as a rule, like those in the Central Provinces, frequent the dry uplands of the sal forests.

Although game is not so numerous as it used to be, it was very pleasant to have the chance one morning in the spring of 1912 of seeing several hundred head of deer, among them a white hog-deer buck which I went specially to see, on the Hanspur maidan, a large tract of open country with very few trees on it, near Jaula Sal. Forty or fifty years ago this maidan was a wonderful place, swampy in places and dotted with clumps of high grass, but since then the water level of the streams which meander through it has fallen tremendously, and it largely consists of an expanse of dry grass.

## Chapter Three

### TARAI

IN his *With a Camera in Tigerland* and *The Jungle in Sunlight and Shadow*, Mr. F. W. Champion has published a series of wonderful photographs of the two great carnivora of the jungles of Northern India. The lion, though at one time very common, is no longer found there, and the tiger and the leopard now alone represent the species of the great cats. It is only in the west of India, in the Gir Forest in the Junagarh State, that a few lions still remain. The habits of the lion in Africa differ in some material ways from those of both the tiger and the leopard in India. This is well illustrated in the *Big Game Photographs* from *The Times*, the collection of big game studies taken in Kenya and Tanganyika by Mr. Marcuswell Maxwell. The lion is a gregarious animal and, as shown in these photographs, is fond of open country. In a number of them, eight or nine lions are shown together at rest, and even assembled at a banquet on the carcass of a zebra. The photographs also illustrate the habit of the lion of climbing trees even in company.

The tiger and the leopard delight in the security of thick cover : the tiger has been known, though rarely, to climb trees : the leopard readily does so, but not in company, and often in order to avoid that of a tiger on the flat.

When courting a tigress several tigers may be found together in her neighbourhood : otherwise there is nothing

gregarious about their habits. The male has, subject to a suspicion that when her cubs are young the tigress will keep him away, certain family responsibilities. Not infrequently, as recorded in these pages, a family will be met of father, mother and two or three cubs, sometimes nearly as large as the mother before they leave her, sometimes the family left will be as small as father, mother and one large cub. Mr. Ignatius O'Callaghan, when Deputy Conservator of Forests in Eastern Kumaun, shot a tigress which was carrying seven unborn cubs; cases have occurred more often of five. I cannot myself recall an instance of a tigress being shot carrying more than four, and in one instance there was only one. The cubs seem sometimes to remain with one and even both parents long after they are well able to fend for themselves. The tigress appears to push them off usually when the attentions of a male encourage her to wish to have another litter, but evidently does not always do so, for Colonel Stewart once shot a tigress with unborn cubs in her, which had at her heels cubs of about a year old. A tigress at Whipsnade has had successive litters of three cubs in June 1933, July 1934, August 1935 and July 1936. It would seem that, but for the fact that she has to train her cubs up to be able to kill for themselves, a tigress in the jungle would breed at much shorter intervals than she does.

Tigers infested certain parts of the country up to the beginning of the nineteenth century to such an extent as to make them almost uninhabitable. Over large areas in Bengal the villagers had to surround their habitations with high stockades for their protection. As late as 1856 this practice was not uncommon in some of the more wild parts of the Central Provinces. At that period an average of 200 to 300 villagers were killed every year by tigers in the one district of Mandla in the Central Provinces. The town of Gorakhpur in the east of the United Provinces had to be for a long time protected

against the ravages of tigers by lines of fires. The northern districts of the United Provinces in the Meerut Division are the most fertile within them. The cultivators are sturdy and prosperous, and are protected from drought by the Ganges Canal. Not much more than a century ago their ancestors were terribly afflicted by tigers. The extension of cultivation and the increase of the population since then have led to the tigers being driven back to the forests. Since 1881, when the first census was carried out by the Government of India, the population of India has increased by 100,000,000. Were any calamity to result in tracts in India going back to the state in which they were 100 or 150 years ago, the domination of tigers in them would be restored. The check on the shooting of tigers in the Central Provinces which the Great War caused showed how rapidly they will increase if protected by such immunity.

Even in present conditions, in parts of the country they still take a heavy toll of human life. Three years ago forty-seven persons were killed in the Sunderbuns, the wild tract to the south-east of Calcutta towards the Bay of Bengal; this was the largest number reported since 1916. In the statistics for British India, covering a recent period of five years, 7,000 deaths were reported to have been caused by tigers, the largest number having occurred in the Madras Presidency. Behar and Orissa, and the Central Provinces, come next in the record of the toll of human life taken by tigers. In spite of the enormous excess in numbers of leopards over tigers, the number of human beings reported to be killed by them was only just over one-third of those killed by tigers. In the same period the number of tigers destroyed, on which rewards were paid, was just under 9,000, and of leopards just over 27,000. Far the largest number of both were killed in Burma, nearly 4,000 tigers and over 11,700 leopards. Assam and the Central Provinces follow Burma at a long distance in the records of

tigers and leopards destroyed for reward. The great majority of these animals are killed by shikaris, and for the rewards, not by European or Indian sportsmen. And the returns do not include figures for the area, one-third of the whole of India, occupied by the Native States, or for the territory of Nepal. In a good number of native states tigers are given some form of protection, and are numerous. It is obvious that there are still a very large number of tigers on the continent of India and that, in spite of the continuous destruction of so many, they hold their own in the backward and wild parts of the country.

In the large forests and swamps at the foot of the Himalaya in the United Provinces, where there is plenty of game, the occurrence of a man-eating tiger or tigress is comparatively rare. It is otherwise in the Central Provinces, the only other province of which I have personal experience. There are a number of places where at certain periods of the year there is hardly any game, and no cattle are about, and a tigress with cubs finds herself driven to resort to preying on human beings. Such an area is to be found in the Bhandara district, and Charlie Cleveland made war for many years against the tribe of man-eaters that devastated it for long. While I was Chief Commissioner in the Central Provinces, there were, besides a number of minor criminals, three notorious man-eating tigresses which were proclaimed each for a reward of Rs. 500 in the Mandla, Seonee and Sambalpur districts respectively. They were all still alive when I left the Central Provinces : those in Mandla and Seonee were shot soon after, but not till the former had killed a gallant shikari who came all the way from the Hyderabad State after her. In the United Provinces, shortly after I became acquainted with Naini Tal in the early eighties, I heard of one man-eater at Kilberry and another at the back of Cheena, but neither of them survived very long. In a later chapter the depredations of the man-

eating tigress shot by Osma at Mandali in the hilly tracts of the Dehra Dun district in 1889 are mentioned. The notorious tigress, of whose pursuit in the Garhwal district in 1880-81 Eardley-Wilmot gives such an interesting account in his *Forest Life and Sport in India*, was the only one I heard of in the United Provinces for some years. Towards the end of my time as Lieutenant-Governor, the neighbourhood of Naini Tal was infested by a man-eater, of whose depredations a very good account, which appeared above the signature of E. A. Smythies in the *Indian Forester* for May 1913 and which has been corrected in some respects where his notes differed from it by Osma, is reproduced here :

‘It is not often that tigers wander up any distance into the Himalaya, it is still less frequent for them to haunt the environs of such a popular place as Naini Tal, while the presence of a man-eating tiger, who started his evil operations in September 1911, and haunted the forests surrounding Naini until the day of his death, eight months later, appears to be unique. At least Naini Tal does not appear to have had such a visitation before, although Chakrata, many years ago, had to suffer a whole family of man-eating tigers the last of which was shot by B. B. Osmaston.

‘To gain some idea of the country over which the man-eater roamed, I may state that his beat was covered roughly by a ten-mile radius with Naini Tal as the centre, that the country generally is covered with thick forests varying from the sal forests of the plains (2,000 feet) to the high level ever-green oaks (8,000 feet), and that the slopes are everywhere steep and frequently precipitous. In addition to the Naini Tal and Ranikhet cart-roads, the country is intersected by numerous and much frequented bridle paths, and honeycombed with villages. To meet the requirements of the station, the surrounding forests are very intensively worked for fuel,

grass, timber, charcoal, lime, etc. and countless coolies are always scattered about. Altogether the tiger showed discrimination in choosing such a favourable place for his nefarious operations, the only drawback from his point of view being that latterly some sahib or other usually arrived on his kill before he had had time to finish it.

‘His first authentic kill was in September 1911, when he seized a villager ten miles north-east of Naini Tal. He then transferred his attentions to the south-west of his beat for two months, killing four or five persons in that time.

‘After a brief excursion to the North of Naini Tal, in which he killed a sawyer in the forest and was missed by a young subaltern (who saw him stalking Gooral on some precipitous ground near a Forest Bungalow called Kilberry, and had three shots at him) he returned to the Fatehpur patti, and in the beginning of January became outrageous. He killed nine persons in eleven days between the 2nd and 13th January. It was at this time that he was seen by Major Dunn, I.M.S. again stalking Gooral ; unfortunately he could not get a shot at him. After this disastrous week Government put a reward of Rs. 500 on his head, but he continued unmolested for some time, wandering about in the jungly parts of the Bhabar.

‘On the 25th February he suddenly transferred his operations to his original area to the north-east of Naini Tal. I happened to be with two friends at a Public Works Department Bungalow on the Ranikhet cart-road called Ratighat, and we were amusing ourselves in the afternoon having long pot-shots at some Gooral on the opposite khud, when an excited villager turned up, and explained that a woman had just been seized from his village about two miles away. We hastily collected our heavy rifles, some coats, eatables and a lantern, and went off to have a look. The two miles developed into five and it was almost dark when we arrived at the spot, a deep, precipitous ravine, 200 yards wide, 200 feet deep, filled with fearful scrub, bushes,

and forest but bounded on both sides with terraced wheat fields. It would have been futile to hunt for the tiger and his prey that night in such a place, so we returned and organized a beat for the next day.

‘As we failed to get him, the details of the beat need not be given. It will suffice to say that he apparently preferred to break through the line of coolies, some of whom said they caught a glimpse of him, which is more than we did. We recovered the half-eaten body and gave it to the poor husband, whose grief was pitiful.

‘On the day following our unsuccessful effort he went to a village about seven miles away (and incidentally up 3,500 feet) near the Kilberry Forest Bungalow and killed another woman. It was this kill for which he had to climb a tree as already reported. Mr. Sykes who went out from Naini to sit up for him, on arrival found the body gone, but followed up the marks and found it again about three miles away in heavy jungle. He sat up over the remains for that night, all the next day, and the following night, with the two natives who had gone with him shivering with cold and shaking with fear in adjoining trees.

‘The tiger prowled and growled round the spot without showing himself, but in the middle of the second night, when the moon had set, and everything was black as pitch he dashed in and rushed off with the body, without being seen.

‘He hung about the neighbourhood for another ten days without killing, and when we arrived at Kilberry on the 11th March we found his fresh pugs round the bungalow. These were evidently his departing footsteps, however, as he disappeared for a fortnight (and although I had buffalo calves tied up in all directions and wandered about the forests all day trying to find some sign of him, I failed to do so). For a clear month he did not kill human beings.

‘At the very end of March he turned up again, and killed



a girl, and a native villager managed to put a twelve-bore solid lead bullet into him out of an antique old gun, without however seriously injuring him. His next, and as it transpired his last, kill was on the 18th April under somewhat peculiar circumstances.

'I happened to be at Almora when I had a wire to meet my Conservator, Osmaston, at Bhawali, twenty-seven miles from Almora and seven from Naini Tal. By a flying march I reached Bhawali about two p.m. of the 19th and found that the tiger had killed the day before about five miles away and Osmaston was just preparing to set off to the place. As I had brought no gun or rifle Osmaston fitted me out with his gun and three lethal bullets, and away we went.

'On the way he gave me a thrilling description of his first man-eater and how it had sprung out and collared the man who had gone out with him and how he had shot it while they were rolling down the hill together (this is incorrect. B.B.O.) and how the man was badly mauled but ultimately recovered, and so on. I hoped history was not about to repeat itself, with myself in the role of the roller, and my nerves, which were quite sufficiently excited already were not soothed to rest by the anticipations of a similar experience.

'However, when we got to the spot we found at least 50 villagers, a patwari, various Forest Guards and so on scattered about in the jungle where the body of the victim was lying, so it was clear that the tiger was not lying up near his kill. This we found under some thick bushes in the bottom of a nala, with almost precipitous sides, dark and shady, under a number of evergreen oaks and scarcely 100 yards from the Ranikhet cart-road. The body of the man was a horrid sight. The tiger had evidently killed him with his paws and claws, and not, as is customary with tigers, with his mouth. There were numerous claw marks on the shoulders and back showing up livid on the brown skin, the face had been com-

pletely flattened by a blow, and the head was twisted round on the body in an impossible manner. One leg was gone and half the other, together with both hands. We did not linger over this horror, but had the bushes cleared away and sent for a machan.

‘Osmaston then determined to leave me the machan and the kill, as he said he had no desire for an all-night sitting, and he would go and sit up in a tree in an adjoining nala to try and get a daylight shot at him. This sporting and unselfish action was, I am convinced, to give me, the novice, the chance of the tiger. I feel filled with gratitude whenever I think of it.

‘The machan arrived at last and it was fixed up in a beast of a tree sticking out of the cliff side without a branch for twenty feet, but the only tree suitable for the machan. As the night would be dark, with no moon, and owing to the disturbance the early return of the tiger was not expected, Osmaston insisted that a lantern would be necessary and this was duly placed on a stone a few feet from the corpse with a shade to keep the light off me in the machan. It was getting dusk when I got into the machan at seven o’clock and then Osmaston and the last coolie left me.

‘Not five minutes after they had gone I heard a regular pit-patter on the dry leaves coming up the nala and immediately experienced the feeling of suffocation, the pounding heart, the gulping mouth and all the other sensations which go to make up the charm of machan shooting. However, this was a false alarm caused by two pheasants, which went scratching up the nala and I heard them presently settling themselves for the night in a neighbouring tree.

‘As the daylight faded, the body, in the middle of a ring of light thrown by the lantern, stood out clearer and clearer, and the lantern flickering in the wind gave it a curious appearance of movement. It was curious sitting up in the stillness over that shimmering and ghastly sight and hearing the jingle

of a tonga and the creak of a bullock cart passing a hundred yards away.

'After about half an hour I again suffered all the sensations of intense excitement. There could be no mistake this time, it was undoubtedly a heavy animal coming down the precipitous slope at my back, and making considerable noise about ten feet away from me, and on the same level, but it was too dark to see anything. The tiger did not spot me and went on sliding and slipping into the nala until he was vertically below my machan.

'Everything was as black as the pit except the circle of light thrown by the lantern. When the tiger saw the light he sat down to consider it, spitting and grumbling to himself. Then I heard him cautiously advancing, and after perhaps five minutes I saw his head, half facing me, thrust into the halo of light, glaring at the lantern. Then he advanced fully into the light and stood over the body of his victim, still half facing me.

'Seeing him so to speak at my mercy I suddenly felt as cool as the proverbial cucumber, and raised and lowered my gun once or twice to see if I could see where I was aiming. Then aiming at the shoulder, I fired. The flash of the gun blinded me for a moment and when I could see again it was evident he was not in the light. There was, moreover, no roaring, growling or gurgling and no sound of his retreat. Completely nonplussed I wrapped myself up in my rug and prepared to go to sleep. In the meantime Osmaston, hearing the report of my rifle had got down from his tree and had arrived in the vicinity of mine. I heard his voice shouting to know what had happened. I explained exactly what had happened and Osmaston, with a courage which I do not profess to possess, came down to my tree and climbed up into the machan. He was of opinion on hearing my story, that the tiger had been missed, otherwise he would either have been lying dead in his tracks or some noise of expiring such as gurgling, etc. would

have been heard. He thought it probable that the tiger had given one spring and then very quietly disappeared. He however explored the whole area in the neighbourhood of the kill with an electric torch, but seeing nothing he decided we might as well descend from our machan and walk home, which we did.

‘The following morning we started down again to the place to investigate what had happened to the bullet when we met an excited villager with the news that the tiger was dead.

‘Arriving at the spot we found a crowd of villagers singing dirges round the body of the man and about eight feet away, another and larger crowd chanting triumph round the body of the tiger.

‘When they saw us they broke off to commence bowing their heads to our feet and grabbing our knees and hailing us as deliverers. Cutting short this embarrassing ceremony we hastened to examine the tiger. The bullet, we found, had smashed his spine in the neck, killing him instantaneously. It seems he must have made one spring as the bullet hit him, and he died as he fell. He lay behind a large tuft of grass which explains why we failed to see him the previous night.

‘The tiger himself was an old male 8 feet 9 inches between pegs when we measured him. He seemed in quite good condition and his coat was not in the least mangy. His mouth and jaws were most extraordinary, and clearly showed why he had become a man-eater and why he killed his victims with his claws. His right jaw must at some time have been raked by a shot, smashing both canines and knocking out all his molars on that side. His left canines were also decayed and useless leaving only his left molar teeth fit for use. We also found a fairly recent wound in his chest, and the twelve-bore solid lead bullet, mentioned above below the shoulder.

‘Osmaston examined the contents of the stomach and found a dozen human finger and toe nails therein ! This was sub-

sequent to the triumphal procession which brought him up along the cart-road to Bhawali and which, like a snowball, swelled and grew as it went along, until half the district seemed to debouch into the bungalow compound, and clamour for their share of largesse. Thus ended the career of the man-eater of Naini Tal ; during the seven months that he terrorized the district he accounted for twenty-five victims ; he caused several villages to be deserted and for varying periods completely stopped all forest work, and all traffic on the bridle paths.'

Quite recently (1934) Captain Bruce Abbott killed, in the extreme east of the Almora district near Lohaghat, a tigress which had been responsible for 150 deaths and on whose head was a reward of Rs 500.

But on the whole the jungles of the United Provinces have been relatively free from man-eating tigers compared with those in some other parts of India, a result probably in no small measure due to the persistent extention of cultivation all along the line from the Doab towards the Himalaya in the past hundred years and more.

It may seem curious that, in view of the enormous number of leopards, as compared with tigers, all over India, and the great opportunities that leopards have of killing human beings, so few deaths relatively are attributed to them, and particularly that they are so rarely charged with man-eating. Perhaps this is due to the fact that the leopard is so much smaller than the tiger and may feel reluctant at times to pit himself against a man in order to obtain food. At any rate, whatever the cause of comparatively few leopards becoming confirmed man-killers may be, a leopard can, when he takes to killing human beings, become, in the words of Major Forsyth : ' a far more terrible scourge than a tiger.' The story that he tells in his *Highlands of Central India* of the leopard that de-

vastated the northern part of the Seonee district in 1858, killing over a hundred persons, never eating the bodies but only lapping the blood from the throat, and seizing his victims either by strangling them when sleeping in their houses or dragging them from the platform from which they were watching their fields by night, finds its counterpart in 'The Scourge of a District,' by Pardesi in *Blackwood's Magazine* for June 1925, which tells of the appalling depredations of a leopard over some two hundred square miles of country in a native state to the south of the Central Provinces. This leopard rarely, if ever, killed a man but, in the course of about two years, had claimed 150 women and children as its victims. The story told by Pardesi is a long one ; the leopard seems on every opportunity to have shown the utmost contempt for mankind ; he probably never displayed it more than when Pardesi sat up for him all night over the dead body of a boy and failed to get a decent shot at him, in spite of every manœuvre, by throwing things at him and shouting, to get him to expose himself for a shot. Three days afterwards he was shot by a Gond who discharged a miscellaneous collection of missiles from an old gun at a distance of five yards from the place where he had killed a goat. The tale reproduced later on in these pages of the Rudraprayag man-eating leopard shows, like these two others, how a really bad man-eating leopard can terrorize the population of a large area. It is indeed a mercy that it is comparatively rare for a leopard to take habitually to man-eating.

*Note.*—In 1937, after this chapter was written, a European engineer and his wife driving from Dehra towards the Jumna were attacked by a tiger which wounded them so severely that they died.

## *Chapter Four*

### HOW TO ARRANGE A BEAT FOR TIGER

IN the big swampy jungles of the Tarai, where tigers generally lie in heavy reeds or tall grass, it would be useless to attempt to shoot except on an elephant ; on the other hand, in the jungles of the Central Provinces and Central India generally, the nature of the terrain makes it impossible to use a line of elephants. There a tiger can only be beaten out of his lair by a line of men to machans on which the sportsmen sit on trees. In every case it is necessary to determine the direction in which the tiger will naturally go and to beat him in that direction. The principle is that the beat shall begin on a broad front and gradually contract to a bottle neck, at the end of which will be the trees on which are the sportsmen. Where the beat contracts men will have been posted on trees as stops, a stop's duty being, when the tiger has a mind to get out on the side of the jungle, to check him by a gentle tap with his axe on the tree. It is rarely that a tiger does not respond to a mild admonition given in this way to keep a direction straight on to points to which he is being driven. After the quarry has been fired at, an elephant is very useful with which to follow up a wounded animal.

Faunthorpe remarks that the elephant has as many points as the horse. Its size, its carriage, its docility and its intelligence are all calculated to endear it to us. Considering that those used in the service of man have nearly all been captured in a

wild state, it is remarkable that they should be found to be so gentle, patient and obedient. Comparatively few elephants have been bred in captivity. Abul Fazl tells us that before the time of Akbar it was thought to be unlucky to breed elephants, but that, at the command of the Emperor, his nobles took to breeding a very superior class of elephant and the prejudice was then removed. About 1908 a female elephant employed in the Forest Department at Ramnagar had a female calf by a wild tusker. When it was about eighteen months old it was sent to the London Zoo, its name being then Haidar Piari—the beloved of Haidar—its mother's mahout. It was given at the Zoo the name of Jessie. She died, I believe, when only thirteen years old.

At one time elephants were employed in great numbers by the military authorities in India. They were used generally for transport, and to draw the batteries of heavy guns. Now their use is very much restricted everywhere. The civil officers employed in a few districts, and all forest officers, still require them in order to move about their charges. The big landowners of Northern India, many of whom used to keep an elephant or two for show, have mostly given up the practice. The Nawab of Rampur and the Maharaja of Balrampur used in my day to keep very large stables of elephants, the former having fifty and the latter ninety, but I believe their stables are much smaller now. Of the Nawab's stable only three were males, but of the Maharaja's considerably larger number. The females were all known by fancy names such as Gulab kali (rose-bud), Hirakali (diamond), Nauratan (nine gems), Chanchal (fidgety), Motimala (pearl necklace). Among the males at Balrampur were Bobs Bahadur, Kitchener Bahadur, and Pole Bahadur (after Colonel, now Lord Baden-Powell).

The love story of Chand Murat, a very remarkable tusker, and Lachminiya (named after the Hindu goddess of fortune)



is recorded in the following account by Lala Babu, the superintendent of elephants at Balrampur, and there is a picture of the two elephants in the Kaisar Bagh at Lucknow. The skeleton of Chand Murat is at the zoo at Balrampur. They tell a story at Balrampur that the Nawab of Rampur of the day sought to arrange a combat between an elephant of his, which he brought to Balrampur, and Chand Murat, but that Maharaja Sir Digbijai Singh refused to agree to it. The Nawab was annoyed at this, and is said to have secretly let loose his elephant on Chand Murat when he was shackled. The Rampur elephant is said to have borne down on Chand Murat, who made no move until the other was on him when, with a mighty thrust, he dug his head and tusks into the flanks of the Rampur elephant, which fell over dead.

Here is Lala Babu's account :

' Swami Harihar Anand, an ascetic, used to come to Balrampur during Maharaja Sir Digbijai Singh Sahib's lifetime. Along with other valuable presents, he presented to the Maharaja Bahadur a male rhinoceros and two elephants, one of which was Chand Murat (male), about nine or ten years old, and the other a female. On becoming of full age Chand Murat, on account of his well-proportioned body, was very attractive, and he proved himself to be one of the strongest elephants of that time. There was no other elephant to be compared with him except Bijli Prasad, an elephant belonging to the Maharaja of Nepal. When Chand Murat became "must," it was very difficult to go to him to give fodder, etc., so it was arranged to approach him with a female elephant in front. This female elephant was Lachminiya and she remained with Chand Murat. She had been given to Maharaja Sir Digbijai Singh by Maharaja Jung Bahadur of Nepal. Both of them by-and-by became much attached. The following are some examples of their deep attachment : To all elephant

hunts held from Sir Digbijai Singh's time to 1897, attended by Lieutenant-Governor and other high officials, Chand Murat was invariably sent. He fought successfully with wild and "must" elephants and was never defeated. During these fights sometimes Chand Murat used to become ferocious with rage, so much so that he used to beat the elephants siding with him and it was at such moments difficult to lead him away, and when Lachminiya was placed before Chand Murat he became quiet and used to follow her. In Balrampur, as well, when Chand Murat became "must" Lachminiya was made to walk before him, Chand Murat was as tame as anything and could be taken to any place without any fear. Lachminiya proved her attachment to Chand Murat by leaving off eating when Chand Murat had fallen ill, so Lachminiya was sent away to a distance of ten miles from Chand Murat. Chand Murat died on May 17th, 1899 at Harpura and on the sixth day i.e., on May 22nd, 1899, Lachminiya, who had left off eating bread and twigs, also died of grief.'

Towards the close of the last century occasional kheddah operations were undertaken by the Maharaja of Balrampur for the capture of elephants in the Garhwal district. These operations left only a few big males still wild in those jungles. The only other wild elephants left in the United Provinces were in a herd which lived partly in the Eastern Tarai and partly in Nepal.

There was a sad accident at one of the last of these kheddahs in 1892 which resulted in the death of Mrs. Anson, the wife of Major Anson, the agent for the Balrampur Estate. A large rogue elephant charged on to Major Anson's elephant and knocked it over, inflicting frightful injuries on it. Mrs. Anson was badly crushed and, though when placed on another elephant she was able to proceed to the camp, she succumbed immediately after she arrived there. Osma forthwith hunted

the rogue and succeeded in killing him about ten days after. He was a very large animal, 9 feet 10 inches at the shoulder, with fair-sized tusks but absolutely tailless.

The latest reports estimate that there are not more than a hundred elephants in the forests between Baramdeo on the Sarda and Hardwar on the Ganges in the United Provinces. In other parts of India they are found in considerable numbers. In Burma (including the Shan States) there are said to be 8,000. In parts of Africa they are still more numerous. In Kenya there are about 13,000. The report of the Game Warden of Uganda for 1935 shows that, though it is estimated that about 2,000 elephants were wasted in each of the years 1934 and 1935, the protectorate is still overrun by elephants. The object of the authorities is to protect the lives and property of the inhabitants, but so far the measures taken have not been effective in stopping the evil. The damage that a single elephant can do to cultivation in one night is astounding. A proposal was recently made that kheddah operations should be once more undertaken in the Garhwal district. It is good news that the Government of the United Provinces, influenced to a great extent by a note I wrote when I was Lieutenant-Governor in 1912, has negatived the proposal. The small number of elephants that still survive in the United Provinces forests, under conditions where they are not likely to be able to do harm as they do in Uganda, may well be left to live their own lives in quietness, subject of course to stern measures being taken against any transgressors who take human life. What is to be the future of these grand animals, who are much less needful for the service of man than they used to be, while the advance of cultivation into their wild haunts renders their limitation necessary to prevent the work of the pioneers of civilization from being of no effect :

This has been rather a digression from what was intended to be a few words about the manner in which a line of elephants



THE MCTI JHIL



THE BHARAT



would be used in beating for tiger in the Tarai, but the affection I have always felt for the elephant, and the admiration which the great mammal inspires in me, must be the excuse for it.

In beating in the Tarai arrangements will differ somewhat according as the jungle to be beaten is a long stretch of open country like the Moti Jhil, or the cover on a typical twisting stream like the Dimri or Bharat. In ordinary circumstances, the length of the beat will in either case be something up to 800 yards or even more. In the open beat there should be something like twenty elephants in the line, with three howdahs, the director of the line being in the centre and one of the others being on either flank. The latter should maintain the straightness of the line on their side and see that none of the mahouts near them attempt to malingering. The other howdah elephants will have been sent on to suitable posts at the end of the beat, up to which it is intended to drive the tiger, but in most beats of any length a flying stop on each side of the line will be very serviceable to prevent the animal hunted from breaking out. When beating a twisting stream, which in the course of its windings will have splendid pieces of heavy cover first on one side and then on the other, one half of the line will be occupied in beating the cover while the half on the other side of the water will be chiefly concerned in maintaining touch. The flying stops will have to be increased in number and their work in preventing a tiger from breaking out on the side will be very important.

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## Chapter Five

### RELATIVE DANGERS OF DIFFERENT METHODS OF TIGER SHOOTING

BANWARI SINGH, a worthy orderly of the court of the District Magistrate of Bijnor, had been brought up as a shikari by Mr. Boulderson, who filled that office shortly after India came under the government of the Crown. He had assisted at the shooting of many a tiger. At Morgati alone he had, some time before I left India, seen forty killed. He had no experience of buffalo or bison : of the wild animals with which he was familiar, he considered that to the man on foot the elephant was the most dangerous (there were not very many still about in Bijnor), the bear the next, the leopard after the bear, and then the tiger. But there is no doubt that the number of fatal accidents in hunting wild animals in India, especially in parts of the country like the Central Provinces where tigers must of necessity be often hunted on foot, has been much greater when the sportsman has been following up a wounded tiger than when he has been after any other animal. And, if one considers how often fatal accidents have been due to the neglect of rules universally accepted as necessary for this sport, there has been a disposition to regard tiger-shooting as involving more danger than it need. This led Sir Joseph Fayrer, writing in 1875 in his *The Royal Tiger of Bengal*, to hold that tiger-shooting, practised as it generally was at that time in Bengal, from elephants, combined enough excitement

with personal danger to make it interesting. He added : ' On foot it entails an amount of danger and risk to life which I venture to think is hardly justifiable in a mere amusement, as so many serious and fatal accidents only too clearly prove.' Mr. F. B. Simson, in his celebrated letters on sport in Eastern Bengal, published about ten years later, did not approve of shooting on foot in the heavy jungles there, except when elephants were unprocurable, and no other way of getting the animal could be found. He did, however, himself go out on foot at times, and described it as madness for a sportsman to expose himself, when alone, to the attack of a tiger on foot. He enlarged on the truth that the best rifle shots cannot always be exact, and on the possibility of a well-directed bullet glancing or going round instead of straight through the body, and of its striking the hard bone of the skull and missing the brain. Many a tiger too, as he urged, has gone on fifty or a hundred yards with a ball in his heart and capable of striking a mortal blow till he dies. Since his day the man meeting a charging tiger with a heavy high-velocity rifle is much better equipped to deal with the charge. Faunthorpe held the opinion that a useful weapon to have in reserve on a howdah was an ordinary twelve-bore gun loaded with spherical bullets, and he recommended to anyone who had to follow up a wounded tiger on foot the use of black powder. ' Two barrels of black powder in his face,' he wrote, ' will, as a rule, turn a charging feline simply from the smoke. At least that is my experience—limited, I admit. Following up wounded carnivora on foot was never one of my favourite pastimes.' However, while in some tracts the pursuit of a tiger on foot is impracticable, in others it may be the only method possible, and, though it is wiser to go with a friend, it may not always be possible to arrange to do so. In many blocks in reserved forests it is impracticable to get beaters. If a sportsman arranges to sit up over a kill and wounds a tiger he may not be



able to get an elephant on which to follow it up, and must of necessity go after it on foot.

Tiger shooting in any form is not ordinarily so dangerous a sport as many people are inclined to think. There is, of course, a certain element of risk both to the sportsman and to those who are working for him. But, by careful attention to business, it should generally be possible to reduce the danger to very little. In the first place, no one has a right to go after a tiger without taking every precaution to protect the men who are assisting him in the hunt. And a tiger should never be fired at when the effect of the shot may be to send him back, wounded, among the beaters. You cannot, of course, provide against beaters themselves sometimes doing stupid things.

The danger to the sportsman up to whom a tiger is being beaten on foot can be reduced to a minimum if he strictly adheres to the sound rules that should guide him. The beat should be arranged with the utmost care. The sportsman should be so posted that the tiger will pass him at a disadvantage, if possible below him ; he should not fire till the tiger has passed ; in nine cases out of ten the animal should give an easy shot. If it is wounded and goes on, a wait of an hour or two should be taken so as to give the wound time to get stiff. The follow up should then be made with the utmost caution, the greatest care being taken for the safety of the trackers. A tiger's coat blends in a wonderful way with the colours of the jungle. A large tiger can remain unseen behind a very small bush. Often it is only by the movement of an ear or something of the kind that he can be spotted before he charges or bolts on. Following up a leopard is much more dangerous : he can be at least as determined a fighter, and he is more difficult to locate owing to his size, and the even more perfect manner in which his coat is camouflaged in the jungle. There was never a better and more sound sportsman than Charlie

Cleveland, but the leopard, which mauled him so badly and with which he had his titanic fight was on him before he had time to shoot.

Sir Montagu Gerard and Brigadier-General R. G. Burton shot large numbers of tigers on foot, and, owing to their excellent precautions, avoided accidents which, with a little neglect of them, might easily have occurred now and then. But it is impossible altogether to exclude danger when hunting carnivora on foot. It was not till after he had disposed of 170 tigers that Sir Montagu Gerard had an accident, and it was an unavoidable one. The charge depicted opposite p. 30 of Wardrop's book was unavoidable, and harm was only averted by the way in which he dealt with it. No one has had better opportunities of considering the precautions that should be followed by sportsmen after tiger in the Central Provinces, where elephants are not taken in line, or has applied his experience better to suggesting how danger can be avoided, than Dunbar-Brander. Everyone shooting there would do well to know by heart the contents of Chapter IV of his *Wild Animals in Central India*.

There are also in Col. A. E. Stewart's *Tiger and Other Game* some admirable directions as to how to proceed when you have wounded a tiger on foot. He had examined a regular epidemic of sahibs killed by tigers, and had ascertained that in every case except one the cause was following up a wounded animal without due precautions. The excitement and keenness of pursuing a wounded tiger as quickly as possible are very natural, but it is a mug's game unless you follow reasonable precautions, and, if you follow them, the chance of disaster in hunting tigers on foot is reduced to a minimum.

The Maharaja, Sir Bhanwar Pal Singh, of Karauli, in Rajputana, used in my day to keep a pack of dogs with which he hunted tigers. I never saw one of his dogs. I imagine that they may have been of the Rampur strain—a very strong and fierce

hound. Naturally, success in getting the tiger was usually gained at the loss of some good dogs. When following up a wounded tiger or leopard, a good well-disciplined dog will often be of use in helping you to locate the animal. When a wounded tiger makes a determined charge, his roar differs entirely from that to which he gives vent in other conditions. It is full of fury and seems to come from the pit of the stomach. In other circumstances one may meet him, and he may, unless he is frightened himself, charge like a dog to frighten one, and then turn away. Buffaloes are sometimes used, when an elephant is not available, to beat up a wounded tiger. Their use is often successful, but it is a highly dangerous performance. Generally they will rush forward to where the wounded animal is and so indicate his presence, but they may rush back on to the hunter.

Shooting from a machan with a line of beaters or over a kill should very rarely lead to an accident, but the chance of it cannot be entirely excluded. A very ugly accident happened to Wardrop when, owing to his efforts to keep vultures off the kill, he lost his balance and fell to the ground, causing himself very serious injury by breaking ribs and his arm. I never myself made an attempt to shoot a tiger from a machan over a kill, regarding it as rather an ignoble death for a tiger if he could possibly be got in any other way. But it is different with a leopard, and I have sat up after them and greatly enjoyed observing the behaviour of the animals and birds that one thus gets the opportunity of seeing. More than once, after having been defeated by the tiger in a beat, we left one of our party to sit up till the tiger returned and almost invariably with success. There was no other chance of getting him. The holder of a licence for a forest block where beaters are not procurable has equally no alternative but to sit up over a kill.

In beating with a line of beaters to a machan there is not

ordinarily serious danger to the sportsmen, but Mr. and Mrs. Smythies had a terrible experience near Haldwani. This was graphically described by Smythies in *The Pioneer* of 30th June, 1926.

‘We were staying,’ he wrote, ‘for Christmas in a good shooting block, and one night we had a kill by a tiger in one of the best small beats in the area. So my wife and I went off to the beat, and I fixed up two machans, my own in front, and hers about forty yards to the right and behind, thus avoiding the risk of ricochets. Her machan was in the first fork of a tall, cylindrical tree, fourteen feet from the ground, the tree being four to five feet in girth. Just in front of my machan was a patch of heavy narkul grass about twenty-five yards in diameter, and there was a good deal of grass and undergrowth all round. Soon after the beat started I heard a stop clapping, and the tiger roared twice. About three minutes later I heard it coming through the narkul grass, and presently it broke cover at a fast slouch. My weapon was a H.V. .404 Jeffery magazine rifle, with which I had killed several tigers. I had four cartridges in the magazine and chamber and some more loose on the machan. As the tiger broke, I fired and missed, and it rushed back to the narkul. Presently the beat came up to the narkul, and almost simultaneously the tiger again broke cover, this time at full gallop with a terrific roar. I fired at it going away on my left and again missed. The beast went by my wife’s machan at the gallop about thirty yards from her, and as soon as it had passed her, she fired and hit it about six inches or so above the heart and just below the spine. This stopped it, and it rolled over roaring.

‘Here the incredible part of the story begins. The tiger mad with rage turned round, saw her in the machan, and made for her, climbing the tree for all the world like a huge domestic cat with its forearms almost encircling it. Up it went verti-

cally under her machan, and as I turned round hurriedly I knocked the loose cartridges out of my machan to the ground. As things were, I had no option but to take the risk of hitting my wife. I fired at the brute when it was half-way up the tree, but only grazed it. As I looked down to work the bolt and reload, I realized I had one cartridge left, and looking up again I saw my wife standing up in the machan with the muzzle of her rifle in the tiger's mouth—his teeth marks are eight inches up the barrel—and he was holding on to the edge of the machan with his forepaws and chin. In this position she pulled the trigger—and had a misfire. You must realize that at least two-thirds of the tiger's weight was now on the machan, for, except for his back claws, he was hanging out from the tree by the width of the machan which was rocking violently from his efforts to get on to it. The next thing I saw was my wife lose her balance and topple over backwards, on the side away from the tiger.

‘The beast did not seem to notice her disappearance, and as I again aimed at him, I saw him still clawing and biting the machan—the timber was almost bitten through, and the strings torn to shreds. I fired my last available cartridge, and by the mercy of Heaven the bullet went true. It took the tiger in the heart and he crashed over backwards on to the ground immediately below the machan, where he lay hidden from view in the grass. I did not know at the time he was dead; nor of course did my wife. All I knew was that my wife had disappeared from the machan on one side of the tree and the tiger on the other, that I had no cartridge left; and that I was helpless for the moment to give any further assistance.

‘Whether my predicament was as bad as my wife's can be judged from her view of the incident, I quote her words: “When I fired again, he turned round and saw me, and immediately dashed, roaring, towards my tree. I thought he

was galloping past, but suddenly realized he was climbing up, and only just had time to stand up in the machan before his great striped face and paws appeared over the edge, and his blood and hot breath came up at me with his roaring. I pushed the barrel of my rifle into his mouth and pulled the trigger, but the rifle would not go off. Then I really did feel helpless and did not know what to do. We had a regular tussle with the rifle, and then I saw his paw come up through the bottom of the machan. In stepping back to avoid it, I must have stepped over the edge of the machan, as I felt myself falling. I thought I was falling into the jaws of the tiger, and it flashed through my mind : ' Surely I'm not going to be killed like this '. I never felt hitting the ground at all, and the next thing I knew was that I was running through grass and over fallen trees, wondering when the tiger would jump on me."

' She arrived at my tree almost simultaneously with the mahout, Bisharat Ali, who had rushed up his elephant regardless of wounded tigers or anything else, and she hastily mounted and cleared off into safety, unhurt except for a sprained wrist, and various scratches and bruises from the fall. One of the stops was calling out that he could see the tiger, and it was lying dead under his machan. So, when a supply of cartridges arrived, I went up cautiously and verified his statement, recovered my wife's hat and rifle, and went off with her to the bungalow, leaving the stops to bring in the tiger.

' It was a nice male, 9 feet 3 inches in length, with three bullets in it, one between heart and spine, one cutting the bottom of the chest, and one in the heart. It will be a long time before we try and get another ! This is a plain unvarnished account of an incident which must, I think, be unique in the annals of tiger-shooting. At least I have never heard of a lady being hurled out of a high machan by a climb-

ing tiger, and her husband killing it up in the air with his last cartridge.'

Ordinarily, on a machan with a good level seat at a suitable height and a ladder, one should be safe enough, but there is room for difference of opinion as to what height is suitable. Eardley-Wilmot suggested that eighteen feet was rather high for one's machan, as the angle of fire was often unpropitious, and the sportsman might be more visible against the sky. He considered twelve feet a suitable elevation : it might also be a dangerous one. He went still further and said that, if forced to it, one might take up one's position in a machan eight feet above the ground. The experience of Mr. and Mrs. Smythies shows what an unsafe course that might be. Mr. M. A. Fooks, writing from the Military Hospital at Jubbulpore to the *Field*, described how, when shooting in the Mandla district during the Easter holidays of 1935, a wounded tigress got at him while he was climbing up a sal tree which had no branches for the first twenty-five feet. When he had climbed about twenty feet he became exhausted. He called on the shikari five feet above him to come down and help him up the remaining distance. The tigress, in Mr. Fooks's words 'deliberately looked up at me and proceeded to shin up the tree like a domestic cat without effort, and seized me by the right leg.' Mr. Fooks's friend was on the ground, and, after a shot from the latter had hit her, the tigress fell off, tearing a number of muscles out of Mr. Fooks's leg. The topmost claw marks were measured the next day and taped exactly 18 feet. Mr. Fooks recovered, but he had a narrow squeak. The precautions taken on this occasion do not seem to have been adequate.

A distinguished predecessor of mine as Chief Commissioner in the Central Province was an Irishman who cared little for shooting. But he had, for the honour of his position, to

attempt at all events to shoot a tiger. He was in a machan about fifteen feet high when the tiger advanced. Ejaculating 'Begorra, it isn't high enough,' he stood up and the tiger disappeared. But no one could blame him, in view of the experience of Mrs. Smythies and of Mr. Fooks.

It is often suggested, and sometimes by sportsmen who have not tried it, that shooting off elephants is the least dangerous form of tiger-shooting. This suggestion seems to me misguided. It would be more reasonable to say that, while the element of danger ought to be small in any kind of tiger-shooting, it is somewhat larger when one is in a howdah than when in a machan. For security in a howdah one needs a reliable mahout, and a staunch elephant that will not bolt. Should an elephant bolt in tree jungle it may be a very dangerous matter. And there is always the chance that a wounded tiger may get up on to the elephant's trunk and threaten the mahout. The elephant then, in its efforts to get rid of the tiger, shakes the howdah violently, with the result that a shot from the sportsman in the howdah would be very dangerous, while, owing to its rapid movement, it is not too easy for a man, if he fires from another elephant, to make sure that he will hit the tiger and not the elephant.

Sir John Fayerer gave in his book a number of sufficiently exciting accidents to sportsmen when on elephants. No one appears to have lost his life in them, though two men lost their legs. The Maharaja Sir Digbijai Singh of Balrampur, who was a great friend of Jung Bahadur and kept a large stable of elephants, was killed when shooting off an elephant in Nepal.

Sir Edward Braddon some forty years ago published a very interesting book entitled *Thirty Years of Shikar*. He originally came to India before the Mutiny for employment in a merchant's office, but the sedentary life of Calcutta was not to his liking, and he eventually, after serving some time in the



Santhal parganas of Bengal, found himself in 1862 in the uncovenanted public service of Oudh. There he rose to be Commissioner of Excise, but, on the amalgamation of Oudh with the North-Western Provinces in 1877, his appointment came under reduction. He had to start life again, and did it by emigrating to Tasmania, where he crowned the success of his remarkable career by becoming Premier. Coming from a literary family he had the faculty of writing well, and brought great keenness and powers of observation to his enjoyment of sport. In his book he writes that he held that his experience, gleaned after shooting many tigers in both ways, justified him in thinking that there was more danger in shooting off an elephant, than on foot. According to his observation 'the elephant is intelligent in a diabolical way at times, but rarely up to the mark when its intelligence would be useful.' I think that this opinion of his is most unjustifiable, but undoubtedly he was witness of several serious accidents due to the fault of elephants on a shoot of Sir George Yule, a mighty tiger-slayer, in the Nepal Tarai in 1862. In his diary too, Mr. Okeden gives an account of two terrific fights. In one the elephant rolled over on the tiger and had him jammed under the howdah. The mahout had been nearly stunned by the branch of a tree and could do nothing. The tiger was eventually shot by Okeden putting the muzzle of his rifle to his head. A few years before I went to the Tarai Colonel Julius Barras, who wrote *India and Tiger Hunting*, had paid a visit to it from the Bombay Presidency, and our Government mahouts were never tired of enlarging on the fact that he insisted on riding his own elephant, a matter of great wonder and admiration to them. In his book he describes an encounter with a tigress when he was driving a makna elephant called Mubarak Gaj. The elephant was not nearly full grown, but, in virtue of his sex, was selected as the mount of Colonel Barras, out of the seven elephants lent him by the Nawab of

Rampur, the remaining six being females. When the party consisted of himself and one other gun they had an encounter with a tigress. The guns got into trees on this occasion, and when Colonel Barras had taken up his position, mounting from the elephant on to what he describes as a slim sort of stem of a small tree, Mubarak Gaj was backed away from the tree by the mahout. But, seeing the colonel in the tree, he charged furiously, seized the sapling in his trunk and bent it with such force that the colonel lost his seat, but held on to a bough with his hands. His feet touched the ground but he was afraid to let go lest the elephant should go for him. The elephant could not break the stem, and, when he desisted from trying to do so, the colonel in his own words 'flew up again to the original altitude.' This was repeated two or three times, always with the same result. Eventually the elephant retired and stood still about twenty yards off. The colonel advanced calling him by name, and was immediately recognized. Mubarak Gaj 'in the most friendly manner extended the tip for me to step on to, and at once hoisted me on to his head.' The colonel remained on the elephant during the beat, but the tigress did not reappear. This was not the most dangerous experience of Colonel Barras while on this expedition, for, two days later, when he was in the howdah on Indur Piari, one of the female elephants, and as she was ready to bolt before he could get a shot, he determined to change places with the mahout, making the latter occupy the howdah with his gunbearer. The colonel got an opportunity of firing both barrels at a large tiger, and, when it subsequently jumped up in front of the elephant, Indur Piari set off at her 'best double shuffle' through the thick adjacent forest. This stampede lasted for 200 yards or more, and it was very lucky that the howdah was not swept off by the bough of a tree. The two occupants of the howdah did not cease to call on heaven for aid. When Indur Piari could be induced to go back to the

rest of the party the colonel changed on to Mubarak Gaj but, the howdah having been irreparably damaged, he resolved never to occupy one again. Mubarak Gaj got almost 'fussed' in some heavy cover of dense grass and rushes, but recovered himself, and all went well till the tiger was padded. There was to be yet a third accident during Colonel Barras's short stay in the Tarai. On this occasion he was again driving Mubarak Gaj. A tigress charged him and buried her fangs in the soft pads on the elephant's crown. The elephant gave a prodigious shake, and the Colonel was thrown through the air in the company of the tigress, and fell to the ground within a yard of his infuriated enemy. He had his gun secured round his neck with the butt in the hollow of the right shoulder. He had only one barrel of it loaded, but succeeded in reloading the other. Not unnaturally he found that, while doing this, his 'hand was shaking like an aspen leaf.' The tigress did not attack him. The elephants came up cautiously to where he was, Mubarak Gaj in the middle of them. He had a long, not deep, scratch down his trunk. He received the Colonel with evident pleasure, and conveyed him by his trunk to his wounded head. The line advanced again on the tigress, who again sprang on to Mubarak Gaj's head. Once more the elephant hurled the tigress off his head, but this time the colonel was not unseated. The whole line then rushed back into the thickest jungle they could find. They returned eventually to where the tigress was. Mubarak Gaj led the attack repeatedly but, on the tigress roaring, retired hastily back to the female elephants. The tigress mauled one of the female elephants, Buddul Piari, badly. Buddul Piari retaliated by sitting down on the tigress; the men on the pad fell off; the tigress was done in; Buddul Piari had killed her. The account of these adventures, recorded in *India and Tiger-hunting*, when repeated by the Rampur mahouts will have lost nothing in the telling, and it is no wonder that the Government mahouts to whom

they told them made a hero of Colonel Barras. Who shall say, after reading of them, that tiger-shooting off elephants may not, especially when a sportsman himself does the work of mahout, be sometimes a dangerous sport ?

In my own experience the only accidents, except that to the mahout Ali Hosain Khan, who was mauled when driving a pad elephant as described in Chapter X, happened to an elephant when carrying the howdah in which I was riding myself, and are recorded later.

## *Chapter Six*

### STATISTICS OF LENGTHS AND WEIGHTS OF TIGERS

EVERY now and then there is a discussion as to the largest number of tigers shot by an individual, and not a few sportsmen have set themselves out to shoot a hundred tigers. Personally, from what he told me more than once, I should think that no one in recent years has seen more tigers shot than the late Maharaja Scindia, but, like the good sportsman he was, having disposed of a reasonable number himself, his chief pleasure was in showing them to other people. I understood from the late Maharaja of Rewa that he himself had shot over two hundred tigers. I should doubt whether anyone living has shot more than Percy Wyndham ; he thinks that he has seen about five hundred shot. Mangal Khan told me that he had seen nine hundred tigers shot. As his shooting recollections took him back to before the Mutiny, this does not seem at all unlikely. Okeden and friends shot several hundreds ; and the late Maharaja of Cooch Behar showed his friends, as described in his game book, 365 tigers. The Central India Horse, of which the best known tiger-hunters were Colonel Martin and Sir Montagu Gerard, shot many hundreds during the time that the jungles of the Gwalior and Rewa States were their happy hunting-grounds. The number that I have actually seen shot myself is 247. My own contribution to this bag is nothing very wonderful, and it is a great pleasure to remember that, in the shooting expeditions run by myself, at least half

the bag must have been got by officers of His Majesty's army.

Another discussion, as inconclusive as that regarding the slayer of the largest number of tigers, not infrequently arises as to who can claim to have shot the biggest tiger brought to bag. Most attention has been paid to the length of the animal, often to the neglect of other factors, such as its weight, the size of the head, the height at which it stood off the ground, and the circumference of its forearm. This discussion is complicated to some extent by the fact that there are differences of opinion as to how the measurement of the length of a tiger should be carried out, and also by the fact that sportsmen have not always been sufficiently careful when they carried out the measurements which they have recorded.

What is generally regarded as the most scientific way of measuring a tiger is contained in the hints given by Rowland Ward in his *Records of Big Game* for the recording of the length of animals in the field : 'Length. Pull the nose and the tail so as to get them as nearly as possible in a straight line. Fix it with four pegs : one at the end of nose, one at the end of tail, one at the root of tail, and the fourth at the nape of the neck behind the ears.' The way this should be carried out is exhibited in the book on the body of a tiger shot by Lieut.-Col. H. G. C. Swayne in the Central Provinces. I was taught by Mr. Macdonald to measure the body round the curves from the tip of the nose to the end of the tail with a Chesterman's tape measure such as was always used in India in Public Works Department measurements. The measurement of the tiger was with him a matter of some ceremony, and was carried out with extreme accuracy before the tiger was padded. His example was followed by me exactly, but sometimes, both in the United Provinces and the Central Provinces, we measured the tiger both in this way and according to Rowland Ward's method. In the illustration in the latter's book the

body of the tiger is lying on a perfectly even surface. In my experience it is very unusual to have so level a piece of ground on which to peg out the body, and, particularly in the fire lines in forest blocks, the surface is often very rough and uneven. I have found when the actual measurement of tigers has been done by myself, or under my personal observation, often by Mr. Hodgart of the Museum staff at Calcutta, that the measurement by the two systems has differed from two to as much as five inches, the smaller measurement being always of course when taken between pegs. For this reason, and because, if the measurement over the curves is made with the extreme care which it demands, it must, in my judgment, give an accurate measurement of tigers killed in the present day, while it provides the only means of comparison with the records of sportsmen of past generations (only a very small proportion, for instance, of the measurements given on pp. 226-227 of *Big Game*, Vol. II of the Badminton Library, were taken between uprights), I have preferred to use it as the record for all the tigers that I have seen killed ; and I have a record for every one of them carefully measured and set down at the time.

Captain Williamson in his *Oriental Field Sports*, writing in 1808, mentions a tiger 'the largest ever killed on Cossimbazar island,' with a measurement of 'thirteen feet and four inches from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail.' In another passage, however, he pokes fun at tigers being described as 'the largest ever seen,' in the words : 'However, in spite of such frequency of monstrous growth, I will venture to assert that nine in ten do not measure ten feet, from the tip of the nose to the tip of the tail.'

On pp. 216-217 of *Big Game Shooting* in the Badminton Library is given a collection of measurements starting with that of a 12 foot 2-inch tiger shot by General Sir C. Reid and recorded in Sterndale's *Natural History of Indian Mammalia*. There is also a measurement of a 12-foot tiger shot by Lieut-

Col. Boileau, another of 12 feet, and a number over 11 feet, the largest of which was 11 feet 9 inches, shot by the Hon. R. Drummond. There are also a number of very large measurements by Mr. F. A. Shillingford, seven being 11 feet or over, and seven over 10 feet. All but four of the measurements (sixty-two in number) shown in this table appear to have been taken over the curves.

The closeness of the records of the measurement of tigers taken by different sportsmen in different parts in the last fifty years or so is very remarkable. Several writers have said that Sir Henry Ramsay shot a 12-foot tiger. I cannot help thinking that there must be some mistake about this, for often from conversations with him and Mr. Macdonald I had understood that the largest tiger either of them had ever seen was shot by the former at Tanda which measured 10 feet 5 inches. The combined measurements of the late Maharaja of Cooch Behar and myself covered just over six hundred animals. It is remarkable that the largest tiger and tigress measured by him were 10 feet 5 inches and 9 feet  $5\frac{1}{2}$  inches respectively, while those measured by or before me were 10 feet  $5\frac{1}{2}$  inches and 9 feet 6 inches. Mr. E. B. Baker, who shot several hundred tigers in Bengal and Assam, measured his largest 10 feet. 4 inches, and the next 10 feet 3 inches, and was of opinion that full-grown tigers there were generally under 10 feet. Mr. A. M. Markham, who shot many tigers in the United Provinces, never got one over 10 feet 4 inches. Wyndham thinks that the number of tigers he measured or saw measured was between four and five hundred. He used to get an animal into position for measurement by pulling at its head and tail and getting its nose in a straight line with neck, body and tail. He did not use pegs but took the tape from the tip of the nose to the tip of the bone of the tail. The only tigers he recalls of 10 feet or over were one of 10 feet 2 inches and one of 10 feet. Of the tigers which I myself saw shot only nine measured



10 feet or over, and of the tigresses only ten 9 feet or over. Eardley-Wilmot's largest tiger out of about two hundred was 10 feet  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches. A party, in which were Sir Bindon Blood and Jack Campbell, shot a 10 foot 8-inch tiger in Nepal. The biggest tiger Colonel Ward shot for many years measured 10 feet 1 inch, but he shot one when out with me measuring 10 feet 4 inches. J. A. Broun, who shot a lot of tigers, never got one over 10 feet. The biggest tiger shot by F. B. Simson, in Lower Bengal in the second half of the last century, was 10 feet 1 inch. Sir Montagu Gerard's biggest tiger was also 10 feet 1 inch, and his largest tigress 9 feet 4 inches. These measurements were, I believe, all taken over the curves, and correspond very closely to those taken by Dunbar-Brander and others, allowing for two or three inches of difference, between pegs.

When I first became interested in tiger-shooting it was generally thought that the largest tiger got in recent years had been one shot by Mr. Wright, of the Great Indian Peninsula Railway, in the Bombay Presidency, measuring 10 feet 10 inches. What may have been the biggest tiger shot in recent times is one shot by the Maharaja of Datia and shown as 11 feet in Rowland Ward's *Record of Big Game*. That tiger was set up by the firm, and I saw it at Datia : it must have been an enormous beast.

Eardley-Wilmot had a very decided opinion that the change from bows and arrows and firelocks to cordite rifles, with the intermediate improvement in rifles and cylinder guns, had resulted in a great deterioration in the size of tigers. Time is no longer given them, as in the past, to develop to the full extent possible. There has been considerable discussion about this suggestion, and it seems very possible. I hoped once to get some definite evidence on the point when Maharaja Sir Chandra Shamsher Jung very kindly allowed me to make an expedition to the Sarju valley in Nepal, which had been a

favourite hunting ground of Jung Bahadur. As described elsewhere, this expedition was a fiasco owing to an outbreak of cholera in the valley. Sir Harcourt Butler visited it in 1918. His party got a splendid bag of eight tigers and six tigresses in a fortnight. Of the eight tigers, one measured 10 feet 5 inches, one 10 feet 3 inches, one 10 feet 2½ inches, and two 10 feet 1 inch, and the average of the eight was just over 10 feet. Among the tigresses one measured 9 feet 5 inches, one 9 feet 3½ inches, and one 9 feet 1 inch. The average of the six was just under 9 feet. The fact that the average size of the animals got in this tract, where they had not been seriously molested for a length of time, was substantially larger than that of those obtainable elsewhere seems to give considerable support to the contention of people who say that there has been in most places some deterioration in the size of tigers.

Okeden has recorded in his *Sporting Journal* comparatively few measurements of the many tigers that he and his parties shot. He has told us that those which he has given were taken round the curves of the body from the nose to the tip of the tail. Several male tigers measured by him taped 9 feet to 9 feet 4 inches; one was 12 feet long and 4 feet high, another 12 feet 6 inches long and 4 feet 3 inches high, a third 12 feet. The length of the latter from the nose to the root of the tail is given as 8 feet 6 inches and 3 feet 6 inches to the end of the tail, and its height as 4 feet 3 inches. At the same time he writes of one tiger: 'He was an enormous male; though only eight feet ten inches long, he was the strongest and most muscular tiger I ever shot. His neck measured round two feet eight inches.' Okeden was a Judge, who may be relied on to be accurate, and was writing these facts up in a diary intended for the perusal of his own relatives only and not for publication. It seems to me that these measurements may be relied on to show that in his day a tiger larger than can be found now might be occasionally met with.

Coming to the second test of the size of tigers, a certain number of sportsmen have kept records of the weights of heavy tigers and tigresses. This test loses part of its value from the fact that the animal has often been shot after it has gorged itself on a kill, and there is no possible means of even guessing how much has been added in this way to the normal weight in any individual case. In Rowland Ward's *Records of Big Game* the weights are given for twelve large tigers. The weight of the heaviest (length 9 feet 11½ inches) is given as 700 lb. This tiger was shot in the Central Provinces, where from a short experience it has seemed to me that tigers and tigresses do not as a rule run as large as in the jungles below and in the foothills of the Himalaya. This was evidently a very large tiger, but the measurements of length and skull are not so large as those of several tigers of which records as to weight and these measurements are given on pp. 486-489 of the edition of 1922. The weights of the remaining eleven vary from 600 lb. (estimated) to 347 lb. For a comparison of weights we may omit the 700 lb., 600 lb. (as it was never actually weighed) and 347 lb. tigers. The remaining nine average 490 lb. Of these, six were weighed among those for which the Maharaja of Cooch Behar gives records in his book, and they are there supported by twenty more. The average weight of these twenty-six tigers is 482 lb. The Maharaja gives the weight of six large tigresses varying from 360 to 268 lb., the average being 317 lb.

On pp. 216-217 of *Big Game Shooting* in the Badminton Library the weight of ten tigers and four tigresses collected from different sources is given, the tigers averaging 426 lb. and the tigresses 259 lb. The average of full-grown tigers and tigresses quoted from Rowland Ward's *Horn Measurements* is given as 420 and 265 lb. respectively.

I had a weighing machine made at Calcutta at the end of April, 1908, and used it intermittently to weigh a number of

tigers and tigresses and some leopards, but it was not always in good order, and I had often to send it away for repairs. As a result, though I was able to weigh some very good tigers, chiefly in 1909 and 1910, I only had it available twice when a 10-foot tiger was in the bag, and, finally, as the machine was going out of action so often, I did not bother to have it repaired. The weight of the heaviest tiger I weighed with it was 570 lb. (9 feet  $7\frac{1}{2}$  inches), the next 493 lb. (9 feet 9 inches), and the next 490 lb. (10 feet), one 487 lb. (9 feet 7 inches) and two 488 lb. (9 feet 11 inches and 9 feet 7 inches). Then came a number over 400 lb. The heaviest tigress I weighed was 347 lb. (8 feet 10 inches). The next two were 326 lb. (8 feet 9 inches) and 315 lb. (8 feet 4 inches), and two were 305 lb. (both 9 feet 2 inches). There were several just about 300 lb. A common weight for a tigress of 8 feet 8 inches to 8 feet 6 inches was from about 280 to 290 lb.

It is very difficult in a shooting camp to arrange other measurements. I tried to find out whether there was anything in the theory that a tiger's age could be deduced from the number of lobes in its liver. I found that so many of the full-grown tigers and tigresses examined had seven liver lobes and so few had less that I soon gave this up.

The Maharaja of Cooch Behar kept records of 311 leopards shot between 1871 and 1907. Among these were one of 8 feet 4 inches, one of 8 feet  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches, two of 8 feet  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches, and one of 8 feet. The largest weights he recorded—all after 1890—were 150 lb. (7 feet  $7\frac{1}{2}$  inches), 140 lb. (7 feet  $6\frac{1}{2}$  inches) and 139 lb. (7 feet 10 inches) respectively. Rowland Ward gives thirteen measurements recorded by owners of 8 feet or over, two being as long as 9 feet 1 inch and 9 feet, the latter shot by the Maharaja of Datia. He only gives the weight of four animals—one of 154 lb. (8 feet) shot by the Maharaja of Cooch Behar apparently after his book had been published,

one of 148 lb. (7 feet 9½ inches), one of 145 lb. (7 feet 4 inches) and one of 115 lb. (7 feet 11 inches).

I have not very many records of the length and weight of leopards. A not uncommon length for a big male was 7 feet 10 inches. I only shot one measuring 8 feet. I consider 140 lb. as a big weight for a leopard. This is a small weight if compared with that of a three-quarter grown tiger cub, male or female. For instance, on p. 139 is the record of a male (232 lb.) and female cub (195 lb.) shot with their mother.

## *Chapter Seven*

### EARLY SHOOTING PARTIES IN THE TARAI

MR. MACDONALD told me that, when he first came to the Tarai, you could expect to find a pair of tigers in the northern part of almost every one of the small streams which had suitable cover on it, and again a second pair to the south a mile or two below. When I went to the Tarai over twenty years later there were nothing like so many tigers. Mr. Macdonald had a shoot every year, and I was lucky enough to be asked to it both while I served with him and afterwards (whenever I could get leave) till his death in 1890. But it was some time before I even saw a tiger and on the first occasion that I did, in March 1882, when I went out for a few days with Kunwars Hari Raj Singh and Kirat Singh (sons of Raja Shiuraj Singh, living at Kashipur, a descendant of the family that had at one time had great power in the lower Himalaya), we had a great disappointment. We had about eight elephants, but it was rather early in the season to hope to find a tiger, and moreover we were tremendously impeded by a very high and continuous wind. That wind was well known in March, and went by the name of the 'arhaia-wala,' which meant that it lasted for two and a half days. At last we did get near a tiger, and went on all one day in the hope of getting on to it. About six p.m. we were beating a stream close to Bareni on the road between Moradabad and Kaladhungi where our tents were. In the past this had been the scene of

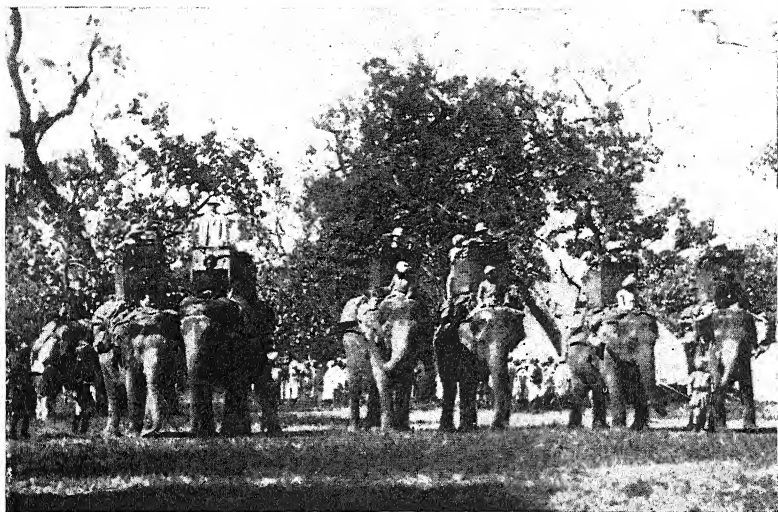
many a successful beat for tiger. Unfortunately, just as it was getting dusk we disturbed a number of bees, and, as our line got entirely out of order, gave it up. I had emptied my rifle when my elephant (Phulbegam) trumpeted and kicked, and out of a little patch of grass by her feet a tigress popped out, jumped the stream and was lost to sight at once. That was the melancholy ending of my first acquaintance with a tiger in the jungles. I had to return to court work at Kashipur next day.

Although the Bareni bojhi is no longer a reliable beat, there is, a mile or two to the north of it, a patch of dry nal at Garapu which, if there is a frost, is almost certain to hold a tiger. During a sharp bout of frost towards the end of February 1919, Wyndham's trackers found five tigers who had collected here because it was a warm spot. They were all full grown.

On one occasion when I was still serving in the Tarai and was staying at the bungalow at Bazpur a few miles south of Bareni, my friend Behari Singh, the headman of a neighbouring village, came in to report to me that a tiger and a wild boar had been found dead close together in a field near Bareni. I took off on my elephant and we found them in some high grass (sirpat) on the edge of the field, not more than a hundred yards apart. The tiger was a big one, and the pig a small boar. The latter had evidently died first, the tiger having smashed his head with a terrific blow after he had first ripped open the tiger's stomach with his tusks.

A month after seeing my first tiger I joined Mr. Macdonald's annual shoot, but I got a go of malaria at once and had to give in.

At Christmas 1882 Mr. Macdonald had a party at Sheonathpur on the eastern boundary of the Garhi Bul Chand Forest block ten miles north of Kashipur.



READY TO START



THE BARENI BOJHI





We had a fair amount of general shooting here and got one tigress. There were a good many birds, chital, and nilgai, and not a few of that beautiful little creature, the four-horned antelope. A couple of miles or so to the east of our camp was a branch of the Tamria or Tamaría Sot, which led several miles further up into the low hills. A sot is a ravine with a little water in it, as distinguished from a rao, which is dry in the winter and a raging torrent in the rains ; and it is usually by such routes that tigers come down from the hills at night and return in the early morning. On Christmas Day we found very fresh tracks of a tiger, and it was in consequence of this that I came in for the first serious accident that I had with an elephant.

Mr. Macdonald liked us to dismount from our elephants for lunch. On this occasion, when we had halted on the edge of the Tamaría Sot, he was persuaded, owing to our excitement over the tracks of a tiger, to have our sandwiches eaten in the howdahs so as to save time. He and I were leaning over the bars of our respective howdahs, engaged in conversation, with our elephants' heads almost touching one another. He was riding a magnificent but rather tricky elephant called Morni, belonging to the Nawab of Rampur. She suddenly put her head down and butted the head of my elephant (Ali Piari). Then she turned quickly to her right, caught Ali Piari broadside on and hurled her to the left into the Tamaría. This meant a drop of about fifteen feet into a dry, sandy bed full of drift-timber and boulders. The mahout was rather seriously hurt, and my guns were somewhat damaged. But the elephant was unharmed. I was thrown out some twelve feet or more, and was fortunate enough to fall on to a sandy spot. No harm was done to me except that I was winded, but for a few months I was a bit careful of going too close to an elephant I knew nothing about. When we inquired why Morni had behaved in such an extraordinary way, we found

that there had been seated on the rope behind my howdah and out of her sight the charkata (responsible for collecting an elephant's green food) of Ali Piari. He had formerly been employed as charkata to Morni whom he had bullied, and was consequently transferred to Ali Piari. This was a remarkable instance of an elephant's power of scent and memory. I was to experience this trait years later on the part of Ali Piari. She and I parted company at the end of 1883, and I did not see her again till years later, when I met her in camp at Rudarpur where General Azim-ud-din had a number of elephants. When we went round to see the elephants she at once picked me out and fondled me all over with her trunk.

The Tamarua Sot runs near the village of Dhela at the foot of the hills. The village headman in those days was one Lokman, a Brahman, a keen sportsman and a great friend of mine. One night he took up his position in a machan on a tree overlooking the sot. He shot four tigers and could have got another had his ammunition not run out. About forty years later, in 1921, when the grandson had become village headman and Gandhi was preaching civil disobedience, Lorna and I were on our way to a shoot in the Patli Dun with Wyndham, then Commissioner of Kumaun. Our rendezvous was at Dhela where we met our host, with Sir Grimwood Mears, the Chief Justice of the North-Western Provinces High Court, and Sir William Peyton, then commanding the Meerut Division. As a rule villagers help people coming to camp to put up their tents and with other little services. On this occasion the village headman prohibited them from doing anything. It did not matter much, as the elephant men and camel men with us were able at a pinch to do all that was necessary, but it was an unpleasant experience.

Mr. Macdonald's shoot in 1883 was a very successful one. At it I first met Wazir Khan, to whom further reference

will be made later. He was then a very bold and reliable mahout, who drove an elephant belonging to the Canal Department.

It was not the practice of Mr. Macdonald to tie up baits for tigers, and, in fact, in many of the swampy coverts in the Tarai proper the habitat of the tigers was not very suitable for doing so. It was not till some time later, when Captain Robertson of the Central India Horse, son of Mr. James Robertson, Commissioner of Rohilkhand, came to shoot in Nepal with some of his friends and brought with him some of the men of the Central India Horse, who were expert trackers, that the practice became at all prevalent. Mr. Macdonald had two shikaris on whom he greatly relied, one a Tharu and the other a Muhammadan. They were a great contrast to one another, Kalhu, the Tharu, being as fat as a pig, while Kalhan Khan, the Muhammadan, was as thin as a lath. But they were both very reliable men. Kalhu, seated on the neck of an elephant, with eyes which looked as if they could never open, was a comic sight. These two men used, when the weather had become warm, to search for tracks of tiger in the early morning : they would never report any but absolutely fresh ones, and it was almost certain that in the heat of the day the tiger would be lying up in a suitable damp place near where they had been found. Mr. Macdonald managed the line admirably. This is no easy matter, for it demands intimate knowledge of the country, absolute familiarity with the habits of the animal being driven, as well as capacity to manœuvre the line quickly, so as to adapt it to changes in the terrain through which it has to go, and, to enable control to be continuous over the line of elephants, the mahouts must have complete confidence in you. I have met very few men who were able to do this as well as Mr. Macdonald, and no one who did it better. I believe that Sir Henry Ramsay and Mr. George Greig of the Forest

Department were both very good, but I never was in the line when either of them was managing it. Colonel Clibborn, Colonel Elles, Berthoud, Wyndham, Faunthorpe and Clutter were fine exponents of the way it should be done. I have met a number of other men who thought they could do it but could not.

We began the shoot, in 1883, on April the 7th by camping at Unchagaon, a very wild spot in those days, which had been a favourite camping ground for tiger parties since it was used by Okeden over one hundred years ago, when he was Judge of Moradabad. He has left a most interesting diary and sporting journal (1821-1841) behind him, of which his family were kind enough to give me a copy. In his time little or no attempt had been made to cultivate the Tarai south of the forest area and the big swamps, and the whole country seems to have been a jungle. Tigers were very numerous. It is not always easy to identify the places where they were most plentiful. Moreover, the Tarai east of the Sarda River, which was returned to Nepal for the services which Jung Bahadur rendered to the British Government in the Mutiny, was often resorted to by Okeden as far east as the north of the Kheri district. His plan of campaign seems to have been to hunt tigers through the grass with fast elephants, and the great object was to make them charge the elephants. With the weapons of those days it was all-important to get at them at close quarters. He generally had a party of four to six guns, and was very successful. He used to hunt for some weeks and he records some very good bags. For instance, in 1823, with six guns, twenty-four tigers and one buffalo were in the bag ; in March 1830 four guns got twelve tigers before the weather got really hot ; in 1833 three guns got thirty tigers, two bears and one buffalo, and in 1835 five guns got twenty-six tigers.

Near Unchagaon there was a tremendous swamp called the

Motijhil referred to on p. 51 where there is a photograph of it running down with a high bank of forest on the east side of it. It was broken up more than half-way down by a nullah which had been cut through it from east to west in order to get water for irrigation in villages to the south. It was covered with high grass—mostly narkul—and was usually sound enough for the elephants to be able to get through it anywhere. It often happened that one of a pair of tigers was in the upper and one in the lower part of the swamp. To my mind this was an absolutely ideal tiger beat. Whether in the line or as stop one could see and hear all that was going on. The tiger had often to be beaten through the high cover for a long way with the elephants trumpeting and he, it might be, on his part, giving an occasional roar as they pressed too closely on him. At times one could see the grass move in the way in which it moves only when a tiger or leopard gently forces his way through it. One could never feel certain as to which of the stops he would break to, and sometimes got the pleasant surprise of a roar immediately in front when one least expected it.

At the camp at Unchagaon are a number of cotton trees and in the hollow of one of them there was always a nest of the great hornbill. The male builds the female in with mud, and during the incubation period she has to remain in the nest. The male, according to her ideas, was often remiss in bringing her her food of wild figs, and, when this happened, she would give tongue in no uncertain tones. In Blanford's *Fauna of British India—Birds*, Vol. III, p. 140, there is a picture of the female being fed. When I was last at Unchagaon—in 1912—hornbills were still nesting there, and we had a very successful shoot in the Motijhil.

A few days later we had a great piece of luck. We had killed two leopards and were nearly at the end of our day, when we came on an open piece of country with light tree

jungle on the left, and our camp visible at the top of it, some three-quarters of a mile off. About a quarter of a mile from the camp the ground became damper, and there was a heavy growth of patel which made very good cover. As we got nearer to this we found many fresh tracks of tiger, so closed upon it, and succeeded in shooting a male, 9 feet 4 inches, and two females 8 feet 7 inches and 8 feet 3 inches. Our camel men had been cutting fodder there for their camels in the afternoon, and it was surprising that the tigers should have lain quiet in the cover. The next day we got, in the same cover, a very good tigress, 8 feet 11 inches, which fell to my rifle. The day after, in a comparatively small patch of grass on the edge of the Bhakra River which bounded the plain, we found a large tiger. He charged through the line, was fired at several times, and disappeared into space. We found blood on some grass about the height of his flank, but no trace of him. At last Mr. Macdonald decided to go to a piece of heavy cane brake about two miles off, thinking that this was the only place in the neighbourhood in which a heavy tiger, when wounded, was likely to lie up. As soon as we got to this spot one of the elephants spoke to him. I was coming on several yards behind the others and suddenly spied the tiger crawling along at the bottom of the nulla on my right. I was able to get an easy shot at him. He was a monster: it took fourteen men to pull him out of the steep nulla at the bottom of which he lay. He measured 10 feet 2½ inches. Mr. Macdonald was very pleased and dubbed him Jung Bahadur. We had the skin dressed at home for him, and till his death it rested on the banisters of his house at Naini Tal. This concluded our shoot, and a very successful one it was. In fifteen days we got ten full-grown tigers, two cubs, and five leopards, of which three were big males. I was specially pleased because I had shot a tiger, a tigress and one of the big leopards. Out of curiosity I went, twenty-five years after,

in April 1908, to the place where we came unexpectedly upon the batch of tigers as just described. The ground had been brought completely under cultivation, and no one could have imagined that there had ever been any cover there suitable for a tiger. We ascertained at the time that these tigers had just been driven out of the neighbouring forest by a fire and that, though it was very nice cover, the place where we found them was not their usual haunt.

I had an invitation from Mr. Macdonald to spend the Christmas of 1884 in the usual shoot at Sheonathpur. This was a year after I had left the Tarai, and I was at the time touring with Mr. J. W. Quinton, the Junior Member of the Board of Revenue, whose secretary I had become, in the Saharanpur district in the extreme north of the North-Western Provinces. Mr. Quinton, who was kindness itself, and to whom it was entirely due that I ever got out of the ruck of the Civil Service, readily gave me leave. He afterwards, when with the Government of India as a member of the Legislative Council, recommended me for the appointment of Under Secretary in the Home Department. He was a very able man who had completed most of his service. It was a cruel fate that brought him—one who was always full of the milk of human kindness and was beloved by everyone brought into contact with him—to a terribly tragic end when he was Chief Commissioner of Assam a few years later. He went with an escort of four hundred Gurkhas, commanded by Colonel Skene, to Manipur in March, 1891, to communicate the orders of the Government of India as to the succession to the Chiefship of the State, to which there had been rival claimants. Kula Chandra Singh, the younger brother of the lawful heir, had proclaimed himself Maharaja, but had surrendered all power to his brother Tiken-drajit Singh, who was Senapati or Commander-in-Chief of the Manipur forces. The Government of India decided to recognize Kula Chandra Singh, known as the Jubraj, as



Maharaja, and that the Senapati should be removed from the State and punished for his unlawful conduct. It was Mr. Quinton's duty to communicate these orders, and he determined to do so at a durbar at which the Senapati was to be arrested. The Senapati, however, declined to appear : troops were sent to his house and Lieutenant Brackenbury, one of the officers with the Gurkhas, was killed. Fighting went on all day, but in the evening the Senapati invited Mr. Quinton to meet him at the Fort. No agreement was concluded at this meeting, and, as Mr. Quinton's party was leaving, their way was barred, and Grimwood, the Political Agent (who had been at Winchester with me) was killed with a spear, Lieutenant Simpson being severely wounded. Mr. Quinton, Colonel Skene and the other officers with him were secured, and, after some time, marched out to an open space and beheaded by the State executioner. This terrible catastrophe stirred public opinion in India very violently, all the more so because it was impossible to take effective measures to put matters right immediately owing to the distance and the nature of the ground to be crossed by the relieving troops. It was a month before the arrest of the Jubraj, Senapati and other ringleaders could be effected. At the trial of the murderers the plea was put forward, and overruled, that they were acting under the orders of their ruler, which they could not disobey. The Senapati, the Tongal General and several of the actual murderers were hanged. Kula Chandra Singh and the other ringleaders were deported to the Andamans. There I saw them when, in 1896, as Home Secretary to the Government of India, I was inspecting the penal settlement, and a miserable lot of ruffians they were.

Having got my leave, my journey to Kashipur, from which place it was easy to get to Sheonathpur on an elephant, had to be arranged. This was by no means an easy matter. The Oudh and Rohilkhand Railway was then being extended to

Saharanpur from Moradabad, and over a certain part of it a trolley could be run. Arthur Rogers, who afterwards became one of my most intimate friends, was the engineer in charge at Saharanpur. He very kindly provided me with a trolley to run me to Dhampur, the limit to which the line had been laid, in the Bijnor district. I met him *en route* at Nagina, and had a very pleasant dinner, washed down by a bottle of champagne, with him. I arranged to go the journey from Dhampur to Kashipur, about forty miles, by palki, a kind of palanquin, rather like a box with shafts at each end by which the bearers could hold on to it. A small river, called the Khoh, which runs about three miles to the east of Dhampur, had to be crossed, and arrangements had been made for the crossing to be shown by men with torches. Unfortunately this arrangement miscarried, and we attempted to cross the river at about midnight at a different place. Just as we had got into the middle of the stream a spate came down which utterly upset the palki bearers. I had to do all I could to keep them steady. I could not get out of the palki unless they set it down in the stream. The doors of the palki were closed but, once opened, the rush of water through them would have left me no possible chance of escape from drowning. The spate continued for about ten minutes, and all the time I had to be saying everything I could to keep the men's spirits up. But I never felt confident that they would not give way, and the time till the spate abated and we could move on was the worst I have ever experienced. I was very thankful when it was over and we were able to complete our journey in comfort.

In the camp at Sheonathpur I found Mr. Macdonald, my old school friend John Evetts (Scottish Rifles), Casey, Assistant Commissioner at Naini Tal, and Kunwar Kirat Singh. We had a very pleasant time with plenty of general shooting, and Evetts got a very nice tiger (9 feet 10 inches).

I had the good fortune to be out with Mr. Macdonald in 1885 and 1886. We got three tigers during each of these expeditions. In 1888, when I was again in the shoot, we got six good tigers between 8th and 20th April, of which two were killed in different beats from Unchagaon and three on the Dimri, a pair on one day and a male on the following day. The former gave fine sport. Both the male and female got on to Jack Tickell's elephant. The female had attacked him in front, and the male, coming on after her, was obstructed by the elephant's hind legs and got up behind. After the elephant had got rid of the tigers in some heavy cover on the banks of the stream there was a tremendous concert of tigers roaring and elephants trumpeting. For a time it was impossible to get any elephant to face the music, but eventually Kannia, the oldest and staunchest of the Tarai Government elephants, took Major Ramsay (now Sir Alexander Ramsay, and son of Sir Henry Ramsay) in and the two tigers were successfully vanquished.

When this shoot was over, Mr. Macdonald lent me his elephants to go on a shoot with three friends of mine in the eastern part of the Tarai. They were Evetts, Fell (8th Hussars) and Bunn (R.A.). In those days the Commissariat Department, as it was then called, maintained a large stable of elephants at Bareilly, and it was possible to hire them for shooting parties. We hired several, including a notorious tusker named Kakar Gaj, who had been giving a lot of trouble and had recently killed a little girl at Bareilly. We had a line of some fifteen elephants. We had no knowledge of the jungles we were going to, but Mr. Macdonald had kindly lent us Kalhu his Tharu shikari. We were very fortunate in getting a bag of two tigers and two tigresses in ten days. The day before we left our camp we saw, while we were out shooting, a most violent storm of thunder, lightning and hail, some way to the west of us, attack the hills from the plains. On this

expedition we had taken Murli Singh, the Meerut Tent Club shikari, with us. While we were in line on the Sarda islands one day, he was sitting in the hind seat of my howdah. He suddenly called out excitedly "*Chota jat ka suar*" (small kind of pig). He was quite right. I had never seen them before, but there was a sounder of about eight pigmy hog. The little boar, about twelve inches in height, comported himself exactly like his big cousin. There were still said to be a number of pigmy hog in the Kumaun and Nepal Tarai, but I never saw another. In Assam, too, they still survive in very heavy cover. But when I first mentioned the pigmy hog to Faunthorpe as formerly to be found in the Kumaun Tarai, he had not heard of it, and the only skeleton of it in the British Museum (Natural History) recently was described as imperfect. It was obtained by Hodgson in Nepal long ago. The Deputy keeper kindly wrote to me about it: 'The skeleton has some anatomical peculiarities naturally, but in the main it shows no striking differences from that of the ordinary hog.'

Since the above was written, a pigmy hog, which was in the Zoological Gardens at Calcutta, has died, and his skeleton has been presented to the British Museum by the authorities of the Gardens. The measurement of the skeleton is—length, 22 inches; height,  $13\frac{1}{2}$  inches. The little animal had been caught in the Kamrup district of Assam, and had lived in the Gardens four years.

When travelling back by train from Pilibhit to Bareilly we saw that in the storm already mentioned all the trees, for a breadth of about two hundred yards, had been broken in two about half-way up their stems. There were hundreds of cattle lying on the grazing grounds killed by hailstones, and it was estimated that in the Moradabad district alone, where the storm was fiercest, 400 human beings and about seven thousand head of cattle were killed in this manner. Considerable

damage from hail was also caused in the hills, especially in Naini Tal. This was the worst storm of which I had any experience in India. About a month later there was a tornado in Eastern Bengal during which a train was blown off the line. The forces of Nature seem to have been in a particularly bad humour just at that time.

## *Chapter Eight*

### THE JUNGLES OF COOCH BEHAR AND THE CENTRAL PROVINCES

IN February 1889, I was asked by the Maharaja of Cooch Behar, Sir Narendra Narayan Bhup Bahadur, to a shoot. The Maharaja was one of the best sportsmen that ever lived. A fine shot, a great naturalist, and a most generous and considerate host, he combined in himself qualities which made him very popular with high and low, English and Indian alike. He had married in 1878 Suniti Devi, the eldest daughter of the religious reformer Brahmananda Keshub Chunder Sen, a most talented lady beloved by all who had the good fortune to know her. The Maharaja died in 1911, and during her life-time his widow lost four of her seven children, of whom two were successively Maharajas of Cooch Behar. Late in life she lived for some years in England, but returned to India in November 1931, dying at Ranchi a year later. A very remarkable memorial meeting was held at the Caxton Hall on November 28th, 1932, largely attended by the many English friends who survived her. Lady Carmichael was chairman of the meeting, which was addressed by, among others, the Dowager Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava.

The Maharaja and Maharani were both enthusiastic advocates of social reform, and the Maharani was intensely concerned in the welfare of India's womanhood. She wrote a

delightful little book of stories, very well told, entitled *Bengal Dacoits and Tigers*. I last saw their eldest son, Maharaja Raj Rajendra, known to his intimates as Raji, in 1911 at the Delhi Durbar. There he looked every inch a chief. He passed away, to the regret of many, in 1913. When leaving India in September, 1912, I had a most delightful farewell letter from him.

The Maharaja had a shoot every year, partly in his own State, partly in the reserved forests at Jalpaiguri in the province of Bengal, or on the Brahmaputra and near the foothills in Assam as far east as the Manas River. He had a fine line of elephants and, himself a great shikari, was assisted in managing his shoots by Colonel Alick Evans-Gordon, the Superintendent administering his State, Dick Bignell of the Bengal Police, his private secretary, and a number of very efficient Indian trackers.

In the shooting parties with which I had been out in Northern India, the elephants carrying howdahs were nearly always females. A good female is very staunch to tiger and very docile. A tusker, on the other hand, might be anxious to take too prominent a part in the fight with the tiger himself, and, when he did so, he would pay little attention to the directions of his driver, or to the difficulties to which the occupant of the howdah might be exposed by his excited charges at the tiger. In the shoots of the Maharaja one might expect to see buffalo, rhinoceros and occasionally a bison, and for these he considered that it was much better to have the howdahs on reliable tuskers. An invitation to a shoot at Cooch Behar was something to talk about. The hospitality of the Maharaja was unbounded, life in the tents the ideal of good feeling and comfort, and, most important of all, the sport was bound to be good. It was the Maharaja's custom to invite a number of friends from Europe every year. He considered that the best line for his jungles should contain

forty pad elephants, with six howdahs, two in the line and four as stops. But, of course, he did not often have so few howdahs as this, as will be realized from the number of guests he invited. On this occasion, among others, Lord Scarbrough, Lord Galway, Lord Leigh, Count Hoyos, Lord Ancram, Count Széchenyi and my old friend Lobby (Sir Henry) Lennard were the guests from Europe. George Irwin (one of my greatest friends), a member of the Bengal Civil Service from the same province as myself, and at the time in the Foreign Office of the Government of India, came with me. A great charm of the Maharaja was that, whatever mistakes any of us made, and most of us did something wrong every now and then, he never showed irritation at his best-laid plans being frustrated. Only on one occasion did I see him really upset, and then in circumstances that would have tempted a saint. Two very large bull rhinoceros got up a short distance in front of the line in which I was at the time. It was of course not for the line to shoot, and no one did. A tusker—Kennedy by name—who was an extraordinary character bought from the Commissariat and, at the time, being ridden by Jogin, one of the Maharaja's best shikaris—got very excited and rushed forward. Jogin manœuvred him between the two rhinos, who were forced, one to the guns on the right and the other to those on the left flank. There was a fusillade from the howdahs on both sides. The rhinos pursued the even tenor of their way. Then the Maharaja was really annoyed, and no one can say that he had not good reason.

Guests kept going and coming and the shoot went on for more than a month. The bag was 9 tigers, 2 leopards, 8 bears, 9 buffalo, 5 rhino, 1 bison. The bison was just under 17 hands 3 inches, and the biggest of the buffalo and rhino each measured 18 hands. Two of the tigers and a tigress gave very good sport. The tigers were fine animals—9 feet 9



inches and 9 feet 8 inches. Both succeeded in charging home and mauled two elephants in the line, one the great Kennedy, the other a female, rather badly. The tigress, which was just over 9 feet, also made matters very lively. These two male tigers were found in the same cover. This is unusual and we made them out to be brothers. The biggest bull rhino was shot by George Irwin and Széchenyi. The Maharaja lent the former a 4-bore rifle with a very heavy charge of black powder. When Irwin fired at this animal he took a toss into the back part of the howdah, to the rather unfeeling amusement of the rest of us, but the shot knocked the rhino over all right. One incident of these shoots, which was not negligible, was the everyday luncheon. We began shooting early in the day and after four or five hours' hunting had our lunch. It was a ceremony at which on every occasion some wonderful curries were served.

I was to be lucky enough to get another invitation to the Maharaja's shoot in 1894. This took place almost entirely in Assam. In the party were Bill (Lord William) Beresford, Mr. Lewis, Commissioner of Patna, Lord Wolverton, Lord Dalrymple, Count D'Hamoncour, Count Scheibler, Sir Benjamin Simpson and, of course, Alick Evans-Gordon and Dick Bignell. We were encamped part of the time on the Brahmaputra and did a lot of beating in the islands in the river. There were also on the mainland at Samerdanga some very difficult jungles, full of very thick wild-rose bushes. We beat them for rhino but it was almost impossible to work them properly. The Maharaja shot a very large tiger (10 feet 3 inches) which weighed 487 lb. The bag of the party was 8 tigers, 1 leopard, 5 rhino, 16 buffalo, 1 bear, and a miscellaneous number of deer and some pig. I had the good fortune to get a very fine bull buffalo with a splendid head, the horns being a perfect copy one of the other and the sweep very good. I was using a 12-bore rifle with a solid bullet and six drams

of powder which the Maharaja had lent me. The buffalo was hit through the heart and went on 400 yards before he fell dead.

Alas, there were to be no more shoots for me in the Tarai with Mr. Macdonald. When I could next go there (in 1893) I was Magistrate of Bareilly. C. H. Roberts had succeeded Mr. Macdonald, when the latter died in September 1890, as Superintendent of the Tarai. My district adjoined his. At Kichha, the river divided our boundaries and the bungalow, where Roberts asked me to join him for a shoot, was only about a mile north of the river. Whympers and Carswells, the latter of whom was in charge of the canals at Ramnagar, were with him. We were out for a week, and were very lucky in getting good sport. We got a fine 10-foot tiger on April 11th : one of 9 feet 10 inches on 12th, and one, 10 feet 5½ inches (the biggest I ever measured), shot by Whympers on the Kakrala stream. We also got three leopards : one measuring 8 feet 1 inch was the only leopard of 8 feet that I ever shot.

In April 1895 Mr. Alan Cadell, then acting as Lieutenant-Governor of the North-Western Provinces, kindly asked me to join his shoot in the Tarai. I was also out there again in 1896. In those two years we got ten tigers and one cub, and three leopards. Among them were two good tigers, one that Whympers got at Nagla, where there was a canal bungalow on the road between Bareilly and Kathgodam, and another near Unchagaon. There was rather a curious incident in connection with this tiger. We ceased shooting at Bangajadha just below the forest fire-line and got on our pad elephants to go to camp. Bangajadha was, when in my younger days I was serving in the Tarai, an unbeatable swamp, and I once saw a tiger walk from a little distance in front of us into it without being able to follow him. We also, on this occasion, got a tiger in the Jalpaniya swamp near Satarganj,

which in the old days was always known to harbour tigers, but was then impossible to beat. The character of the country had greatly changed. To return to the incident already referred to, I must explain that Whympers had, when on a previous occasion riding to this camp on a pad elephant, after shooting was over, seen a tiger when he had no rifle by him. He was determined not to be caught napping again, and this time took his express rifle with two cartridges. I was sitting in the front part of the pad with my legs dangling on either side of the mahout, and Whympers was behind. As we were about to cross the Dhaura stream he saw a jungle cock roosting on the bough of a cotton tree, and discharged both barrels of his rifle in vain at it. We then descended into the stream, and, after crossing it, moved down about a hundred yards on the far side when we came up to a very nice piece of heavy grass. Just as we came along the path skirting it we heard a terrific roar close to our right, and a tiger's head, with the mouth wide open and within six inches of my right foot, shot itself out of the grass. The elephant stood stock still for a moment, and then bolted as hard as she could over some bad country, giving us a most uncomfortable and difficult ride. When she eventually pulled up, we collected the other elephants and beat for the tiger. It was, however, too late and, though some one professed to have seen him, he defeated us that evening. But we got him next day and he measured 10 feet. Clibborn was running the line for Mr. Cadell in 1895 and during the shoot he brought with him Capt. O'Neill, expert photographer from the Thomason College at Rurki, who took a number of delightful photographs, some of which are reproduced in this volume. In all previous shoots in the Tarai we had been without a camera, the presence of which adds so much to the enjoyment of visits to the jungles. My own first efforts at photography were with a Frena camera. (which I never really mastered) and were the object of some amusement to the

younger members of my family. Later on, with a 5-inch by 4-inch Kodak and a 12-inch by 4-inch Panoram, I managed to do better.

During the course of this shoot I was posted as stop when mounted on a Rampur elephant called Gendhan mala. A tiger came out of the cover in my direction. I had a shot at it and hit it in the right forearm without seriously disabling it. It promptly came straight for my elephant, which turned round and went back to the line of elephants as it came on after having beaten out the tiger. When an elephant turns like this, it puts its trunk and tail up and goes as fast as it can go without thinking where it is carrying you. We went tearing through a number of trees, with the tiger roaring behind us but unable to catch up or jump on to the elephant owing to its broken leg. Fortunately there had lately been a forest fire, so that none of the low branches of the trees were able to resist the impact of the howdah and it was not swept off. The tiger pursued us until we got near the line, when one of the guns in it shot him and all was well.

This was my last visit to the Tarai for over ten years. I was too occupied as Secretary to the Government of India, in the Home Department, to get short spells of leave and, when I got enough leave to go to England, I went home. During this interval Faunthorpe, who was not only a marvellous shot with a rifle and, to the end of his life, undefeatable at the running deer at Bisley, but a great naturalist, was for some years Deputy Commissioner of Naini Tal. This district had been reconstituted so as to include, as well as some of the lower hill tracts, both the Tarai and the Bhabar, which, as already explained, had been in my day under the separate control of Mr. Macdonald and Sir Henry Ramsay respectively. Faunthorpe discovered many new places for tiger, particularly in the upper part of the Bhabar and the foothills,

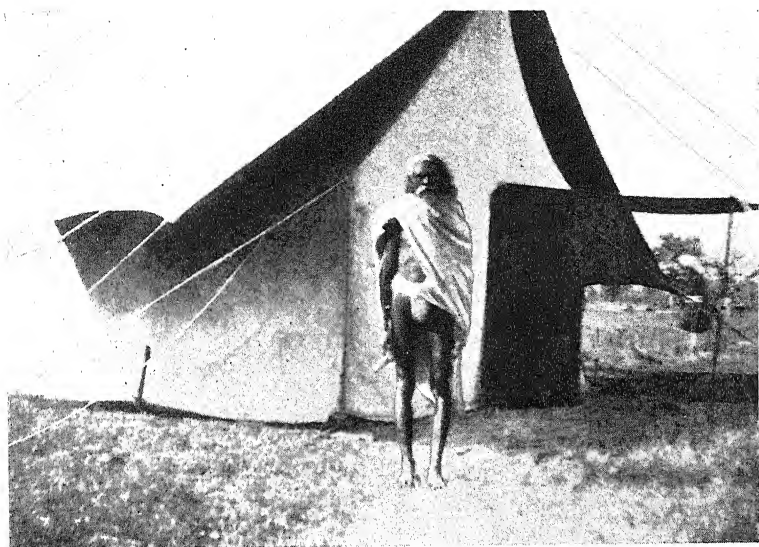
The accounts which I used to get from him made me very keen to join him, but it was a considerable time before I was able to get the Tarai and he had then left the district for Kheri.

My next visit to the jungles was to be in the Central Provinces when I went there as acting Chief Commissioner in 1903. Towards the end of the year Benjamin Robertson, who was then working with me as Chief Secretary to Government, and I made a tour into the rice tracts of the Bhandara, Balaghat, Seoni and Jubbulpore districts, where that crop had been very much damaged by the early stoppage of the rains, in order to determine whether relief measures were necessary. We were very busy but, on December 2nd, had the relaxation of a beat on a small affluent of the Wainganga River in which we got a tigress. The beat was very close to the spot where, as related by Kipling, Sher Khan was put to death by Mowgli.

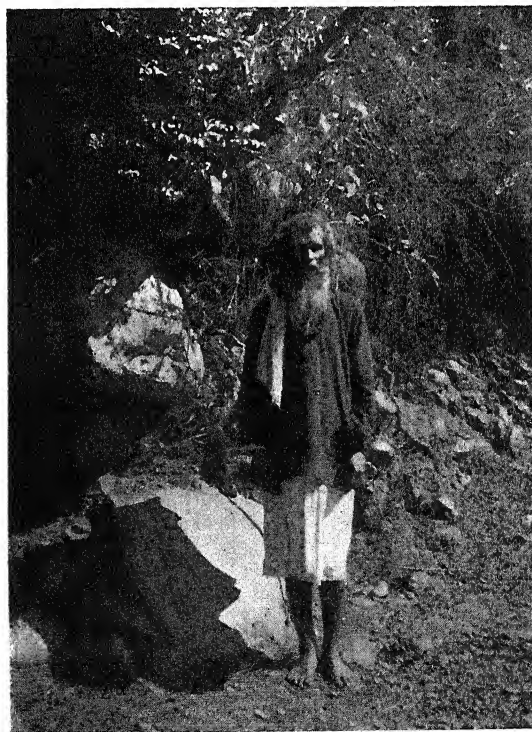
Lord Curzon had been anxious to find a suitable shoot for His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught after the Durbar at Delhi at which King Edward VII was proclaimed. I volunteered to arrange a shoot and, after consultation with those who knew most about the subject in the Central Provinces, settled to entrust the matter to A. M. Caccia, Deputy Conservator of Forests. We arranged for the camp to be at Saurangpur on the Denwa River in the Hoshangabad district. In addition to being a likely place for tiger in the cold weather, these jungles also contained some very good sambar. The camp was within ten miles of the Sohagpur station on the Great Indian Peninsula Railway, and, as there were to be several ladies in the camp, it was an advantage that there was a good road on which a rubber-tired carriage could run comfortably right up to the camp. Caccia was a very good shikari. He spent some time before the arrival of the party in camp with Mrs. Caccia, making all the arrangements for

the different beats, the collection of the beaters and elephants, the commissariat of the camp and the daily transport of supplies from the railway. I arrived in the camp with my elder daughter, May (now Mrs. Anthony Courage) the day before the Royal party and found both Caccia and his wife in the depths of despair. They had been very pleased because there had been a number of tigers about, and one had shown himself rather ostentatiously more than once on the light bamboo and plank bridge across the Denwa. But, for the last day or two, all signs of tiger in the neighbourhood had disappeared. Though my depression was naturally not so great as theirs, since to them the prospects of sport had appeared quite brilliant, we all felt when we went to bed that night that we should have rather a discouraging tale for the Royal party when it arrived next evening. However, we recovered a little in the morning when a kill was reported near the camp. The party consisted of Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Lady Leslie, Cecil and Mrs. Bingham, Sir Maurice FitzGerald, Colonel Weston-Jarvis, Major Beevor and Lionel Herbert. Next morning we were all in good heart, the news being good, and the Duke got that day a tiger, a tigress and an almost full-grown cub. In the course of six days' shooting His Royal Highness's bag was five tigers. A sixth was unfortunately killed by me in rather peculiar circumstances. One day we had to have two beats, and three of us (Bingham, Herbert and I) rode fourteen miles to the second beat. It was a lovely beat, with a hill on the right-hand side of the beaters as they came towards the guns. Bingham was placed on the left of the guns near the foot of the hill as His Royal Highness wished that he should get the shot. All was going well, and Bingham saw the tiger at a considerable distance coming along the foot of the hill according to plan. It was the duty of the stops in the trees to tap very gently with their axes so as to

deter him from breaking out up the hill. Unfortunately, there was not a very large supply of absolutely reliable stops, and we could hardly expect to have enough good ones for two parties on the same day. One of the stops, on seeing the tiger, lost his head so completely that he fell to the ground close to him and probably touched him with his axe. Anyhow, the tiger spoke loudly, and turned straight away from the hill across the beat to where my machan was, on the right of the other guns. The only protection against his breaking away past me was some sheets of the *Pioneer* newspaper tied across a small depression on my right, so little did we think that there was any chance of his coming out of the beat towards the open in that direction. He went rapidly across the beat, when he was checked by the sheets of newspaper, and turned to come on my left hand between Herbert and me. I had to shoot at him and he fell about fifteen yards behind my machan and was unable to get up. The beaters were coming on at some distance, the men shouting with all their might and beating tom-toms vigorously after they had heard the shot fired. I never saw a finer sight than the tiger, every hair on end, roaring with all his might and infuriated because he could not get up and attack. I found it very difficult to finish him off as he was in a thickish bit of grass. As soon as I fired and he saw where I was, he turned his rage on to me and rolled over and over so as to get nearer to my machan. When I finally disposed of him he had got to within five yards of the machan. He was a very fine tiger who had been well known to many hunters by reason of a bit of his tail having been bitten off. He would often sit on his haunches on the sand so that this defect was known to Mr. Weldon, Manager of the Great Indian Peninsula Railway, who said that ~~he~~ knew him well. The shoot thus ended with six tigers in six days, a result on which Caccia had every reason to congratulate himself. The Royal party left for Gwalior, and from there



BAIGA OF THE  
MANDLA DISTRICT



A RAWAL





I received a gracious telegram from His Royal Highness thanking us for the way in which the shoot had been arranged and had gone off.

In the Mandla district, where I went a few days later to try and get some sport for Lord Durham, there are nearly 15,000 Baigas, and in the Balaghat district a considerably smaller number. In these tracts, using the word 'caste' in a very wide sense, the word 'Baiga' means either a member of the Baiga caste, or a wizard who is usually a member of some aboriginal caste. The Baigas proper belong to a primitive Dravidian tribe of which there are probably not more than 30,000 members. They are supposed to have certain magical powers, and probably the professional Baiga derived his name from the caste. It seems to have been an older and less enlightened caste than that to which the Gonds belong, and is believed to have lost its own language. They are interesting people who seem to me doomed before very long to be wiped out unless they change their ways. They do not much care about cultivating, or in fact work of any kind. Time was when they were very fond of sport, and there were many tales of their prowess with the bow. I got hold of a very nice old man (whose photograph is shown here) and asked him all about this, but he obstinately refused to tell me anything. When I asked whether he could show me a bow, he professed to be horrified though I promised that he should not be penalized for possessing one. He indignantly denied that he had ever seen one, except in the possession of his grandfather in the far-off past. All the same, in the corner of the Mandla district adjoining the Rewa State, Baigas were using bows and poisoned arrows to kill deer and, only a few weeks before, some Baigas had, with arrows, pluckily disposed of a leopard which had got into a house in a neighbouring village. In the Mirzapur district of the United Provinces one finds the Baiga in much smaller numbers than in Mandla and not sufficient

for a caste. He there occupies a very important position in the village where, as priest and magician, he is consulted by every one.

The passage from the high plateau of the Mandla district through the Balaghat district to the plain is made by several ghats or descents, the surroundings of which are very picturesque. There is some lovely forest scenery on the Banjar River which is the home of game of all kinds, a paradise for animals being in and about the Khana-Kesli forest block. When we were moving along on the level of the river we saw at a distance of some 300 yards a splendid tiger cross through the shallow water to the other side from us and disappear into the forest. I have never seen a tiger for so long at his ease, and he walked as if he was very conscious that he was the king of the forest. What induced him to evacuate the position at which we might have come across him was not clear, but we none of us grudged him his escape.

In April 1903 I paid a visit to the Chanda district, and asked some friends to join me, Col. Morgan, called by all who knew him Morgiana, a great sportsman and naturalist, then head of the Civil Veterinary Department in India, my brother Bernard, Vernon Keighley and Rattle Barrett (15th Hussars). Keighley had been staying with me at Pachmarhi, and we came down to the Warora coal-mine, the property of the Central Provinces Government. Half of the mine was then on fire. Keighley was surprised to find well-bred Pathans and Punjabi Musalmans working there so far afield from their homes. We had a hot journey of forty miles to Chanda, in what to both of us now seems to have been a very diminutive tonga, along a very dusty road, but managed to quench our thirst with the contents of a large basket of Nagpur oranges. At our first camp we were joined by Morgan, Bernard and Barrett. Here my friends were much interested in the

inspection of a village school. Mr. Alexander Monro, head of the Department of Education, had revised a system of instruction in native gymnastics (called *deshi kasrat*) in the primary schools, which was very popular, and consisted in teaching the children to imitate the attitudes and means of progression of various animals. The most popular seemed to be the *bichu* (scorpion) *chal* (walk) and the *magar* (crocodile) *chal*. There were several others. The accuracy with which even the smallest children reproduced the movements of the different animals was wonderful. This seemed to us officials in the Central Provinces to be quite a good form of instruction for the primary schools. We were joined here by Marr, the Magistrate of the District, and Blunt, the Divisional Forest Officer. Blunt was an extremely brave man, and a very good shikari and naturalist. He possessed a double-barrelled seven-bore trigger rifle, which one day went off by accident in his howdah. The report was devastating. He had three times laid himself out as a bait for a man-eating tiger, and considered that it was because he had a rifle with a large calibre that he had been able to save his skin on these occasions. At Gilbilli we got a good tiger whom some of us saw, the day before he was shot, lying with only his head out of the water in a big pool. He was shot by Keighley, who considers him about the heaviest tiger he has seen. The skin is still hanging in the 19th K.G.O. Lancers' Mess in India, and is reported to be in as good order as it was thirty years ago, except that the whiskers have to be periodically renewed. This is necessary because Indian servants steal the whiskers it is said in case they may be useful for the purpose of poisoning their enemies. Tigers' whiskers are believed to be such a violent irritant to the stomach as to cause peritonitis.

Morgan and my brother had very short leave, and all the wiles of Blunt could not get the tigers up to them. At

Kotahari we came across a dwarf village accountant who was photographed with Keighley to show the contrast in size. His family had hunted far and wide for a bride for him, and eventually succeeded in finding one which to them seemed suitable. But the dwarf would not look at her and in the end we were told, married rather a woman of ordinary size, by whom he had children, also of normal size. Some wealthy men in India keep dwarfs to bring them luck, and my old friend, Sardar Jewan Singh, C.S.I., of Shahzadpur near Umballa, entertained one, and thought it would be very bad luck to go to a race-course to see his horses run unless the dwarf attended him. The last time I saw him, in somewhat different circumstances, the dwarf was not with him. I had during the war arrived rather late one night at the railway station at Delhi and met him there. He wanted to go to Umballa but had some difficulty about getting a seat in the train. He had always been extraordinarily kind to the British troops at Umballa, and he was recognized on this occasion by some of the men travelling by his train. They insisted on his getting into one of their carriages and some of them gave up their places in order to make him comfortable in the middle of the party. It was a very pleasant sight. I have myself never cared much for dwarfs, and our meeting with Keighley's friend did not seem to bring us much luck. I had a similar experience of another one later.

At Chamursi we had some very good dancing by Maria Gonds, members of a very wild tribe, who decorate themselves with trophies of the chase, horns of bison, buffalo and deer, and peacocks' feathers. They had some marvellous drums. Here Morgan and my brother had to go away without a tiger. The other members of the party did fairly well, and, before we separated, after being out about three weeks, we got nine tigers. We had one rather nasty experience owing to a forest fire. The weather this year was



KEIGHLEY AND  
DWARF



WILD MAN OF  
MIRZAPUR DISTRICT



very hot and dry. There was no shade for our camp except now and then from a tamarind tree, which never gives much in the way of shade. I tried the experiment of getting ice from Chanda to be carried thence to our camp by camel. But a maund of ice (82 lb.) was reduced by the time the man got to our camp to a very small ration, and it was necessary for us all to drink something immediately before even this melted away. After a few days' trial I gave the idea up.

Water was very scarce indeed. Blunt put out some troughs with water for the animals in the forests south of Allapillai. The only pool of any size for miles was in a stream called the Dena. Three tigers were located on the banks of this stream, and we had all our machans set up and our beaters ready, but some fishermen had rested for the night by the pool on the other side of the stream and lit fires in the morning. A violent wind got up and carried the sparks into the jungle where we were going to hunt and set fire to it. When we arrived at the jungle it was enveloped in a large fire, and we found that our machans had been completely destroyed, and the tigers driven out. We hastily returned to camp, and it was lucky we did so for the wind changed, and brought the fire towards the camp. It was with the utmost difficulty that, all hands having turned out, we managed, by counter-firing, to stop the advance of the fire beyond a point very close to the camp. We had been very afraid that we should be burnt out, and had gone so far as to pull our tents down, and collect all our baggage to load on camels and carts, so were very thankful that the trouble was averted when this seemed almost impossible. It took us some time to set everything right again, and we were rather uncomfortable for an hour or two. Keighley left us that night in a country cart in which he had a long way to go. I was not surprised to get a line from him that he had had a most



unpleasant as well as hot night, the joint having, as he wrote, proved too large for the dish. I had to go through the same experience a night or two after, and was able to sympathize with him.

One day, while moving camp near Ghot, we came across a tigress who had recently given birth to two cubs within thirty yards of the road. We all saw her and the family. At first I thought of hunting her next day, but determined not to as the cubs were so small. For that I was criticized by the local vernacular press, who asked why did the Chief Commissioner go out shooting if he did not try to kill the tigers he found. Perhaps on the whole I was wrong, though I should do it again because it is often a tigress with cubs, especially if living near a road, that takes to killing human beings. She is driven to become a man-eater when there are no cattle or deer near, as is often the case in those parts in a very dry year such as that of our visit was.

A few days later as it was frightfully hot, and there being no news, our reduced party shut ourselves up in our tents in our pyjamas with every arrangement to frowst inside provided that the hot air did not penetrate there, some reading and I working. We had given up all idea of shooting that day, when at about two o'clock a man rushed in in a great state of excitement to say that there were three tigers in a very light patch of jungle which it had been his duty to watch. He had had an attack of asthma in the morning and been unable to come in earlier. We could not begin the beat till 6 p.m. and in a short time Barrett killed a fine young tiger. Thinking that the small jungle could contain no more I was descending my ladder when another tiger galloped past, nearly upsetting my orderly who had got down. A third which came up to Marr was shot by him, and the tiger I had seen was pursued on an elephant and killed by Langhorne, the manager of the Ahiri estate. These three turned out to be the man-eating

tigress of Astot and her cubs which had killed eighteen people a year before.

We stayed two nights at Alapillai, the centre of the timber operations in the teak forests in these parts, where there is a very good forest bungalow. The only objection to it is that swarms of cobras and Russell's vipers breed under the blocks of timber all round it, and that the bungalow is liable to invasion by them. But we escaped all trouble. I got a very good tiger a few miles south of Alapillai in a beat where one of the beaters in a former Chief Commissioner's shoot had been killed by a tiger. I was originally perched in a very small tree which kept swinging about so that my position was very insecure, and I had to change. I managed this all right just before the tiger came directly towards me. It was so hot that day that the tiger had gone a bit bad before it reached the camp at Alapillai at about six in the evening. During this expedition we were at places where bison were to be found, and all of us tried our hands at stalking them but failed for various reasons.

There were in the forests south of Alapillai many of the Central Indian red squirrel found in the Central Provinces, and their nests were often visible at the top of the teak trees. This is a lovely animal with a bright maroon-chestnut body (so described by Jerdon). Wild dogs were very prevalent in the Chanda district, and these pests, called *sona kutta* in Hindustani, destroyed as many as fifty of the baits that we had tied up for tiger. The absence of leopards was very remarkable.

We returned towards Chanda by a route somewhat east of Alapillai, and, when we were within a few marches of our destination and Langhorne had left us on his return to Ahiri, we got news that a sahib had been mauled by a tiger south of Alapillai and was being taken in a palki to Chanda. I at

once sent one of my mounted men ahead to Chanda with directions to the Civil Surgeon to go out and meet the man. It turned out to be Rogers, a young member of the Indian Civil Service, who was out shooting by himself. He had wounded a tigress with a long shot from his machan and, on getting to his camp, had to go to bed with fever. Next day they brought in news that they had located the tigress. In spite of his having fever on him, he resolved to go out after her in a palki. He took a .400-.450 double-barrelled H.V. rifle with him and was accompanied by his butler and a groom, one of whom was certainly, and both may have been, armed. As soon as Rogers got out of the palki the tigress attacked him, and, at close quarters, he fired both barrels of his rifle, which had the effect of completely smashing her jaw but did not cause any vital injury. She seized him, pulled him down and scratched him badly. The men with him behaved extremely well, and beat the tigress off. One of their shots hit Rogers in a fleshy part. The tigress attacked Rogers again, and eventually they killed her on his body. Rogers had been very badly injured by her claws and he applied corrosive sublimate to his face and elsewhere, with the result that in the intolerable heat his flesh got swollen to an alarming extent. His servants got him to Alapillai, where he foolishly refused to be treated by the hospital assistant—a very efficient man—at the dispensary. Langhorne heard of the accident, and went to meet him, walking in great heat the fifty miles or more to Chanda at the side of the palki. The Civil Surgeon came out to meet them, and Rogers arrived safely at Chanda about the time that we got there. We were cheered by the good accounts we got of him for two days, but he then succumbed to shock. He was a very gallant young man and fond of all sport.

Cleveland helped him to learn how to ride after pig, and was very interested in him. A friend of his told me that, a short while before his fatal accident, Rogers was shooting on foot at Cherla in the extreme south of the Chanda district and was charged by a wounded tigress who, when almost on top of him, caught her legs in the heavy undergrowth and threw a somersault so that he shot her without difficulty.' This seems to have impressed him with the idea that he was destined to be killed by a tiger, and he lost little time in making his will. Had he not lost his life in this rather reckless manner he would certainly have made a great name as a sportsman.

Towards the end of November 1903, I was out for a few days in camp once more on the Denwa River. Mr. and Mrs. Caccia, Alexander Monro, his two daughters, their friend Miss de Brett, and my personal assistant, Stanley Hill of the Royal Fusiliers, completed the party. Stanley Hill was a very good shot and an excellent fellow. Sitting up one night at Pachmarhi he had a shot at a tiger. It was very dark, and he failed to hit it properly. We went to hunt for it next day but all we found was a little fur. Hill married Monro's younger daughter, but not many years later he felt the effect of an accident caused to his head when he was a boy and he died after much suffering. I was very distressed to get a cable, while I was touring in the Kumaun Hills in the autumn of 1909, telling me of his death.

We got, on this expedition, two fair tigers and one very fine tigress.

I went home that spring and Caccia, at my suggestion, kindly took Nigel Livingstone-Learmonth, of the 15th Hussars, out for a fortnight in a neighbouring forest block. Learmonth won the Kadir Cup and, getting into the train at Meerut the same day, reached Sohagpur next morning and rode into

Caccia's camp, where Cleveland also was, by 10 a.m. A villager had come in to report that a tiger had that morning attacked the village cattle in the open ground round his village some eight miles off. The party immediately rode off to the spot, and beat an open piece of jungle consisting chiefly of tall grass and scrub. Almost immediately after the beat began, Learmonth found his machan surrounded by four tigers (a tigress and three cubs). He was naturally very excited, so that his shots only wounded the tigress and a cub, which went on and were killed by the other two guns. One cub escaped. Eventually the male tiger appeared and was shot by Learmonth, who was in the spot machan. What an experience to win the Kadir Cup one day, and the day after to have the luck to see so many tigers in one beat at the very commencement of his shoot! Next day a tiger had killed a buffalo, but when Caccia went to see the kill he found a party of wild dogs eating it, and the kill had not been dragged off the forest fire line. There were tracks of the tiger, but it appeared unlikely that he would be found in the beat. However, as there were also tracks of bison, it was decided to have a drive. The bull bison came out in front of Learmonth; Caccia was sitting on a boulder on the side of the beat expecting nothing, but, immediately after the bison broke, the tiger came out in front of him. He hit it with his first shot, and when it charged at the boulder he finished it off just below him.

Later on, in the spring of 1904, I went on a tour in the Saugor district in which we had an occasional beat. There were only Monro and his two daughters, and Stanley Hill, in the camp most of the time. Neither the Deputy Commissioner of the district nor the District Forest Officer took any interest in shikar. There were a certain number of tigers about, but a retired colonel formerly Deputy Commissioner, who had spent his service in the Central Provinces, and had

since made the Saugor jungles his happy hunting ground, was expected shortly from England, and all the local shikaris were in his pay. We had some very good small game shooting, especially wild duck and sand grouse, and Hill shot one or two good sambar, but we got no tiger. In one beat I saw the tiger deliberately let out of the beat by the stops. In another we had two tigers, in a beat in charge of a man who often worked for the retired Colonel, coming on in good style to Hill and me. This was too much for the old shikari, whom we had unfortunately trusted. So, from the centre of the line he wheeled the part on his left towards the right, and enclosed the two tigers between the two bits of the line, thus effectually preventing them from coming on to the guns, and leaving them only one thing to do, viz., to bolt back through what had been the right of the line. This was annoying enough, but it was made much worse by two of the beaters getting injured, one rather badly. There was a hospital assistant in the camp, and he attended to the wounded man at once, but the case looked rather bad. I sent for the wife who lived not far away, and she was quickly there with her little girl. They stayed with me in camp, and when I got back to Jubbulpore, for some weeks. On the march they were sent on early in doolies so as not to cause too much fatigue to the patient. The wife nursed the man in the most splendid way, and he completely recovered. The little girl frequently had a small present of sweetmeats. I was very pleased when I was able to let the man go home with a little bakshish, but there was very nearly a serious catastrophe.

I was recalled in the late summer to become temporarily a member of the Governor-General's Council. In ordinary circumstances I should have returned to the Central Provinces at the end of the year. I had not had an opportunity, except when I went to Kanker to instal the chief at the beginning of 1904, of seeing anything at all of the Native States and big

zamindaris in the south of the Province, the owners of which still had some police powers and excise rights not possessed by landowners in more settled parts of the country ; and, feeling that I was certain to go back, I contemplated making a tour for the exploration of the very interesting country included in the native state of Bastar and its surroundings, and a number of zamindaris, of which the chief are Khariar, Phuljhar and Bora-Samar. I was particularly interested in Khariar, the largest in extent of these states and zamindaris. It had seemed to me curious that when it was determined in the early sixties that these large territories should be divided into feudatory states and zamindaris, Khariar should not have been classified among the former. Quite recently, on my recommendation, the Government of India had conferred on the zamindar the personal title of Raja, and I wished to see him in his home. In addition to the work which I contemplated, there would be lots of chances of finding tiger, bison and buffalo, and I had induced a party of friends from the United Provinces to join the tour with me. My officiating time as a member of the Council of the Governor-General was due to come to an end with the return of the permanent member at Christmas. Under the rules, when giving over charge of an office just at this time, I should be entitled to a good measure of joining time, and I intended, before turning my steps back to the Central Provinces, making a short trip to the Chumbi valley, then in the occupation of the Government of India, with the object of seeing (not shooting) a shou, the grandest of all stags on the Indian continent. I should just have time to do this and to be ready to start, in the middle of January, on a tour of several weeks to the south of the Mahanadi River. Benjamin Robertson, Cleveland and Lowrie, the forest officer in charge of the tract and a great student of natural history, had planned a delightful tour of several weeks into very wild country. My plans were all

upset by my being appointed to be the first Member for Commerce and Industry in the Governor-General's Council. This was a great honour. But it was very disappointing that my friends should have taken the trouble for nothing after all on my account, and that I had to put my guests off. Stronger than anything was the feeling of regret that I should never go back to the Central Provinces.



## *Chapter Nine*

### SHOOTING PARTIES IN THE TARAI AND KUMAUN AND GARHWAL FOREST DIVISIONS,

1907-1908

MR. MACDONALD used to say to me at least twenty years before it came to pass, and when I had not the remotest idea that I should ever be in a position to do what he bid me, 'J. P.' (that was what he honoured me by calling me), 'when you become Lieutenant-Governor you should collect a line of about forty elephants every year, have a number of friends in camp with you, and beat from the Sarda to the Ganges. You will have splendid sport, will provide great enjoyment for yourself and friends, and it will be very popular with the people for the ruler of the province to have a show like this.' When the unexpected happened, I remembered his advice.

To carry out the plan he designed for me led me into jungles far more extensive than any he himself ever visited. He had strictly confined himself to hunting in his own district. Our annual meets took us also into the Bhabar, the foothills of the Himalaya, and the Bijnor district. This area includes many tracts under the Forest Department. Since Mr. Macdonald's time a system had been devised for the division of these tracts into blocks, which were open to shooting, on conditions, at certain periods of the year. A permit to shoot was obtainable, on a small payment to the Forest Department, for fifteen days, and for the following fifteen days the block was absolutely

closed. When this period had expired, a permit could again be issued. The arrangement for the succession of one's guests had to be made some three months before they would come, in order that they might be in time to make their applications for permits to shoot in the blocks where we expected to be when they were coming.

The United Provinces Legislative Council has recently enacted a National Parks Act (United Provinces Act I of 1935) under which the Hailey National Park was established. The rules for carrying into effect the provisions of the Act in respect of this Park were issued in 1936. The effect of the Act is to include in the Park approximately 122 square miles of reserved forests between the Ramganga and Kosi Rivers. In this area are the Patli Dun, and many other places mentioned in this and the next chapter. Before the Act came into effect shooting had been prohibited in it for some time. The experiment is a most interesting one, and bids fair to be successful. According to the latest reports no cases of poaching have been reported so far, but, with all the subordinate forest officials carrying arms, there must be some danger of it. The area is the home of tigers, and at the back of it are the breeding grounds in the Himalaya. Fair weather motor roads have been made from Haldwani into the Patli Dun, and along the southern boundary of the Park. It is hoped to complete the circuit of motor roads round the Park and through the centre of the Park within the next two or three years. As there are no villages in the area, and cattle are not taken there to graze when grass runs short in the plains, it is an ideal one for wild life to flourish in. In the Report on Forest Administration in the United Provinces for 1935-36 it is stated that tigers were tending to increase in numbers and that it is almost inevitable that as the numbers of tigers increase there will be a migration of surplus tigers into the surrounding forests. The doubt may perhaps be suggested whether, as the carnivora

increase, the increase in the head of other mammals may not be checked unless something is done to keep the tigers and leopards down to reasonable numbers, and this presumably is contemplated.

Besides the members of my family, Lady Hewett, Lorna (Mrs. Atkinson) and Bunty (now Col. Hewett), Ramsay Gordon, private secretary, and Chadwick, Broughton, Val Pollok, in succession A.D.Cs., there were usually with us, at different times, Jack Campbell, the Commissioner of Kumaun, Charlie Berthoud, Deputy Commissioner of Naini Tal, W. S. Cassels who succeeded him, A. B. fforde, Magistrate and Collector of Bijnor, Clutterbuck (Clutter) and Osmaston (Osma) of the Forest Department. My cousin Ludovic Porter (then Magistrate and Collector of Meerut), Col. Ward and Whympers came every year, and a certain number of friends came in different years from home, and every year a number of others serving with their regiments or on the staff in India. Prominent among them were Jack Cowans, Wardrop, Forrester, Nigel Livingstone-Learmonth, and Jack Atkinson.

Berthoud and Clutter at different times very kindly managed the line, doing so most efficiently. We had some of the Forest Department and Tarai elephants, and the Nawab of Rampur, and the Maharaja of Balrampur, each had at that time very large stables of elephants, of which they lent me those best suited to carry howdahs or beat in the line. As the Rampur and Balrampur stables are not nowadays maintained at the strength or efficiency for shooting expeditions as was the case a quarter of a century ago, it would be quite impossible to collect a line anything like so strong or efficient as was obtainable in those days.

It is very essential to have men in the line whom the other mahouts will respect and obey. We had three such men, who were also most efficient shikaris and masters of every

device and resource required for success in tiger-hunting. The first was Wazir Khan, with whom, as already mentioned, I had become acquainted when he was a dashing young mahout driving one of the elephants of the Rohilkhand Canals Department. He had retired on the completion of his service there, but the terms on which he had been employed were very unfair. He had enjoyed a salary which included his own pay and the keep of the elephant. Small wonder that, as he was fond of his elephant and treated it well, he had very little money when the time came for him to retire. It was arranged to give him on retirement a charge of Rs 25 a month on the rents of one of the Government villages. Some of his European friends had given him a good set of artificial teeth, and it was his habit to leave it in camp on days when the news justified the hope that we should come across a tiger. Having ceased to be a mahout he disclaimed any responsibility for the proceedings after he had once found the tiger. Then it was, he argued, the duty of the sahibs to beat him out and shoot him. He was very much respected by all the other mahouts and shikaris, who were ready to obey his smallest wish.

I used to hear of him regularly after I retired from India, and have still some of the letters which he dictated. He always asked after old friends. The usual variant which we used for Whymper was Bumper, but Wazir had one of his own—Bompat. Wazir lived till January 31st, 1924, when he died at Bareilly full of years. His son wrote to me in June 1924 to help him to get the continuance to him of the Rs 25 a month enjoyed by his father, which the local authorities had quite rightly stopped on Wazir's death.

The second man was Kifa Khan. He was a very strong man who contended that his father had lived to be 115. Kifa was, when I first knew him, employed in the Commissariat Department at Bareilly as driver of a very good but very wilful

elephant called Eva. After the Commissariat Department broke up its stable of elephants, in which he had by then become a jemadar, Kifa Khan obtained a similar appointment from the Maharaja of Balrampur. He was an excellent, reliable and hard-working man. I used to hear of him from a friend of mine, who lived at Bareilly, till 1924, but as I have had no news of him after that, I fear that he must have passed away at about the same time as Wazir.

The third man was Niaz Ali, a jemadar of the mahouts who came on elephants from the Rampur State. He was a very good disciplinarian, and being a Saiyid claiming descent from the Prophet, was regarded by the Muhammadans under him with a great deal of respect. He had a very sound opinion about everything connected with the hunting of tigers.

Kifa Khan and Niaz Ali were sent, at my suggestion, to give assistance to the Nepalese authorities at the shoot given to King George V after the Durbar of 1911.

In addition to these three Muhammadan shikaris, we had a fourth called Moti, who began life as a Hindu belonging to the sweeper caste and then became a Christian. He learnt the art of tracking tigers under Faunthorpe, and he became a real expert at it. One could feel absolutely sure that his reports were entirely true, and free from any padding or conjecture. If he had no good news, he did not mind saying so. He was quite fearless. I did not hear of him, except for a very short time, after I left India.

In many of the places that I went to I came across village headmen whom I had known years before. I met the successors of many who had passed away, and I made countless new friends. It was a joy to have long talks with them round the camp fire, and I really think that they enjoyed these meetings as much as I did. At all events, they enabled me to learn much that would not have been possible at the headquarters of Lucknow and Allahabad, or among the aristo-



BABY CAMEL BORN IN CAMP



CAMEL AFTER THROWING ITS LOAD



cratic or wealthy durbaris who gathered to have long talks in my study or to attend the durbars that were held at the Divisional Headquarters of Benares, Agra, Meerut and Bareilly. The position of the jungles in the province and also in Nepal, where the railway runs from Lucknow to Chandan Chauki, Nepalganj, Bichua and other places on the Nepal frontier, was so favourable that I cannot recall an occasion on which my official post could not be brought to our camp by railway and elephant in twenty-four hours from Lucknow and Allahabad. I owe a deep debt of gratitude to the Bengal and North-Western Railway Company for taking my special train on shooting expeditions free of cost.

The tents were carried by camels. Much of the kitchen and other utensils were loaded on them in square cases called kajawas. The process of loading up was sometimes prolonged, and always noisy owing to the protests of the camels. Sometimes, but not too often, a camel would, after having been loaded up, throw his load. Occasionally a young camel would be born, and have to walk with its mother the next stage. The carriage of our tents and kit over what was generally not easy ground was very effectively carried out.

To feed the elephants and camels for so large a camp, and to arrange for all the miscellaneous services required, was no easy matter. The civil districts in the United Provinces are, under the district officer, divided into tahsils, each under a Tahsildar, who is the local magistrate and revenue officer, and in the first instance responsible for the proper conduct of Government business within his tahsil. The Tahsildar could be relied on to see that all the services required were efficiently carried out.

I feel that I must say a word or two about armament. When at Agra I had a single-barrel rifle suitable for black buck and ravine deer, and a cylinder double-barrel twelve-bore gun which would carry a bullet accurately for fifty yards.



This armament, inefficient enough for big game shooting, was all that I had for my first winter in the Tarai. Next season Turner built me a D.B. .450 express, and Di Rose, then A.D.C. to Sir Alfred Lyall, lent me a Purdey D.B. .450 express. Later on I got a D.B. .500 express and a D.B. sixteen-bore rifle, both by Henry. It was not till I went to Lucknow in 1907 that I came to possess a cordite rifle, when I bought a D.B. magnum .350 by Rigby from Colonel Elles, who was then leaving India. Houston in 1908 lent me a D.B. cordite .400-.450 by Jeffries, and I found it suited me so well that I ordered a similar one with an ejector. After Charlie Berthoud's death Baron Berthoud very kindly gave me his Rigby D.B. .400-.450 cordite rifle. So in my later expeditions I was well armed. I have known men to carry revolvers in their howdahs to fire at a tiger when on the elephant, but I never saw a revolver used for this purpose, and I think that it is a mistake to carry one on the howdah. To begin with, accurate fire with a revolver is not to the uninitiated easy, and when an elephant is doing all it can to get rid of a tiger, and is shaking its huge body violently in all directions, it would be positively dangerous to use one.

I must confess that for many years I was an indifferent shot with a rifle from a howdah, being inclined to pull the trigger much too soon, and, so long as I used an express rifle, I had often to blame myself for having shot over an animal, but with a cordite rifle, the flatter trajectory of which favours a point blank shot at any distance from which one is likely to be able to fire from a howdah, I was able to improve. A bullet from a cordite rifle conveys a tremendous shock, which is a paramount advantage in hunting tigers, but it is hoped that the killing power of rifles will not be carried much further. Captain Forsyth's statement on the subject of sporting ranges in India—'one half the animals at least are shot at under fifty yards, three-fourths under seventy-five and all, without

exception, under one hundred yards'—is still substantially correct, so far as howdah shooting is concerned, and for this purpose the employment of the cordite cartridge in rifles, as at present developed, gives the sportsman all the superiority that he needs in the howdah.

Sir Henry Ramsay's advice to me when I began tiger-hunting was always to wear a thick coat in the howdah, however hot it might be, and I sometimes supplemented this with a backpad. This is quite unnecessary nowadays. Solaro cloth, designed to arrest the actinic rays of the sun, is very light, and with a piece of orange flannel tied across one's back inside the coat, it affords adequate protection for the body. A good pith helmet is needed to protect the head. It is necessary to provide against the attacks of the wild bee—the *apis dorsata*—called in the vernacular dingara. These bees are very fond of building their combs on the bare branches of the cotton tree, or in the heavy jungle through which the line has to beat, and the moment they are disturbed they make a violent attack on the nearest suitable object. A garment of green netting to cover the head, like the yashmak which Muhammadan ladies wear, but prolonged to the feet, enables one to view with equanimity the determined attacks which the bees are attempting to develop from outside. On several occasions we had violent attacks from dingara: on one occasion, when we were on foot in the Baur River—then practically dry—near Kaladhungi, a swarm settled on the helmet of one of us, but he remained absolutely quiet and before very long it moved away.

In 1907 we went for two or three days in February into the forests of the Gonda district, more with the object of an outing than with the intention of getting any big game. The outing was only remarkable for an accident to Lorna and myself. A wounded bear ran between the forelegs of the elephant which she and I were riding. I was in the front seat

and she in the back one (called the khawassi). We had a very indifferent Bahrapur mahout who did nothing to restrain the elephant from bolting. As we were in tree jungle the howdah was swept off. We fell on the ground with it on top of us. We both experienced the same sensation in falling. We seemed to be in complete darkness, and to take a long time reaching the ground. The elephant bolted, dragging the howdah with it. Fortunately the bear, which had moved off from us, was shot by one of the party and neither of us was seriously injured. Lorna had a slight injury on the elbow but was able to get out her powder box at once, and I had a very much battered right leg, but no bones were broken.

We (a very small party) went at the end of March for fifteen days to the Tarai, during which we got a tiger, and ten days later came across a tigress and four very large cubs. She had been very clever in evading us. I do not remember why only two of the cubs are shown with the tigress in the photograph. The fourth cub escaped, to fight with us another year. We got seven leopards on this trip. Our sport was much interfered with by rain.

At the end of February 1908, we found ourselves with a large party in the Pilibhit district and spent some days on or near the Sarda River. We had with us the two brothers, Mangal Khan and Bale Khan. They were very big land-owners living at Sherpur Kalan. They were men of the old style, and living a bit after their time. They both enjoyed the title of Khan Bahadur, conferred on them by the Government of India. Mangal Khan liked to describe the engagement in which he had taken part to prevent a band of mutineers, swimming the Sarda at Mundia Ghat, from getting into the thick jungles on the east of it. It was at one of these Ghats that the notorious Nana Sahib crossed the Sarda when our troops were on his heels in the Mutiny. There was for long great uncertainty in the minds of many people as to the ulti-



TIGRESS AND CUBS



A 10-FOOT 2-INCH TIGER



mate fate of the Nana Sahib. The late Mr. Perceval Landon wrote at length about this in his *Nepal*. Shortly before I went out to India, a pretender, I think in Gwalior, asserted that he was the Nana, but his claim was definitely refuted. About ten years later, when I was Under Secretary in the Home Department of the Government of India, a report came from the Bombay Government to the Government of India that a man suspected of being the Nana was lying hidden in a Hindu temple in Kathiawar. The report was very circumstantial, and, though the evidence in the Home Department seemed to be conclusive against its truth, it was determined to have a strict inquiry into it. Arrangements were made to send the few European and Indian witnesses, still alive, who had been in constant association with the Nana at Cawnpore before the Mutiny, to see this man, and they one and all were unable to recognize him. These were not the only two cases in which rumour was started that the Nana was still alive. But, some years before, the Government of India had had an elaborate inquiry made by Sir Dennis Fitzpatrick (afterwards Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab) and Mr. H. B. Goad (a District Superintendent in the Punjab police) in the Nepal Tarai, which satisfied these two officers and the Supreme Government that the Nana Sahib had succumbed to fever, and been cremated not very long after he arrived there.

Bale Khan was murdered some time after I left the United Provinces. The murder was committed by a servant of his ; a woman was at the bottom of the trouble.

On this outing we made a discovery. For years, in the heavy swamps in which we were pursuing tiger we used to see flying in front of us what we thought was a flame-coloured moth. It was not common, and was generally in the darkest part of a swampy beat. It looked a very beautiful creature on the wing. We caught one in a wood on the Sarda, and found that it was a very pretty delicate bat (*Kerivola picta*).

We had some very good swamp deer shooting, and got seven tigers and nine leopards. One tiger was, as his picture shows, a very large one, measuring 10 feet 2 inches. A week later we got a very fine male tiger, shot by Jock Broughton, measuring 9 feet 8 inches. It is interesting that I had had a long shot at this tiger across a river a year before and had apparently touched him with a ricochet. He was the male of the tigress with three cubs which we came across the previous year. Whympers and I had arranged with a Calcutta firm to get our .500 express rifles sighted to use with axite. Apparently the cartridges supplied had been kept too long in Calcutta. We found the nickel base of the axite bullet that I had used in firing at this tiger, below the skin on his withers. The same thing happened with a tiger which Whympers had fired at in 1907 and which we got in 1908.

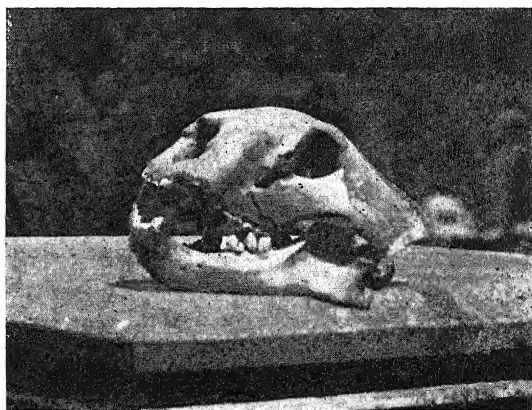
In the middle of April we went out to the west of the Naini Tal district and passed from it into Bijnour.

In the reserved forest near Amargarh we found a tigress with three small cubs, of which we succeeded in capturing one, a female to which we gave the name of Tilli. She was a delightful little creature, and was most agreeable in her bamboo cage except when she was given a feed of the liver of sambar or spotted deer, when she would roar like a grown-up animal. We had every hope of making a real pet of her. But unfortunately this was prevented by a tragedy a short time after. We were going to ride up the hill next day from Kaladhungi to Naini Tal, and sent her on in advance. The syces coming down the hill with our ponies succeeded, by smoking, in disturbing large numbers of bees, and probably hornets, near one of the halting grounds. The men taking Tilli uphill stupidly stopped here, and she was violently attacked and stung to death. The poor little thing succumbed just as she arrived at Naini Tal.

On this excursion we got very good shooting, our bag of



THE NIMBHU BHOJ



MAN-EATING  
TIGRESS'S SKULL





tigers numbering eighteen, one very heavy tiger (9 feet 8 inches), of which a picture is given, was lying in heavy grass on the high bank of a stream. The photograph shows how thick the cover was.

The next day we had a very interesting experience. We had news of tiger and beat some splendid cover down a winding stream in an open maidan near Bhogpur. We were disappointed not to find a tiger, but, at the end of the beat, a leopard came out in a very sheepish way and offered an easy shot, which was not taken lest it might interfere with our getting a tiger. I was posted at the bottom of the beat to the south of the stream, and on my left was a patch of tree jungle which I could not command. While the beat was going on I heard two heavy bodies successfully enter the water and cross it into this tree jungle. It was thus that the tigers escaped us, for the time, but, having found this out, we went farther down the grassy plain, and beat through it. We found a tiger and tigress there, both very fine animals. Pollok killed the tiger (9 feet 6 inches). Lorna hit the tigress in the flank with a .375 bullet from her Holland-Schonauer rifle, and it was galloping away to another cover where it might have given us considerable trouble, when I took a sky shot at about one hundred and fifty yards and hit it in the neck, with the result that, as my mahout described it, '*khelabazi ki*,' or, in other words, 'it went head over heels.' Both the tiger and tigress were drenched owing to their passage of the stream : a cub escaped without being fired at.

Ten days later we beat the Nimbhu Bhoj, on the side of the road leading from Dikala to Ramnagar. Though right on the side of the road it was a very favourite ground for tigers : it had lovely grass and patel, with water below the road, and across the road to the south there was a very good line of retreat into difficult jungle. Lorna got a very old tigress there (8 feet 8 inches), which had only one canine tooth, her

jaw generally, as will be seen from the photograph, being in a very bad state. She was just about to give birth to a single cub, which had already got its striped fur. She had been guilty of killing men, though apparently not yet to a great extent, but there seemed to be no doubt that, having taken up this position on the road in which to have her cub, she intended to take toll from the wayfarers on it, and it was a very good thing that she was shot. This was one of the most unpleasantly hot days that I have ever experienced when out shooting.

Three days later we were at Jamnagwar, the head of the Koti Rao, an almost dry torrent in the winter. To the north of the forest bungalow is the Choti Koti Rao in which there is a lot of nice cool cover for tigers, with beautiful dark spots full of maidenhair fern. Tigresses used to breed there. In the morning of 29th April we went out to the north of the bungalow. We found a family of young tigers. There were five of them. Two put up a wonderful fight, and got Lorna into great difficulty by attacking her elephant simultaneously. In the afternoon we went out to the south of the bungalow to a large area of grass called the Mohanpani where there were said to be some more tigers. There had indeed been another family there in the morning, but it had been disturbed by a mahout fetching fodder. A tigress and three large cubs, which also defeated us the following day, were disturbed before we got there, but the male tiger, a very fine one, who measured 9 feet 8 inches, had stayed behind and was shot by Berthoud. This was a grand day : we ought to have got into actual touch with ten tigers, far more than in my experience I had ever met in one day. Three days later we had another fresh experience. We beat for a tiger at Ringora, the left of the line resting on a steep, absolutely bare hill. It seemed so unlikely that a tiger would break up the side of this hill right in the open that we had no flying stop on

that side of the beat. I was the stop at the end facing the right of the line. When about eighty yards from me, the tiger broke slowly up the hill and I made a lucky shot, hitting him in the neck. He measured 9 feet 6 inches. We went on some distance and crossed the road into Jhabragaon sot where we had news of a tiger. We were beating through the cover, my position being on the right of the line, when some one fired a shot on the left and I saw a large tiger galloping across my front in some very heavy grass the other side of the nullah which I was just about to cross. When I fired, the tiger took the most complete toss into the grass. I was congratulating myself on having for the first time in my life killed two big male tigers in one day. It took me some time to cross the nullah, and when I got there I could find no tiger. I then heard some shots fired by the guns on ahead. What happened has been well described by Reuben Norton, who subsequently made a great name for himself in connection with the organization and command of the expeditions to climb Mount Everest. The only part of his story in which I do not quite agree is his estimate that the tiger came on to the stops almost immediately after my shot. On the other hand, it seemed to me that the shot fired by one of the stops rang out somewhat later, after I had taken some time in crossing the nullah and searching the grass for the tiger. Here is what Norton says :

‘ This is my version—accuracy not vouched for, though I think it is pretty correct—of the tiger we did *not* bag near Bijrani on the 2nd May, 1908.

‘ Sir John had bagged a fine male tiger in a beat that morning so we only started to beat the Jhabragaon sot after tiffin. There had been a kill there the night before. I was the right-hand stop but one : I think Lady Hewett was on my right. Mr. Campbell was on my left up a small hill from me.

‘The line started through long grass near the bottom of the sot : in front of me as I faced the line was a screen of trees so I had only my ears to tell me what was going on. I soon heard a commotion and one shot. This, as I learnt after, was Sir John’s shot, fired during a quick glimpse of the tiger as he jumped a nullah. It narrowly missed killing the tiger as it snicked the back of his neck and knocked him over, I believe. Almost at once I heard him pattering on the dead leaves under the trees ahead of me : next moment he broke at a gallop almost in front of me and made to pass my elephant diagonally—so as to break out between me and the little hill on my left. He looked as big as a horse and was making ugly faces. I fired (black powder .577) and Mr. Campbell fired from my left just after : my smoke took a second to clear off and the tiger was then still going strong. I fired my second barrel after he had passed me. I can’t remember his speaking to any of these three shots, but Mr. Campbell said he had spoken to my first barrel, and he was sure I had hit him. I ought to have killed him or laid him out. As a matter of fact I believe Mr. Campbell hit him, not I. He disappeared up the nulla behind me over a rise in the ground, and almost immediately after I heard him roaring : a shikari posted in a tree behind the line of stops corroborated this, saying that he rolled on the ground roaring : then got up and went on. About five of us followed up at once with our elephants abreast : at first there was a fair amount of blood, and we expected to be charged any moment : but the blood began to give out and finally ceased altogether with one spot on a blade of grass in a little patch of grass between the stream bed and the steep side of the sot which at this point was thickly clothed with jaman trees.

‘I made a detour and came down the nulla from some way up but found no trace of him until I rejoined the other guns in the spot where his tracks had given out. They were

still standing and discussing this mysterious disappearance in the little patch of grass—some ten or fifteen yards from the screen of jaman trees which clothed the steep side of the sot. This point, by the way, was, I suppose, half a mile from where he was first hit.

‘That night we discussed the matter again and, as a result, Osmaston and I resolved to go out early next morning to the same place in the hopes of finding further traces of him, as we were sure he would drink in the stream, which was not yet dry. Next morning Osmaston was seedy, having been ill in the night, so I went alone—on a pad elephant, taking with me a howdah elephant in case of eventualities, and a shikari or chaprasi of experience in these matters.

Arrived at the sot we searched it up and down most carefully and found never a track, though I remember still the swarms of cheetal we met, as well as monkeys, a barking deer and a fair-sized python. I seldom enjoyed a morning’s ‘ghoom’ more. We finished up in the same patch of grass where we had lost the tiger overnight.

As we stood there discussing the incident, my mahout thought he saw a cheetal get up and climb up the steep side of the sot, half-hidden by the above-mentioned jamans, and only ten or fifteen yards from us. On closer investigation this is what we found : the supposed cheetal was our tiger : just where the mahout saw him a tiny stream ran into the main sot : this now consisted of an occasional drop of water, but in wet weather it drained a little basin which ran back into the steep side of the sot in such a way that its far side was a good high cliff and this continued round the basin, getting lower until it nearly completed the circle at the point where the stream emerged. This point was some fifteen feet above the bottom of the main sot where we stood, and so much above us that had there been any water running it would have formed a small waterfall perhaps ten feet high. Half-way

down this little sheer drop was an undercut hole, something like a big fireplace, and filled with dead leaves, and in this hole the tiger had evidently been lying all night, as all the leaves were soaked with blood. Here he had undoubtedly lain while, the night before, we stood within a few yards of him and discussed his disappearance and until we came and did the same thing in the morning, when, trusting to the screen of trees which had effectually concealed the whole geography of the place from us, he had tried to sneak off unobserved.

We could not get our elephants up this sheer place, so I and the shikari climbed up on foot and found the fresh drops of blood leading straight up the little stream bed which almost at once became less steep and ran back into the middle of the basin I had described. This basin was, I suppose, some one hundred to one hundred and fifty yards in diameter, the cliffs standing on steep shale slopes which ran down towards its middle. There was one little patch of yellow grass—one little jaman tree and an odd corner and hole here and there, though when the sun got high and shone into it there was precious little cover. We only took the blood trail a little way up this place, as we saw at once that the tiger could apparently only have got out again by coming back practically to the mouth of the little defile where he could have scrambled out within perhaps fifteen or twenty yards on either side of it, but as we had been standing there from the moment he went up, we were sure he had not done this and that consequently he was bottled in this cockpit. We then climbed on to the top of the cliffs and made the circuit of the place, looking down and searching every corner. To make a long story short, the tiger wasn't in it. After examining the place carefully from above, I made the circuit again, this time at the bottom of the cliffs and at the top of the shale slopes, while the shikari dropped stones from above by my direction. Finally, being sure he wasn't there, I took the blood track

which ran right up the stream bed and into the middle of the basin and then gave out. Having made sure that he was not there, and finding no trace of him elsewhere, we went disconsolately home to the bungalow.

'My story induced Sir John to abandon all other plans and to spend the morning after this tiger. The basin was again thoroughly worked out with no further trace of the tiger being found : we then worked the whole of the main sot up to its head as well as the next sot parallel to it beyond the basin. In this we found a fresh track which corresponded to his, and there is no doubt he had somehow got over into it. I remember that my own verdict that he must have had wings to get out of this basin place without our seeing him was quite endorsed by the rest of the party when I showed them the place and told the story.

'He was subsequently shot some two months later, I believe, by another party, with two newly-healed bullet wounds on him, and measured 10 feet 2 inches. I didn't mean to make such a long yarn of this but got carried away by the recollection of the interest I felt in the hunt at the time. I never was so disappointed before as when I finally made sure I hadn't got him in the cockpit after all.'

This was not only a very crafty, but a lucky tiger. There is no doubt that my bullet creased him, as the mark was found on his withers. Had it hit him half an inch lower it would have killed him dead.

This was our last experience on this expedition, and we returned to civilization on 7th May.



## *Chapter Ten*

### SHOOTING PARTIES IN THE TARAI AND KUMAUN AND GARHWAL FOREST DIVISIONS

1909-1912

IN 1909, 1910 and 1912 we had similar expeditions, and in 1911 I was away at Delhi. In a short expedition to the Tarai in 1909 Houston got a good tiger (9 feet 6 inches), Livingstone-Learmonth two (both 9 feet 7 inches) and Ward one (9 feet 7 inches). The largest was the one shot by Houston but we failed to get his weight, as by mismanagement we had allowed the scales to break. The heaviest weighed was Learmonth's (407 lb.).

We found a tigress (8 feet 9 inches) shot by Jackson, the Conservator, which had been living with two cubs in the hollow of a tree. One of them was unfortunately killed : Houston nearly got into trouble in trying to catch the other with a blanket. The cub got on well by himself by feeding on peafowl, jungle fowl and such small deer. He was constantly under the observation of the forest guards in the Karari block, and grew up to be a very fine tiger, till he was shot by another party three years later.

A party of men reassembled at Morgati in the Kalushahid forest block in the Bijnor district at the beginning of May. We found in the Morgati beat, below the road, a tiger and tigress and a bear and cub. The tiger escaped without being fired at and the bear was missed. I succeeded in getting the

tigress (8 feet 10 inches—296 lb.). I seemed to detect signs of fear in her eyes as she came on towards my elephant. I thought I noticed the same thing in the case of one other tigress later on, in 1912, at Bijrani, but in no other instance did I see any symptom of it. Forrester and Reynolds sat up, but in vain, for the tiger. We moved up into the Sona Nadi at Hathikund but, owing to the east wind, could not do much good. On 5th May we went to Boksar in the Patli Dun. Here Clutter and I found the Hamadryad the shooting of which is recorded in Ch. I.

With the return of the west wind the conditions greatly improved. We had one capital day when we found a tiger, tigress and three large cubs in the Bachraud sot, a mile or two to the west of Boksar. Two cubs were shot, and the tigress and a third cub got away to the hills. The pursuit of the tiger (9 feet 6 inches—390 lb.), which Ludovic shot, took us into the neighbouring sot, the Kokrad, and we had a very difficult passage from one sot to the other. It was bad enough climbing to the top of the watershed between the two sots, but descending to the Kokrad was far more difficult, especially for the howdah elephants. Progress was slow and the elephants had often to slither down a few yards on their stomachs. But they never caused one any anxiety lest they should not get through the job. One could understand, from the way the tame elephants went about it, how the wild ones who lived in these parts made light of getting about these hills when untrammelled by anything to carry. They had made a track at a height of 1,500 feet along the side of these hills which they have followed for ages and which was much used when they were more numerous. That they were able to carry their huge bodies along the narrowest of paths is wonderful.

We moved from Boksar to Dhikala, which is situated on the high bank on the south side of the river. There was

some lovely cover on the north side consisting of grass and young shisham trees. Gordon got a male tiger there (9 feet 5 inches—375 lb.), and the following day Forrester got another male (9 feet 3 inches—427 lb.) in the Nimbhubhoj beat where Lorna had got the man-eating tigress the previous year.

While at Dhikala our camp was invaded by a 'must' makna elephant who showed himself all over the place, and got into the enclosure where the elephants were stabled at night. The mahouts asked that he should be shot, as they felt sure that he would kill one of them or one of their elephants. Next day he came and lay outside the camp, and it was arranged to shoot him. Clutter, Osma, Gordon and Forrester were deputed for the purpose. Clutter took careful note of the effect of the shots fired at him from a close range and has recorded the following opinion. Comparing the skull of the rogue elephant (the Hathikund skull), which killed Mrs. Anson and was afterwards shot by Osma, with this (the Dhikala skull) he wrote :

'*Hathikund skull.* The rifle used by Osmaston was a 12-bore rifle with a conical lead bullet and six drams of black powder belonging to Sir Auckland Colvin. There are only two bullet holes. One from the front reached the brain but the elephant recovered itself, but was killed by the second bullet which struck him two inches in front of the earhole and also reached the brain. Neither made any mark on the farther wall of the brain cavity.

'*Dhikala skull.* Rifles used : Osmaston .577 with black powder, Forrester a .450 H.V. cordite, Gordon and Clutterbuck H.V. .400 cordite rifles. The first four bullets all penetrated right through the skull but not one touched the brain. All went through the spongy tissue over the brain and, had no more bullets been fired, the elephant would have quickly recovered himself. Forrester and Clutterbuck then fired at the left side of the head. One of these bullets, I cannot say

which, struck the base of the skull just where it joins the backbone and presumably killed the elephant instantly. I send you the remains of the bullet which I extracted from the bone—the remainder of the bullet may have gone on into the spinal column or perhaps the shock of the smashing up of the bone containing the spinal column was enough to kill it. The second bullet did not hit the skull, but probably went into the fleshy part of the neck.'

We got news of a family of tigers in a shisham jungle on the river bank the day after we had beaten it blank. Forde got the tigress (9 feet 2 inches—305 lb.), and three very well grown cubs went to Reynolds (a male 7 feet 11 inches and a female 7 feet 8 inches) and to Forrester (a female 7 feet 5 inches). We got the father (9 feet 6 inches—423 lb.) in a separate jungle. Osma was the stop on my right, I being near the centre, and the beat was going on without any sign of the tiger. Osma assumed that there was no tiger, and got off his elephant to investigate some ornithological problem. Almost immediately after, Clutter called out to the line that the tiger was going ahead, and he suddenly appeared five or six yards in front of my elephant. I stopped him with a shot in his chest, and he fell into a big bush, roaring for all he was worth. It took me some little time to get a chance of planting a good shot to kill him.

We moved down through Sarupduli to Jamnagwar. As we left Sarupduli Wardrop and I were on the same pad elephant. He had usually had bad luck when out with me and I was very anxious that he should be fortunate this time. We passed a dwarf who had come from some distance up in the hills to see me. I gave him what silver I had in my pocket—I think about Rs 5—but he was evidently displeased at not getting more, and I feared what actually did happen, that our luck in the immediate future would not be good.

We did not get a tiger from the day on which Wardrop arrived until he had been with us for ten days, and was due to go next day. The weather was rather unpropitious, and there was a tusker elephant in the Ringora sot which apparently disturbed two tigers. There was a kill, and we began a beat, in the next (the Jhabragaon) sot on the east, but the tiger moved out to the sot on the west as the stops got into position.

Though the tiger moved out of the cover before we were ready to beat for him he came back and ate the kill at night, so we determined to beat for him again, and, to prevent him from getting out, as he had done the previous day, Wardrop was placed in a machan to stop his exit. Before getting on to my howdah I rode a pad elephant (Chattarkali, of which Jafar was the mahout) to the entrance of the beat. As we approached it Chattarkali elevated her trunk sharply and gave the curious squeak by which they tell you that the tame elephant shows that it recognizes the presence of the wild elephant. Sure enough the elephant was in the beat. The manner of its behaviour is described in Wardrop's *Modern Pig-sticking*, p. 198 :

‘ I climbed by a ladder into my post, a straight-stemmed tree about as thick as the calf of my leg, with a forked branch some ten feet up. It was the best tree available, but so slender that I could neither put up a machan nor take my second rifle and camera.

‘ Soon after the beat began the elephant came out of the cover and stood splashing himself in a pool in the stream, a big tusker with one large white tusk. He presently came on ; but instead of taking the short-cut at the base, came down the fringe of trees towards me. He came very slowly, and looked magnificent. He was ‘ must,’ for the glands on his face were streaming. There was a curious fascination to me in his slow

and solemn movements. He came up to my tree and stood there under it. I had to draw up my legs not to touch him. I held the .400 like a revolver, with my fingers on both triggers, a foot off the back of his head.

'Unless I killed him stone dead, one touch of his body would flip me out of the tree like a stone from a catapult. If I did kill him Sir John would probably hang me.

'The elephant stayed quiet for a couple of minutes and played with the ladder which was still against the tree. He put his trunk on some leather where a break had been bound. He sniffed this and threw it down. A little later he walked quietly down the beat. We never saw the tiger.'

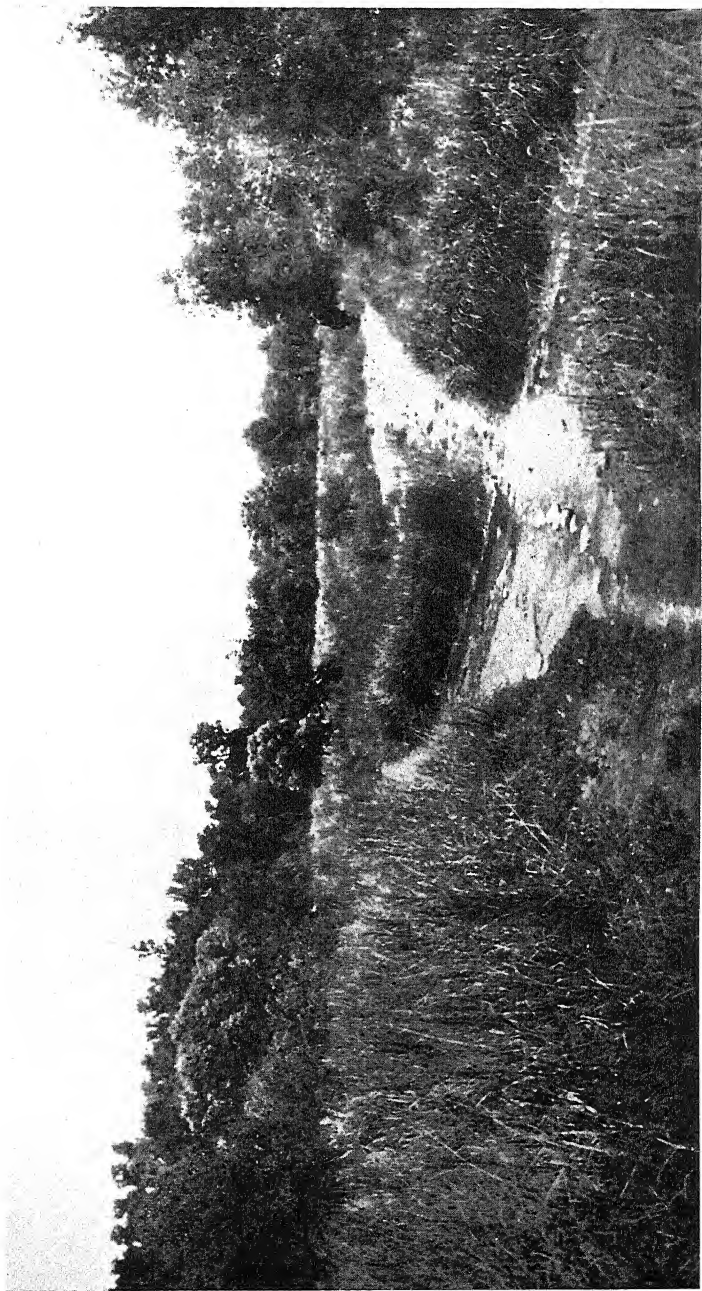
The presence of the wild elephant had probably made the tiger clear off to the west to the Ringora sot, between which and the Jhabragaon sot, the pair of them used to pass a sort of Box and Cox existence. None of us in the beat, to the best of my recollection, were able to see where the elephant passed out of it.

The nerve displayed by Wardrop, in the very critical situation in which he found himself in the tree, was marvellous. There was no telling what an elephant in that state might do next. The slightest move by Wardrop must have brought on an immediate attack, and it is difficult to see how he could have been certain of preserving himself.

From Bijrani we moved down into the Tarai to Jwalaban on the Kosi. On our way we shot a python with a full-grown hog-deer inside him. He had not completely disposed of the horns but was getting on with the job very well. The following day we beat the wide extent of grass in the bed of the Kosi: one of the prettiest beats for a line of elephants to beat, going up-river to a bluff on the right of the beat and left of the course of the stream. We were in hopes that, if we found the tigers, we were in search of, at home,

we should be able to beat them out to these advance guns. In the best of these places Wardrop was put as stop. The tigers unfortunately broke in front of the line directly the beat began. The male went straight ahead to the front of Kennard the flying stop, who shot him (10 feet  $\frac{7}{8}$  inch—462 lb.). The tigress broke away to the right and I had to shoot her (8 feet 10 inches) as she seemed likely to escape where there was no gun to cover her. This was a very fine pair of tigers, but the beat turned out very disappointingly, as it was very tame even for those who shot them. I was very upset because Wardrop had to go away that evening without having had any sport.

We had news on 23rd May of a family of tigers in the jungle near the temple at Sitabani, the source of the Kichuli. It was a pretty long tramp up what is called the Fairy Glen along the course of this river. At the top, when crossing the stream, I took a photograph of what seemed to be, it being a very hot day, an ideal tiger beat. But I never imagined that we should put up five good tigers in the beat, a male, a female and three cubs, who must have been nearer two years than eighteen months old. Jack Campbell was the stop at the extreme left of the beat, and I was the next stop on the left. The beat went on all right for a time, and then I saw, to my chagrin, the male tiger galloping away in some open country on the right of the beat. Immediately afterwards I heard a tiger moving cautiously a few yards to my front towards Campbell. Then he fired: a minute or two later the same thing happened, and then, after another minute, he fired a third time. Campbell had killed the tigress (9 feet 2 inches—280 lb.), a male cub (7 feet 11 inches) and a female (7 feet 5 inches) in three shots. The third cub never showed itself to the stops but was seen in the line. The following day we found the male tiger had who been tracked to Masanganja sot, from which the springs at Sitabani rise, four or five miles off. Berthoud had been doing most of the work for us just



SITABANI





then, and the rest of us determined to beat this tiger up to him, which Clutter did with success. He was a magnificent male (9 feet 10 inches—490 lb.).

We arrived at Kaladhungi on 26th May and on our march Osma got a very fine tiger (9 feet 9 inches—493 lb.) at Duni-garh to the north of the road. This tiger had been put up by some party in 1907 and had escaped though five shots were fired at him. He tried to escape by the same route this time. According to Makbul, the forester, there had been a terrific fight in the course of which this tiger had turned out two others. We arrived at the Kaladhungi dak bungalow very pleased with our success and went to bed expecting to start on our ponies up the hill to Naini Tal, after an early breakfast. It was getting rather hot and had been 113° in the bungalow that day. We were actually finishing breakfast next morning and our syces had the ponies saddled for us, when the forest guard from Sandni rushed in in a great state of excitement because he had heard a tigress, we had lost two days before, calling again. He was very anxious that his good service should not be overlooked, and had had a hard job to cover the twelve or more miles, as he was in poor health; so all our plans were changed: the elephants saddled, our guns got out and the shikaris sent off with the line and the howdah elephants. It was nearly two o'clock before we were on the ground, but not long before we found the tigress, as she was actually calling when we arrived. At one time she was coming straight up to where I was posted among a clump of ruini bushes, and I could hear her feet pattering along the leaves. She saw Hirakali and gave the most terrific roar. Hirakali was no longer the gem of a howdah elephant that she had once been and promptly turned round, preventing me from having a shot. The tigress retreated and eventually Kennard, who was a very fine shot and liked using a small-bore rifle, had a standing shot at her with a .350 Mannlicher

magazine rifle. Eventually she went for the pad elephant on which Moti was, and charged her on the right side. Moti stuffed his pagri in the tigress's mouth and she retreated, having broken through the line. Moti had met her once before, and he asserted that she recollected him. I shortly after heard the alarm call of a bear, which indicated where the tigress was. We found her some distance off in a circular, swampy bit of jungle. We tried without success to get the howdah elephants in, but had to give it up. We took up our places round the swampy bit. With great difficulty Berthoud got the smallest elephant in the line, Daisy, to take him in. None of the other pad elephants would take anyone else in to assist him. Daisy and her mahout were both rather looked down on by some of the mahouts, but no man or elephant could have behaved better than these two did, under the guidance of Berthoud. It was a long job, during which the bear left the cover and escaped more than one shot. The hunt went on till nearly dark, and it took some time to get the tigress out from where she had died, and to measure her. Round the curves she measured 9 feet 6 inches.

I wrote to the Maharaja of Cooch Behar about the Sandni tigress. He replied: 'What a magnificent bag of tigers. All the tigers must have been big ones, for the average to work out 9 feet 5 $\frac{3}{8}$  inches. The tigress is, I think, an absolute record. I shot one in 1902, which measured 9 feet 5 $\frac{3}{8}$  inches, and she constituted the record up till now, I believe.' We were indeed lucky to get some big tigers, and it seemed from several instances in which tigers had been ejected from their favourite jungles by more powerful ones, that there was a good supply about. Moreover, this was borne out by another fact. Between April 29th and May 27th we came across only one leopard and that in the Mohanpani at Jamnagwar, a very big cover. It was most unusual not to find a good number in these jungles. Probably they had abandoned



BERTHOUD WITH TIGER



ATKINSON WITH TIGER



some of the better jungles because there were too many tigers about to make residence in them pleasant.

In the spring of 1910 we were in camp in the Bijnor district, which we approached by train to Kashipur and thence by road to Maldhan, both in the Naini Tal district. As I was going home on leave on May 1st, it was not possible to be in the jungles as late as usual. Charlie Lambton got a tigress (8 feet 9 inches—316 lb.) when we found a family of five in the Kallia beat, where we had caught the cub, Tilli, on a previous occasion. The tiger and one cub got away, but a male cub (7 feet 10 inches—232 lb.) was shot by Clutter, and a female (7 feet—195 lb.) was bagged. These were remarkably large cubs.

Two days later we were joined at Bhogpur by the Raja of Tajpur, a very nice man, the head of a distinguished Taga Brahman family holding large property in the Bijnor district. We found the chief jungle on his estate—Bhawandari—very badly burnt, but there was good holding cover in some narkul in which Norman Franks shot a tiger which had been doing a lot of harm to the cattle grazing hard by and had just killed a full-grown buffalo.

A party of men and women, belonging to the criminal tribe called Kanjars, came into our camp that evening with the skins and heads of three large hyenas and of one cub. They wanted to make out to fford, the district officer, that the animals were wolves, the reward for a hyena, being Rs 2 and for a wolf Rs 10. They brought a small jackal's head to support their claim for the cub. The hyena's head is unfortunately very broad and not to be mistaken for a wolf's. They had removed the lines of black hair from the hyenas' coats.

At Morgati we found a tiger, which I shot—9 feet 1 inch (366 lb.). He roared vigorously in the beat. He had originally been driven down to the bottom of the beat where I was

stationed. I had my shot at him in the cover and hit him. He then broke back roaring, and crossed the dry torrent about eighty yards to my right. He had evidently been very badly hit, was huddled up and going quite slowly, and he gave what should have been a great chance to me. But my elephant Hirakali swung round as he roared at us. The year before she had misbehaved with the big tigress at Sandni. It appeared that her mahout Nanne, son of Ghasi, a great mahout, who drove Sir Henry Ramsay, had, as a consequence of some domestic trouble, taken to opium. This lapse may, however, have been partly due to his having been forced, by a sportsman riding on his elephant a year or two before, to take her into a nasty bit of cover with a wounded tiger in it, where he could neither protect his mahout nor kill the tiger. The result was that Nanne was scratched, though not very seriously hurt, by the tiger. Anyhow, whatever the cause, it became clear that Nanne had lost his nerve, and that Hirakali had lost confidence in him. After we had got this tiger and examined him, it turned out that he had been wounded in the jaw some time before, both of his lower canine teeth having been shot away and part of his tongue cut off. It must have been very difficult for him to get his food, but he was not in bad condition and had a most lovely coat and ruff. It was not till nearly twenty years afterwards that I learnt the history of the injury to the jaw. Brigadier-General Lumb, who had been stationed at that time in command of his regiment (the Garhwali Rifles) at Lansdowne in the neighbouring hills, came to stay with us at Chipping Warden. In October, 1909, he had been fishing, he told us, on the Palain River which comes out of the hills below Lansdowne and flows into the Ramganga near Boksar. Mrs. Lumb was with him, and, while he was fishing, he saw two tigers on the other side of the stream. Lumb managed to get a shot at the male which, however, got away. We found the tiger at a place



HIRAKALI





only a few miles below where Lumb had wounded him. He had lived apparently for six months at Morgati and been able to maintain himself in spite of his injuries.

We now moved up again from the plains into the valley of the Sona Nadi (golden stream) in the low hills, a most beautiful and very wild bit of country. On 4th March we beat the Rapta jungle leading farther up into the hills, where tracks of a tigress and three cubs had been reported. It appeared, however, that they had been driven out by a male tiger. We beat for the latter. He had apparently taken a meal off the animal killed by the tigress for herself and cubs, for his pug marks were over the drag along which the tigress had taken the kill. On the right-hand side of the beat was a bit through which we could not get the elephants. We should have been wise to have had stops in trees at that point as we had had in the beat at Kallia a few days before, for the tiger defeated us by getting away there. We left Wardrop to sit over the kill in the afternoon, and in his book on *Game Big Shooting* he gives an account of what happened. The tiger approached his machan and offered a decent shot, but Wardrop must have picked up his rifle rather quickly. The tiger appears to have been attracted by the glint of the barrels of his rifle and turned towards him, thus failing to give him exactly the shot which he expected. Nevertheless it was quite a good one, but the tiger made off. There was a good deal of blood on the grass, and Wardrop tracked the tiger without coming up to him. He had gone up into the hills. Three days later this tiger killed again in the jungle in which we originally found him. On our line entering the same beat he immediately came out to the stops at the top of it, six or seven hundred yards off, when Jack Atkinson shot him. The photograph shows where Wardrop's bullet had hit him in the forearm: it had set up beautifully and passed through the right arm, then up the shoulder and across to just above the

heart, but it had come into contact with no bone. The tiger was a fine one, 9 feet 5 inches in length and 365 lb. in weight. There were a number of porcupine quills beneath the skin on his back. The only correction I have to make in Wardrop's account of this event is that, whereas he puts the bet laid by him that we would not get the tiger after he had wounded it at thirty rupees to one, the real bet was forty to one.

Whymper had a very interesting experience while returning by train to Kathgodam. Of this he wrote : ' We saw a most curious sight soon after the train left Gularboj—a leopard sprang on a little calf and was half dragging and half carrying it, when the cow rushed up and boosted the leopard right up in the air over the grass which was not, of course, high : the leopard dropped the calf and vanished up a tree.'

We then moved east to Boksar. On the way there we watched the gold washers trying for gold in the Sona Nadi. They pay a very small fee and get enough to repay them for their toil. At Boksar we entered the Patli Dun, a lovely plain with beautiful forest all round it, watered by the Ramganga, which emerges from the hills a few miles below at Kalagarh on the road running from the Sarda on the east to the Ganges at Hardwar on the west and much frequented by Hindu pilgrims. In the bed of the river were large clumps of shisham trees, the new leaves of which were just sparkling in the sun. There are good bungalows at Boksar and Dhikala. Boksar has another name, Araghar. This country had once been occupied by a number of villages, the inhabitants of which had set at naught all regulations for protecting the forest and made the preservation and improvement of the timber impossible. Sir Henry Ramsay determined to prevent this and, having found an excellent alternative tract for the villagers, removed them to it and left the Patli Dun to be administered under the best conditions by the Forest De-

partment. Captain Read took over the management in 1854 and remained in charge till 1858. He seems to have paid little attention to conservation, but undertook felling operations on a large scale. He erected a saw-mill at Boksar, and that is how Boksar acquired its alternative name, which means the saw-house. Unfortunately, owing to a defect in the slope of the canal that was to afford the motive power, it was found impossible to work the saw-mill. The felled timber left by the contractors and Captain Read was exported and sold, and the machinery of the saw-mill was transferred to the Thomason Engineering College at Roorkee. Thus ended this ridiculous enterprise.

The weather continued unsettled and cloudy and cool for the time of year. One day the temperature in the shade at midday rose only to 83 degrees. Though both single tigers and families were tracked all round where we were, they all proved to be very restless. It was earlier in the year than we usually went to the jungles, and some of the tints were remarkably fine. The young green leaves of the shisham were very bright, while the leaves of the sal were yellow and ready to fall off directly there was a strong wind. The flowers on some of the other trees were purple, lilac and pink. After eight days we came to a delightful spot. The neighbouring hills are very dry, and at this point the first water is found. It was a very favourable spot for animals and birds. There were a number of deer, chital and sambar, and among birds the large hornbill, the hawk owl, the kalij pheasant and the red jungle fowl. As we arrived there, vultures were sitting in the trees anticipating the disturbance of the tigers, of whom there seemed to be two, when they would be able to swoop down and devour the kill. This the tigers had dragged some way, and unfortunately we were unable to pass through to our posts without disturbing them and moving the vultures. The beat was, of course, unsuccessful.

ful. We left Forrester, who had come to the camp the day before, behind to sit up in case the tigers should return to the kill. They did return, but not till late, and Forrester had a most eventful night. For a long time both tiger and tigress appear to have been moving about at the back of his machan. Eventually he shot the tigress (8 feet 10 inches), but the tiger continued to move about near him. Before Forrester left he got two more tigresses (8 feet 7 inches and 8 feet 8 inches). The only additions to the bag while he was with us for ten days were the three tigresses which he shot.

We lost a tiger close to Kaladhungi owing to very bad shooting. Two days after leaving Kaladhungi we heard that there was a tiger in the heavy grass and narkul at Madnapur. This had been a famous beat in my younger days but, since then, had rarely held a tiger. We were destined on this occasion to have a terrific fight with a heavy tiger. The tiger showed himself first to the guns in the line and Jack Campbell had two shots at him, one of which took effect. But it was a mistake to try to shoot the tiger in the line when he was going straight up to the stops, John Vaughan and Mouse Tomkinson. The result was that he tried to shirk off before he reached them. Tomkinson had two shots which drove him back into the grass : he was again fired at by Campbell and we then surrounded him. He refused to move at first and Wazir threw a soda-water bottle at him. He then moved along the line of elephants. He scratched the elephant (Lachmi) which was carrying the lunch basket, and had on her back the bhisti (water carrier) in attendance. By that time the tiger appeared not to be up to much, and went a short distance forward into very heavy grass. Lachmi lost her head, and charged forward at him. The tiger seized the elephant by the left leg above the knee and pulled her down. As she fell she pressed both the bhisti and the mahout (Ali Hasan Khan) on to the tiger. Both of them fell off,

and the bhisti ran hastily out of the way. The mahout's leg was broken above the ankle in three places, while the tiger mauled his left foot. We could not fire at the tiger for fear of hitting the mahout. The latter in the most plucky way succeeded in remounting the elephant. The elephant broke away, and someone was then able to kill the tiger. The elephant went wildly charging everything that came in its way. The mahout fell off again and, as he smelt of tiger, it was certain that the elephant would go for him. Campbell happened to have one cartridge with a solid bullet, and, with a marvellous shot, he hit her in the right place and killed her dead. We had feared that the mahout must be killed. We washed his wounds, and sent him off to the camp where the hospital assistant at once applied disinfectants and put on a temporary splint. This was a big active tiger (9 feet 9 inches, 432 lb.). The wounds inflicted on the elephant by him were frightful—in two places above the left knee, in two places on the trunk, and at the opening of the mouth and the palate. I gave the bhisti, on the spot, five rupees to buck him up temporarily. He disappeared and was not seen again in the camp.

On arrival in camp we found the mahout conscious and quite sensible. I sent a mounted man to the railway station a few miles off. The station master was very helpful and immediately arranged for an engine and carriage to take the mahout into Bareilly. There he arrived early next morning, and was met by the Civil Surgeon to whom I had telegraphed. We felt convinced from the first that the poor fellow's leg would have to be amputated. Dr. Woodwright, the civil surgeon, wrote the day after his arrival at Bareilly: 'His temperature on arrival here was 102.4. The injuries were very severe and left little doubt in my mind that amputation would be necessary, as the circulation of the foot was cut off, owing to the arteries having been torn

across by the claws of the tiger. However, there was just a chance, so I decided to wait till the morning in the hope that I might save the foot. This morning the circulation had not been restored, the foot was quite cold—and gangrene was threatening. Temperature 103 degrees. I accordingly amputated the leg, with the consent of the man—just above the middle. He bore the shock well and I trust he may do well.' Two days later the doctor reported favourably on the man's condition. As regards the fractures of the bones of the leg, he wrote that they were probably caused by the tiger seizing the leg in his jaws and that marks of his fangs were unmistakeable. The injury to the sole of the foot, tearing the flesh to the bone and injuring the blood vessel was, he found, due to a tear by the claw of the tiger. Two days later the doctor had to report that the amputation had not arrested the gangrene, which had extended to the flaps of the stump. However, a further operation did stop it effectively, and the man completely recovered. The result was due to his extraordinary pluck combined with the excellent treatment that Dr. Woodwright gave him. It is unlikely that a European mauled as the mahout was would have recovered. We gave him an artificial leg, and a present of several hundred rupees. I wrote to the Nawab of Rampur, who owned Lachmi, explaining what had happened, and he replied that Campbell had been quite right to shoot her in the circumstances. He also gave the mahout a pension. We arranged to place the money we gave him in the hands of someone who would look after it for him, an Englishman residing in Rampur. The mahout went in for selling firewood. He got tired of this arrangement, however, and came to my camp next year to ask that the money might be made over to him. I consented rather reluctantly, and he thereupon set about buying unsound elephants, patching them up and selling them at a profit.

This was a very speculative business, but he was wonderfully successful in one or two cases, and then lost a lot of money in another one, and so seriously reduced his capital. When I was in India in 1921 with Wyndham he came to see me, having brought with him his father-in-law, Abou Khan, who had been a cripple from birth. This poor man had to be carried about a hundred miles each way in order to excite my pity. I consulted Wazir and gave Ali Hasan Khan the sum which he advised.

Our camp was now joined by Jack Cowans, who had been with us before, in April 1909. There never was a cheerier companion in a shooting-camp. He had a magnificent orderly who sat behind him in the howdah. The chief duty of the orderly seemed to be to hand into and arrange in the howdah two small fascinating boxes, the contents of which were never disclosed to us. Jack Cowans was unmercifully chaffed about them, and they were dubbed 'Truffle box No. 1' and 'Truffle box No. 2.' On one occasion his elephant got a bit out of hand when bees were about, and his helmet got swept off. The lordly orderly lost no time in dismounting and recovering it. On another occasion I could not go out, as I was too busy. The route took the party through two villages where the villagers were much impressed by the stateliness of Jack Cowans' entourage and had no hesitation in hailing his master as an excellent substitute for a defaulting Lieutenant-Governor.

We wound up the shoot by beating the Motijhil. There we found a tiger and a leopard, both of which gave very good sport. The tiger we made out to be the cub which had escaped on the Damin Nadi in 1907. He was bad tempered, and very averse to coming on in front of the line. He mauled two pad elephants, and then charged Clutter's elephant before being fired at, jumping into mid-air. Clutter's shot kept him off his elephant, and he eventually got on to the



trunk of Cowans' elephant. He was shot while in that position by Cyril Murray, rather a dangerous business, as the elephant was doing all in its power to dislodge the tiger. However, this time the bullet did no harm to anything but the tiger. Vaughan shot a very good leopard, which also fought, in the same high narkul that the tiger was lying in. The tiger was 9 feet 4 inches in length and weighed 355 lb. : the leopard 7 feet 7 inches and its weight 127 lb. Two pad elephants were unfortunately mauled, but not badly. We had had recent experience in which several tigers had charged the line and injured some of the pad elephants, and in beating out the grass on this day the line was not too keen as it got near to the tiger. Before the beat Moti had told me that he had served out some ticks taken off tigers' bodies to some of the younger mahouts as he considered that they had not been showing enough courage during recent beats. I had not thought before about tigers having ticks on them, but no doubt they are like other animals, liable to attract them, and it was great news that the ticks on him could, like everything else connected with the tiger, be relied on to impress courage on the person inoculated with them. Moti told me that he had taken some of this tonic himself: in his case it was quite unnecessary as it is impossible to contemplate the existence of a braver man. It was a very cool day for the 14th April, the temperature being 92 degrees in the shade. This had been the case for some days, and it had interfered with our finding tigers.

Our party assembled in the extreme east of the Tarai for the last time at the beginning of April, 1912. It had been raining; the fresh leaves of the pipal and shisham were particularly bright, and the kachnar was in full flower. In the neighbourhood of Banbasa, where the Sarda divides Kumaun from Nepal, we found the practice of burying cholera corpses in the river in full swing. This practice in

respect of deaths from smallpox we also noticed on the Dabka to the west of the district. It is apparently resorted to owing to the fear that cremation may offend, for some unknown reason, the goddess who caused the death. The whole aspect of the neighbourhood of Banbasa has been altered since those days by the establishment of the headworks of the great Sarda Canal which carries irrigation down into the districts of Rohilkhand and Oudh. The weather continued cloudy, and we heard for some days little about tigers except the existence of an occasional track.

One day, on the way to a beat some distance off, we were proceeding along the forest fireline. The howdah and most of the line had gone on, and we were riding (nine of us) along the road about a mile east of Jaula Sal, on pad elephants. We had to descend a cutting, and on the level of the road above it a fine male leopard was stretched at full length, sunning himself and panting. He allowed us all to pass within fifteen feet of him. We had with us neither camera nor rifle, of which he must have been aware. It was on this fireline, and not far off from this spot, that C. H. Roberts and Whympers once saw a tiger walking along with a chital stag on either side of him and within a few feet of him, but not in the least disturbed at his presence.

To the west, in the upper part of the Reala, Ramsay Gordon got a very fine tiger (10 feet 4 inches). I was not able to weigh him, but he must have been about five hundred pounds. Quite recently he had killed a bear. The forest guard had a theory that he jumped on the bear's back from a point of vantage. He was a very wily customer. He sought to get out by a small nulla, and went right up to the gun on my right. The tiger saw the elephant before he was seen himself, and I could hear his feet pattering on the leaves as he hastily retreated. His point then was to cross to the other side of the beat while the line was still some

way off, and he had a run just below the level of the ground a little way in front of me. As he emerged from this he stopped to reconnoitre and Gordon had an easy shot at him.

After some days we reached the well-known camp at Unchagaon. We found the Motijhil in fine order, with first-rate grass in the north end. The grass on the plain to the north-west had been burnt, so there was no means for the tigress and three large cubs, whom we found, to retreat, except to the forest on our right, as we were beating the grass to the north. It would be impossible to have greater excitement in front of a line of elephants. The tigress (8 feet 10 inches) was killed by a very fine shot of Jack Atkinson's as she was escaping into the forest. The cubs were : one male (7 feet 6 inches) and two females (7 feet 2 inches). A bear rushing about in the grass with the tigers added to the excitement. It was not fired at.

Lorna got a tigress (8 feet 10 inches) about this time, and Sir Fleetwood Wilson and Sir Henry Richards each got one (8 feet 11 inches and 8 feet 4 inches, respectively) before they left. We experienced a great deal of trouble with bees, and Ludovic got badly stung and incapacitated for a day or two. Clutter got two very good leopards (7 feet 9 inches and 7 feet 6 inches).

On 15th April we arrived at the camp from which Bangajadha is accessible. There was rumour of a black leopard in the lower beat, but we were not destined to see it. However, we moved a tiger from the lower into the middle beat, up to Ward, who hit him. He then broke back through the line and we had to turn it round and send the stops to the other end and beat the cover down. It was very heavy, and the tiger a very big one, and it looked as if we might not get him padded without great difficulty. The presence of a herd of wild elephants in the same forest, close by, who were showing some interest in our proceedings, did not

make our task easier. Each time a rifle went off they trumpeted. I had been, for some days, riding, instead of Hirakali, a very fine male elephant, Raj Bahadur, belonging to a large landholder in Pilibhit. He went 'must' after the elephants had assembled near the cover where we were going to change from our pads into howdahs. Jack Campbell kindly let me transfer my howdah to a very good female called Belle, and Raj Bahadur was sent to camp. On his way out he had attacked a smaller tusker belonging to the Zamindar of Kunkata in the Tarai and injured it and the mahout. As we were beating the wounded tiger down the grass, all the elephants being on the qui vive, and they as well as their mahouts and riders momentarily expecting a charge, we came to a small nullah intersecting the grass. The tiger, as they often will do when hunted in this way, took up a position of vantage on the far side of the nullah and bit the first elephant to come up, very severely, in the trunk. He then went on. A little ahead I got a chance at him and hit him about eighteen inches behind the shoulder with a shot from my '350 Rigby, and that finished him. He was a very fine tiger, 10 feet 4 inches, standing slightly higher than the one of the same length which we got a week before, and possibly a little younger. When we padded this tiger the herd of wild elephants was within about one hundred yards of us, and we were quite glad when we left them behind. On our way home we passed the spot where the tiger had held up the pad elephant on which Whympers and I were returning to camp in 1896.

We now marched to Haldwani, where I had an important piece of business to do. The business that called me to Haldwani was the invitation from the members of the Naini Tal District Board to open, on the 17th April, the hospital there, constructed from District and Government funds. It was dedicated to the joint names of Sir Henry Ramsay,

Mr. J. C. Macdonald, Mr. C. H. Roberts and Mr. C. H. Berthoud, all of whom had in their lifetime given splendid service to the people of Kumaun. A central hospital in this situation was designed to be of great benefit to the people of the Tarai and Bhabar, who suffer much from the scourge of malaria.

I took the opportunity of explaining publicly once more why it had been necessary years before to restrict, in the interests of the greater number, the indiscriminate burning, felling and lopping of the forests in Kumaun, a restriction which had been the subject of constant complaint to me during my tours in the hills. I was able to announce that a scheme had been devised to make the restriction rest as lightly as possible on the people, and to secure to the District Boards, from the working of the forests, more adequate funds for the improvement of schools, dispensaries and communications, for the benefit of the people in the hills, who had been obliged for the public good to surrender what they considered their legitimate rights.

At Barení Chiddh, the old Bhuksa padhan of Haripur, who joined us at Bailpara in 1909, reappeared—still hearty. Here we had five bees' nests in the camp, and a considerable number joined us in the tent during dinner, but they did no harm. We had two or three days of very stormy weather at the foot of the hills. A number of tigers were seen wandering about, but the weather was very cold for the time of the year and they would not locate themselves by killing the baits. After several days we came across a very lively tigress (8 feet 8 inches) in the jungle about the springs of the Baur River which emerges from the hills at Kaladhungi. She was beaten up by the line through a lovely bit of pilu cover to the stops and was wounded, by Douglas Straight, in the stomach. She came back roaring at the line, and I fired at her through some thick cover and missed her entirely. The next elephant to



ELEPHANT IN A QUICKSAND



ELEPHANTS BEING BATHED



me was carrying the lunch and was driven by the father of the mahout who was injured at Madnapur in 1910. The tigress gave a terrific roar, and with a wonderful spring seized the gadeli on which the mahout was sitting. The mahout's stirrups gave way from the shock, and he fell off. There was still on the elephant Nur Ali, our table servant, who slipped off on the left, the opposite side from my elephant. Here were two men on the ground, and the tigress might fall off and attack them at any moment. So I had to shoot, whatever the risk of hitting the elephant, which was, of course, doing everything it could to shake the tigress off. In addition, my elephant was rather upset. My shot hit the tigress in the back, and she fell, absolutely disabled, with her teeth still closed on the gadeli. My elephant and the mahout had had enough of it, so they made a bolt from the scene. Looking back I could see the two men running about, with the tigress under the gadeli, Nur Ali's white pagri at her head and the mahout's yellow one at her tail, and the other things that had been on the elephant, in inextricable confusion. Charrington came up and killed the tigress. She died with her teeth still embedded in the gadeli, and they could not be moved till we prized her jaws apart on return to camp. The mahout was rather badly contused by his fall. The elephant had severe claw marks on the left ear, and, from the hind foot, lower down on the trunk. When we were measuring the tigress and trying to restore order, we were attacked by bees. Some of us moved away to the riverside, and got rid of them fairly soon. The other guns who had been on stop came up to see the tigress and were then attacked. Most people got a sting or two. Lorna had three, Neil Haig and Charrington seven each, and I got eight. I had on only a solaro shirt, without a coat. None of us had any time to make use of our bee-nets. There was a great collection of butterflies of many kinds flitting about the actual site of the springs.



At Sandni I got a tigress (9 feet 2 inches—292 lb.). As we were measuring her we heard a Shama singing. Osma has found a nest once in the plain below, but this is about the extreme limit north to which the Shama, the best songster in India, extends. We passed down the Kachuli stream by the Fairy Glen to Kiari in the plain. I had had brown trout put into this stream, which seemed to be quite suitable, in 1908. Then in 1910, at the end of the rains, there was a torrential and prolonged storm in the course of which the Ramganga, in the Patli Dun, rose about ninety feet, and the Kachuli stream was simply knocked to pieces. Its delightful pools were destroyed by boulders, and all the trout killed.

At Kiari we passed out of the Kotah block of the Garhwal Forest Division, and re-entered the Tarai, where, however, we did no good. I said a regretful farewell to my old friends the forest guards, Bahadur Singh, Pirpanji and Mahbub, who had in past years given me great assistance. As we were leaving camp at Kiari, after breakfast, a man came in with the news that there was a big snake in the water flowing round the camp. Several of us went there, one with a gun, and we got the snake into the distributary where the water was running fairly fast. He proved to be a Hamadryad, and did his best to get out at us, but was easily killed. He measured just over twelve feet. As already mentioned, the hamadryad is very local, but a number have been seen at times in this neighbourhood. Not very long before, Osma had killed an eight-foot one with a stick near Sitabani.

May 5th was Lorna's birthday, and we had good khabar from the beat near Bijrani in the Garhwal Forest Division. This is a grand beat, with ratwa at the south end, then some narkul with very sticky going in it, and a lot of nice jamun cover to the north and east. There are hills on either side. On a previous occasion a large tiger had escaped us and got away to the hills on the right of the line owing, we thought, to

some slackness in beating out the heavy nal cover. We had an idea that we were after the same tiger, and I was very hopeful that Lorna would get this tiger. She was in the centre position as stop, with Cleveland and Ronaldson on her left, and Osma and I on her right, in that order. Unfortunately, the tiger, though making the point that we expected, took a course a little to the right, and went direct to Osma, who hit him very severely. Simultaneously, I saw the flick of the tigress's ear in the grass to my half-left-front, about thirty yards off. As the line came on, the tiger crossed at a slow canter, about thirty yards in front of me, and was disposed of by a shot behind the shoulder. At the same time the tigress came by, at the gallop, on my right and I knocked her over. The tiger measured 10 feet (462 lb.) and tigress 8 feet 8 inches (260 lb.), a very nice day's sport, but we all wished that the tiger had stuck more closely to the route that he had taken when previously hunted. As we moved on, we found the country very dry and the leaf very backward, especially that of the bakli, and none of the amaltas was in flower. The appearance of the forest was much more like that of the Central Provinces sal forests than it usually is. Water was very scarce, and, though there were constant thunder-storms, little rain fell. The Ringora sot, where we were so lucky in 1908, was as dry as a bone. At Mailani there was a stampee of some camels during a storm. There were hundreds of holes in the cotton and bargad trees, in which paroquets of various kinds were nesting. Every mahout, charkata and hanger-on on the elephants had at least one wooden cage with a young paroquet of sorts in it.

We eventually had some luck in the Jara sot, which adjoins the Takia sot. It was a very hot day. In the beat there was some fine grass and shisham and wild rose, and plenty of water. We found a tigress and two large male cubs, about fifteen months old. They were very restless. Lorna shot

the tigress (9 feet—293 lb.) and Forrester and Clutter the cubs. They gave great sport, and the tigress manœuvred gallantly to protect her cubs.

The prevalence of the east wind, however, continued to militate against us. According to the meteorological report for the United Provinces and the Punjab, for one day in the second week in May not a single station reported the occurrence of a west wind. This is the hot wind which should blow daily at this time, to ensure the ultimate draught of the monsoon up the Gangetic plain. On May 17th we went to Paterpani where we had good khabar. When we got to Paterpani we found a big male elephant in the beat, but the tiger had gone out up a small sot leading into a neighbouring hill. Osma and Clutter went on a pad to reconnoitre and saw him lying at his ease in the breeze, under a shisham tree, quite free from alarm. The east wind is damp and makes the grass so oppressively hot that a tiger will not lie in it. While the west wind prevails, he suffers much from flies unless he gets into heavy grass. Through that the west wind comes cool, just as it comes cool into one's house through a wet khaskhas tatti (screen). The east wind, on the other hand, comes hot and stuffy through a tatti. We had our lunch and left Forrester behind, near the tiger's kill. He was able to take up a very suitable position on rising ground by the fireline, on the opposite side of which he had the kill in view. At dusk the other denizens of the jungle all announced the coming of the tiger. He swaggered along the fireline, coming on Forrester's left, and then turned off to the kill on his own left. The sense of smell is not very acute in the tiger, but he saw that the ground had been trampled down by tame elephants, and he did not take long to become suspicious. He turned at once to go away, and Forrester shot him at 6.15 and arrived, with his quarry, in time for dinner, at the camp at Dhikala, having got a remarkably fine tiger (9 feet 11 inches—

482 lb.). We had two or three stormy days before we reached Hathikund at the head of the valley of the Sona Nadi. The whole of the valley and the surrounding hills were appallingly dry. We found several places where tigers had been airing themselves under trees. I got a message from Bharat Sinha that there was a big tiger near Saneh, and sent a reply that he had better shoot it as soon as possible. This he did, and a photograph taken of him astraddle on it showed that it must have been a really big one. The pool at Hathikund (elephant's pool), which was so full the last time we were here, had only six inches of water in it.

We came to the conclusion that the weather and state of the jungle were very unfavourable for any further pursuit of tigers, and reluctantly said our last farewell, a very reduced party, to Hathikund. We got on to the railway at Saneh.

## *Chapter Eleven*

### VISITS TO MIRZAPUR

WHILST our expeditions were usually made to the Tarai and foothills of the Himalaya, we sometimes wandered to the Mirzapur district, in the extreme south of the United Provinces. This is a very large district, with an area of over 5,000 square miles. It touches the State of Sarguja on the south, the territories of the Maharaja of Rewa on the south-west, and the province of Bihar on the east. The Maharaja of Benares had large estates in the district, which were then separately administered from the rest of it, by an officer called 'The Deputy Superintendent of the Family Domains' and now form part of the State constituted in 1911. In the 'Domains' at Chakia, amid some beautiful scenery, he very strictly maintained a large preserve for sport. The late Maharaja, Sir Prabhu Narayan Singh, was a very keen sportsman, and during his lifetime his son, the present Maharaja, got no opportunity of going after tiger in the Chakia reserve. Percy Wyndham, the Collector of Mirzapur, made friends with the young man, and got him some sport occasionally in his district. Later on, after I had left India, and Wyndham had become Commissioner of Kumaun, he helped him there also. The old Maharaja used to keep himself very fit for his sport by physical exercises after the Indian fashion. Even towards the end of his life he could put a bullet through a small coin,

about the size of a halfpenny, thrown into the air. He had a wonderful armoury in his palace at Ramnagar, now the capital of the state, on the Ganges, opposite to Benares. In it was a sporting gun of portentous length and size. It had been purchased by his grandfather from a Turk in 1810. It weighed 28 lb. ; the length of the barrel was 5 feet 1 inch, and its circumference 7 inches. The length of barrel and stock was 6 feet 8 inches, the charge of powder  $4\frac{1}{2}$  drams, and the weight of the bullet  $1\frac{3}{4}$  ounces. The Maharaja assured me that he had known some of his sirdars in the old days to fire it from the shoulder, but this had not been done for some time. It must have been an unpleasant performance.

One of the reasons which made the country south of the Son River, in parts very hilly and everywhere very jungly, such a good place for tiger-hunting is that the tigers, at one time of the year preying on the cattle in the grazing grounds of the Mirzapur district, were able to follow the herds to the jungles of the Rewa or Sarguja States when the grazing was better there, and to return with them when they were attracted back to the tracts nearer home. There was a wonderful old Hindu priest, Sri Mohan Jai Ram Gir, who had large property in Mirzapur and took a great interest in sport. In 1885 he published a book (a copy is in my possession) of *Useful Instruction in Shooting*, printed in English and Hindi in parallel columns. There he lays down the general principles of hunting, in thirteen chapters, with a number of very amusing illustrations.

In the Ganges valley, in the north of the Mirzapur district, there is a tract of highly cultivated land. In it are situated the fort of Chunar, which has an important history, and, at Bindhachal, the celebrated temple of Debi. This was the shrine to which the Thugs, before Sir William Sleeman put an end to their terrible atrocities, used to take their ill-gotten

gains to the priests, for dedication of the share due to Debi, their patron goddess.

In the tracts south of the Son, largely inhabited by men of low caste and aborigines, the religion followed is usually Animism tinged, to a varying extent, with Hinduism. One of the most noticeable practices is the exorcism of spirits and demons through two personages, the Baiga and the Ojha. As the worship of demons and ghosts, whom they greatly fear, is very prevalent among the aborigines, these two functionaries are very important. We have already come across the Baiga in the Satpura districts of the Central Provinces. Here in Mirzapur he does not belong to a sub-caste of his own, but may belong to one of several different castes. The Ojha is, in the Gangetic valley, a low-class Brahman: in the tracts south of the Son, the Baiga, who is invariably drawn from the aboriginal races, takes his place.

Wyndham, the Collector, took charge of us when we came to Mirzapur. He had an unequalled knowledge of the country and the people, as well as of the shikar to be got. He had many tales of the extraordinary influence of the Baiga in these wild communities. In his capacity of priest the Baiga claimed to have special powers of curing disease as well as of exorcising evil spirits. The most numerous of the aboriginal tribes in Mirzapur are the Kols. Wyndham had a family of Kols, whom he employed as his shikaris. The head of the family, whose name was Behari, was described by Wyndham as the finest stalker of sambar in Mirzapur, and as knowing more about the habits of tiger, bear and panther than any forest guard ever born. He married three wives and had nine sons, Sukht, Raghunandan, Mohan, Pargash, Bandhan, Padarath and three others. Sukhu took on the job of running the home farm. Raghunandan took service with the Maharaja of Benares. When we went out with Wyndham

he had Mohan, Pargash and Bandhan working with him.

The way these men did their work opened one's eyes, and their knowledge of the habits of the different animals was nothing less than marvellous. It was a treat to see them at work, and gave one at least half the pleasure of going out shooting in Mirzapur. Also, as will be told later on, I owe my escape from a very bad accident to the presence of mind and strength of Mohan. Bandhan died in 1916 and was succeeded by Padarath. To all these four sons of his, Behari had imparted his knowledge of the jungle and the wild beasts inhabiting it. They could not imagine that any country could exist in which there were no tigers.

The jungle in the Mirzapur district is quite different from that in the northern part of the United Provinces. There are none of the swamps and big savannahs, such as exist at the foot of the Himalaya, and no sal forests. The country is very like certain parts of the Central Provinces. It is very hilly and there are a number of small rivers. There are large grazing areas and much low scrub jungle and many mahua trees, which have two very valuable, as well as a number of minor, uses. The flower is very generally used for food, and its seed for the expression of oil. There is a good deal of dhak, the flame of the forest, on which the lac insect is cultivated on a large scale for the production of shellac, and cotton tree. An interesting tree is the tendu, the black heart-wood of which provides ebony, while its fruit is popular with jungle tribes. As in the Central Provinces, it is impossible, owing to the irregular features of the terrain, to use a line of elephants with which to beat the tiger out of the jungle. The same practice is followed, viz., to beat the jungle with men towards a bottle-neck where the most important machan is placed, the tiger being checked from leaving the jungle during



the beat by a row of stops, in trees on either side of the beat.

We were in camp at Obra for Christmas, 1907, on a beautiful site on the Rihand River, a tributary of the Son, which rises in the Udaipur State of Chutia Nagpur. We had fair success for the time of year, but the chief event was a disaster. In the course of the day we had to travel twenty-five to thirty miles, on elephants, to a distant hilly jungle, full of ebony trees, which, strangely enough, Wyndham had never visited before. We found a tigress with two cubs almost as big as herself, but there was not time to make a proper survey of the ground, and the quarry beat us. We last saw the tigers galloping on a plateau some five hundred yards off. We did not get home till after ten o'clock, and we had a bitterly cold ride. This was about the worst day I ever experienced hunting tigers, and with a little more luck and more knowledge of how to manœuvre the beat it might so easily have ranked among the best.

Our next visit to the district just before Christmas 1909 took us to the extreme south of it—to Dudhi, which lies ninety-five miles south-east of Mirzapur, and thence along the road leading to the north of the district. At the small town of Dudhi (population about 1,700) there is an establishment of the London Missionary Society dating from 1862. The resident European missionary had done much good work, and made the mission very popular. The tract, of which Dudhi is the headquarters, is a Government estate, and I was anxious to see the conditions there. Consequently, there was a good deal for me to do besides shooting. Nevertheless, in the course of a tour of a little over a fortnight, members of the party got a good deal of sport and the bag included four good tigers, while one was lost. One of the tigers measured 9 feet 7½ inches and was the heaviest tiger that I ever weighed (570 lb.). I nearly came to grief in the hunt

for him. After I had wounded him he tried to get out on the left of the beat and, when checked by the stops, came dashing down over the rocks on the right of my machan. In order to get a shot at him I had to lean out towards my right, and in doing so caused the front part of the machan to give way. Mohan, who was with me, seized hold of both my legs, and enabled me to recover my position in the machan. How he did so is quite beyond my comprehension. Had I fallen, it would have been on the top of a collection of rocks fifteen to twenty feet below, and a fall like this would have been very dangerous indeed. So it can easily be imagined that I have always felt under great obligation to Mohan. The tiger passed my machan, and was fired at several times by other guns and ultimately killed at some distance behind me.

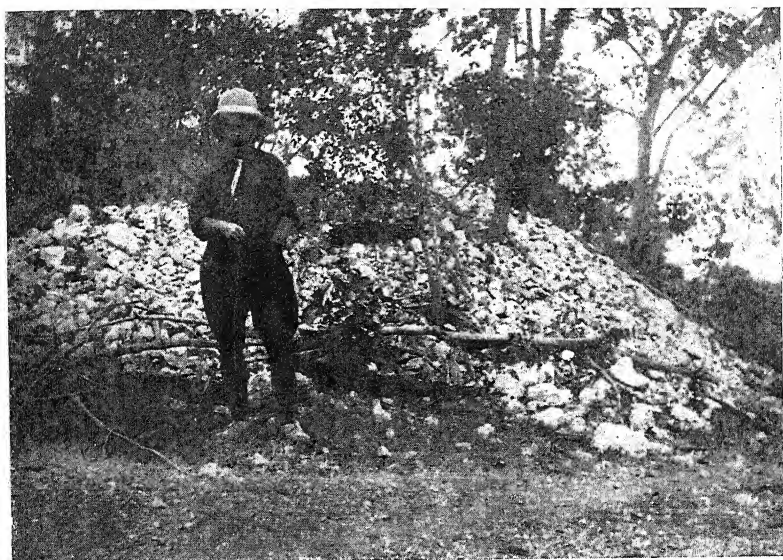
We paid a visit to Gaharwargaon, the home of the Raja of Singrauli. He is a Benbansi Rajput personage of some importance, owning over 100 revenue-free villages in British territory in the Mirzapur district, and also nearly two hundred villages in the Rewa State. He was also in receipt of a ten per cent allowance on the rent collections of the Government's Dudhi Estate.

On our way from Robertsganj towards the railway, we turned off for two days, in response to an invitation from the Maharaja of Benares, to Chakia, nearly forty miles from where we intended to entrain for Allahabad. We were able to do this long march in one day, entirely owing to the assistance which the Maharaja gave us. Of course we saw no tiger, but got a bear and several very fair sambar. At Chakia the beats were not up to machans on trees, but to patuas, which consist chiefly of branches on the ground, so that it was necessary to be sure that one's shot at a bear should be as accurate as possible. I never saw a tiger coming up to a patua, but a

bear or leopard advancing towards one is quite exciting enough.

When the question arose as to how best to arrange some tiger-shooting for the German Crown Prince during his visit to India in the cold weather of 1910-11, Wyndham agreed to run a shoot in Mirzapur. We had to keep the numbers of the party as low as possible, so half the German staff and the whole of the British staff remained in Allahabad. General Count zu Dohna, Count Finck von Finckenstein and Dr. Widenmann accompanied the Crown Prince, and the others in the camp were Wyndham, Ramsay Gordon, O'Meara, the Civil Surgeon of Mirzapur, and myself.

During a week's outing the Prince got one large tiger, a tigress and two big cubs, and Finck von Finckenstein got another good tiger, which was beaten up to the Prince and should have given him an easy shot had he remained quiet in his machan. The tigress and cubs were shot on the last day and, after the beat, we had to make our way as quickly as possible to Ahraura Road, where our special train was, and reached Allahabad railway station by seven-forty-five. The tigers were sent to Chunar, a nearer railway station, and, like ourselves, duly reached Government House before dinner-time. It is not in the least likely that three unskinned tigers had ever been conveyed to Government House before. This was in truth a wonderful end to a most successful shoot. Its success was entirely due to Wyndham's knowledge and the excellent way in which his wild men seconded his efforts. Neither he, nor I, nor anyone else, however, had the faintest hope that our expedition, taken at about the coldest, and therefore the most unsuitable, period of the year for locating tigers, would result in such a bag. We had a busy evening on arrival at Allahabad. The Prince had to attend a dinner-party at the German Consul's house, and then a ball given by the officers of the Middlesex regiment to celebrate the



A BAGHAUT



THE RAJA OF SINGRAULI



centenary of the battle of Albuera. It was at this ball that he first met the little Burmese ex-princess, his acquaintance with whom led to so many incorrect and exaggerated stories.

The Ex-Crown Prince published some photographs, which I took on this expedition, in a book which he wrote. He gave a proper account of the shooting expedition in that book. But, in its issue of July 13th, 1933, the *Sunday Dispatch* published an article purporting to be written by the Ex-Crown Prince and entitled 'How a scandalous story was born about me—that "Harem Escapade" lie.' At this point it is only necessary to refer to the ridiculous travesty of our shoot that is contained in this article. I am convinced that it was not composed by the Prince, as I am described as Sir John Havitt, 'my host in the Central Provinces, the Governor of that district,' while I have received a number of letters from him with my proper address. According to the writer, on dismounting from his elephant, he started the steep ascent of the hills on foot. The native hunters crept ahead of him like foxes. Eventually, after one of the beaters had turned round, 'his eyes glowing with weird fire as he whispered excitedly "Bagha" (big cat),' and, after a further wait of two hours on a vantage point jutting out of the hill like a 'pulpit whose roof consists of branches and reeds', a 'streak of gold' moved slowly towards him, and the 'training of the huntsman is such' that he 'took aim automatically' and successfully disposed of the tiger. It is hard on the public that such a travesty should be offered to it as this account of a very carefully managed tiger-shoot; and it is astounding that such rubbish could be published in a reputable newspaper.

This little account of shooting in Mirzapur may suitably end with a photograph of Wyndham standing by a pile of stones erected by the votive offerings of countless passers-by

for a very long series of years, and known as a 'baghaut'. The pile commemorates the death of some poor creature years ago killed by a tiger. Each stone added to the pile carries a prayer from the person adding it that he or she may be saved from such a death. Wyndham's figure testifies to the size of the pile. It is ages since there was a tiger on the spot where the original crime took place.

## *Chapter Twelve*

### VISITS TO NEPAL

NEPAL, being foreign territory, was not part of the country which Mr. Macdonald directed me to hunt every year, but it was the Mecca of all military and civil officers fortunate enough to be stationed near its boundaries and able to obtain a pass and to arrange for elephants. The visit of Evetts, Bunn, Fell and myself in 1888 has already been referred to. We had passes in Hindi allowing us to shoot several tigers, with strict instructions in them not to shoot either rhinoceros or buffalo. However, we were not likely to see either of these animals in the western part of the Nepal Tarai, though time was when they could have been found there. In Oke-den's day, buffalo were not uncommon in the Nepal, and even in the Kumaun, Tarai. When Mr. Macdonald joined up in the Kumaun Tarai, there were still a few buffalo. But when I went there in 1881 they had long ago ceased to be found in Kumaun, and I never heard of them being about in the western end of the Nepal Tarai. The last rhinoceros obtained in these parts was shot by the Hon. R. Drummond, I believe, near the boundary of the Pilibhit district in the early seventies.

Parties for the Nepal Tarai used to start from Bareilly, where at that time it was easy to obtain the loan of good elephants from the Rampur State, or to hire them from the headquarters of the Commissariat Department there. The passage across the Sarda from Bareilly could be undertaken by Mela



Ghat in the Tarai district or Mundia Ghat, a little to the east, in the Pilibhit district, usually the latter. Other parties used to enter Nepal from Oudh, where the Maharaja of Balrampur had a good stable of elephants, and it was the practice of a number of other talukdars to keep a few elephants.

The Nepal Tarai is a narrow belt, varying from ten to thirty miles to the foothills. Permits to shoot are not given except within portions of this narrow belt. It consists partly of thick forests and dense undergrowth, but in other parts are open spaces and again heavy swamps with high grass. This latter type of country is more extensive to the east where Nepal adjoins the province of Bengal.

There are necessarily many small matters, among them the frequent extradition of accused persons from either side, in which the Nepal Government and that of the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh do their best to assist one another. Between 1903 and 1929, when he died, Maharaja Sir Chandra Shamsher was the Prime Minister and Marshal of the Nepal State. The Maharaja of Nepal, who is the titular ruler of the State, exercises no power, which is centred in the hands of the Minister. Sir Chandra Shamsher was a most enlightened man, who has left a great record of work done for the people of his State. I had the pleasure of meeting him at the Durbar held in 1903 to celebrate the coronation of King Edward VII, and our acquaintance was renewed when I came to the United Provinces in 1907. Among other acts of courtesy, he always sent me a most beautifully decorated Christmas card, usually depicting some scene from Nepal. We naturally got into communication soon after my arrival in the United Provinces in 1907, and Sir Chandra Shamsher was, during my five years there, most kind in giving me invitations to shoot in Nepal and to bring my friend the Maharaja of Balrampur with me.

The latter's adoptive father, Maharaja Sir Digbijai Singh,



MAHARAJA SIR CHANDRA SHAMSHER



had been one of the five talukdars of Oudh who remained loyal throughout the Mutiny and was a great friend of Jung Bahadur of Nepal, who brought troops to our assistance at the time.

The Nepal Tarai east of the Sarda River and north of Oudh had been ceded by the Nepal Government under the treaty of 1816. In consequence of the assistance given by Jung Bahadur with Nepalese troops to the British Government during the Mutiny, the Government of India, by a treaty concluded in 1860, restored to Nepal the country at the foot of the hills on the frontier of Oudh. In his book, already quoted, Sir Edward Braddon criticized Jung Bahadur on the ground that he treated this Nepalese Tarai as a close preserve and discouraged human settlement. He wrote: 'In the broad belt of country between the hills and the Oudh frontier, cultivation was conspicuously absent.' This is all changed now: the country has been tapped by extensions of the Bengal and North-Western Railway to Nepal from the neighbouring districts of Oudh. Large areas have been brought under cultivation, and the process is constantly extending. The forests at the foot of the hills have provided very large amounts of timber, and particularly of sleepers, for export into British India.

There are a number of railway stations, connected with Lucknow, which give easy access to a camp in the Nepal Tarai, and it was as easy to get my daily post delivered to them as to a camp in the Kumaun Tarai, or the Bijnor and Garhwal districts. A few of us went for nine days in May 1908, and in the little outing Houston got a very good tiger (9 feet 10 inches). We also got two tigresses, three leopards and two bears.

We had one day when we had first-rate news of three tigers, but our chances were entirely spoiled by bees. The tigers were in a lovely patch of cane brake but so were the

bees. The latter seem to like cane and cotton trees equally well. They were in a rare temper, the wild tribe (Rajis) who rob them of their honey having been disturbing them in the past few days. We had no chance of dealing with the tigers, and were incontinently turned out of the jungle. I have never seen bees so wild. As they were persecuting my elephant by their attacks, I took it some distance away into the open, dismounted and told the mahout to go to camp. Later on I found a mahout on a pad elephant belonging to the Pilibhit district. He and the small boy with him had been very severely stung. I picked any number of the bases of the bees' stings out of their foreheads. As I had a good bee-net I was myself protected. We went on in order to rejoin the others. On the way we were constantly attacked, as the bees were still more infuriated by the scent of their fellows who had been killed. Eventually the whole party drew up round a large fire and there we stayed all day. Faunthorpe had a miserable thing like a pocket-handkerchief to serve for a bee-net and got badly stung. So long as we kept close round the fire we could avoid further stings, but once we got outside the radius of protection the bees were on us again. We had to wait till they moved off at sunset. Considering the heat of the day (17th May), standing immediately by a large fire for hours, with the neighbourhood heated by a number of other fires, was very trying. When I got back to camp I found my howdah full of dead bees and the barrels of my rifles choked with them. In a published account of this unfortunate day Faunthorpe waxed—and very rightly—merry, saying that, from the pace I legged it off on my elephant, he had anticipated being debited with the loss of a Lieutenant-Governor.

In March, 1909, we were in camp for a few days in the Gonda and Bahraich districts. These two districts, especially Bahraich, had not recovered entirely from the famine of

1908, having a rather scanty monsoon, while other districts had had a bountiful fall of rain. I was anxious to determine on the spot whether further relief was necessary. At Piparia we had a tiger beat to machans. Two tigers were put up and everything was going on well when, half-way up the beat, they disappeared. We tracked them to a cave and left Gordon to sit up. We were glad, from camp, to hear him fire at about six o'clock and he duly accounted for the male (8 feet 11 inches—368 lb.), but the tigress never showed herself. Eustace Crawley and Val Pollok each got a tigress in the Bahraich district. The Maharaja of Balrampur had asked us and our party to go with him for a shoot in Nepal to which the Minister had invited us both. We accordingly moved on from British territory to Kumdhik, twelve miles north of the Nepalganj Road railway station. All along from Nepalganj till we reached camp was close rice cultivation. There were a good many tigers about, but it was rather early to locate them properly. We did fairly well, though we should have done considerably better. One day, when four full-grown animals were in a beat near the foothills, all escaped except one.

The last three days before we returned to Nepalganj Road I was so much occupied that I could not leave my desk. On the twenty-third a tigress with three, possibly four, cubs was found. The Maharaja of Balrampur shot a large cub. The tigress was very troublesome and charged the line before she had been fired at. She was shot (8 feet 5 inches—250 lb.) with some difficulty by Broun, who had to get out of his machan to follow her up. She was very thin and very furious. She attacked and injured three of the beaters. It did not appear that their wounds were at all serious. They were attended to by the hospital assistant in camp, immediately, and sent to the hospital at Bahraich. They went on very well for about two months, and their recovery seemed certain

when two of them, to my deep regret, succumbed to septic pneumonia. This was the only instance of any fatal injury to any one that I ever experienced out tiger-shooting.

A very fine tiger (9 feet 7 inches—487 lb.) and tigress (8 feet 10 inches—347 lb.) which had been shot by Hill Child were at the end of the expedition brought in to the Nepalganj station. Bees had always been very prevalent in the extreme west of the Nepal Tarai but we came across none on this outing. We were told that there were many tigers to the north of where we went.

In the following February we paid a short visit to Kumdhik. The weather was very unsettled and we did not do much good, except that Willie Holmes and Rattle Barrett between them disposed of a very fine male tiger (9 feet 11 inches—488 lb.).

On the morning before we were breaking up camp we received news from three places, two within easy distance, the third six or eight miles off. We made the mistake of trying to do too much and the result of thirty-two shots during the day was that a full-grown tiger, two tigresses and one cub escaped, while two cubs were retrieved. This is about the worst day's shooting that I have ever heard of, and naturally we were all much depressed.

In the spring of 1912 we made an abortive attempt to go to the Sarju valley. Sir Chandra Shamsher wrote me a delightful letter agreeing to our going there and sent a pass to Kifa Khan to go on behalf of the Balrampur authorities at the end of January, to the officer in charge at Nepalganj, who was instructed to depute two of his men to go with Kifa Khan and give him necessary assistance. The official at Nepalganj (Colonel Kumar Jung Rana) deputed Chedi Darogha, who had been with me in 1909, to assist Kifa Khan. It was a great concession to be allowed to go to the Sarju valley. No one had been on a shooting expedition there



COL. KUMAR JUNG RANA



YAK





since the time of Jung Bahadur. It had the reputation of being a lovely valley, with low hills on either side of the stream, and full of game of all sorts, from elephants downwards. Very little was known about the means of getting about. At the end of November, 1911, Sir Chandra Shamsher wrote that he did not think that there was anything resembling a cart road, and gave permission for an overseer of the Maharaja of Balrampur to visit the valley, report about the question of marching, and prepare a rough sketch map showing the tracks and roads there. The Sarju is locally known as the Babai River, and the hilly tract where it enters the plains as Biabaoli. Biabaoli, with its surroundings, comprising an area drained principally by the Sarju and partly also by the Gojea, was at that time quite unexplored. The way we determined to approach Biabaoli was by railway as far as Bichia and then to Botgaurhi, distant about fifteen miles, where the main camp would be located. The Nepal boundary is less than three miles from the railway station. Beyond Botgaurhi the road to Biabaoli is five miles along the east bank of the Sarju and beyond that up the Sarju bed, proceeding from east to west. The Sarju there flows between hills in places almost perpendicular. Our first camp was to be in Biabaoli about eleven miles from Botgaurhi on the bank of the Sarju, and our second camp about ten miles farther up the river. We contemplated taking only a very light camp, with three or four of us to shoot, who would be changed after a day or two, and a good line of elephants. The first of us to start were Eustace Crawley, Ronaldson, Gordon and myself, and we set off in great fettle. When we got to our first camp we were met by two Balrampur mounted men, who brought in good news. We were perplexed by a constant flow of people, who had been working catechu, past our camp, towards the plains. They would not stop to tell us anything, but were evidently in a great fright. When

we got into the jungle we were soon undeceived as to what the trouble was. There were dead bodies lying about, and little groups of three or four sick persons. It was evident that these were refugees from a cholera outbreak higher up in the hills. It was pitiable to see that every one carried a black wooden water bottle and clung to it. They were carrying infection with them in the tainted water. There was absolutely nothing that we could do for these poor people. But we had to determine at once that we must move our camp back to Botgaurhi as soon as possible. It was impossible to clear the mahouts, other camp followers and elephants out till the next morning.

We found numbers of tracks, some of them of very large tigers: and we had two beats and should have got two tigers. One male (9 feet 10 inches) was shot by Ronaldson. It appeared to me that we were a little early (March 5th). The tigers were still living in the hills and visiting the valley to hunt at night. With warmer weather they would live more in the wonderful high grass which filled the valley. We carried out our retreat to Botgaurhi early on 6th March. There O'Meara (Civil Surgeon of Mirzapur) killed a tigress (7 feet 11 inches) before we got back. The task before us then was to retreat to the Bahraich district as quickly and quietly as possible, and to avoid disseminating cholera in any direction. This, I am glad to say, we were able to do with complete success. The precautions taken, under the directions of O'Meara, prevented any trouble. This end to what was intended to be a short but successful exploration of the Biabaoli jungles was a great disappointment to me. Sir Harcourt Butler was more fortunate in 1919. Arriving with his party at Bichiha on March 14th, he went through the Biabaoli jungles and emerged to the east, through the country which we had visited in 1909 and 1911, rejoining the railway at Nepalganj. He had a party of ten, and between 15th March

and 1st April they shot eight tigers and six tigresses. As mentioned in chapter six the tigers averaged just over 10 feet and the tigresses just under 9 feet.

I saw Sir Chandra Shamsher in Calcutta for the last time in 1925, and had a very pleasant interview with him. At the beginning of 1926 I was invited by Sir Francis O'Connor to a week's shooting at Biknatori. I was anxious to get a good rhinoceros, and in this I was successful, being helped to secure it by Sir Thomas (now Lord) Catto. The jungles round Biknatori in the Eastern Tarai of Nepal, to the north of the Champarun district of Bengal, contain far thicker and more continuous areas of grass cover for tigers than I had seen anywhere else. It was in this neighbourhood that the shooting camp of His Majesty King George V was in 1911, and the day it finished Sir Chandra Shamsher wrote to me from the camp to tell me that the shoot had been carried out without a hitch and that His Majesty and party had bagged thirty-nine tigers, eighteen rhinoceros and four bears.

Till I visited Biknatori I had never understood how the art of ringing tigers was carried out and I am afraid that, in my ignorance, I had felt some prejudice against it. It is briefly described by Faunthorpe as follows :

'To ring the tiger numerous elephants are employed in an encircling movement, one group going in a wide arc, silently and in single-file, to the left and the other group in like manner to the right until the leaders of each of the two lines meet and the ring is complete. Then the elephants face inward, their riders begin to make a din, and the host of hunters converges upon the beleaguered animal. The circle becomes smaller and smaller. The tiger has secreted itself in the densest patch of jungle. The fateful moment has come. Two large tuskers are sent in to rout out the

concealed beast. As they move cautiously toward the centre of the circle, suddenly the tiger, with a great whoof, makes a bound for freedom. While the agitated elephants that form the circle hesitate whether to stand the charge or turn in flight, one of the four mounted gunners takes quick aim and fires, more often than not stopping the tiger in its tracks.'

In jungles such as those in the neighbourhood of Biknatori it would be quite impossible to hold the tiger in any other way. We had extremely bad weather in this camp and, so far as the tiger-shooting was concerned, it was not a great success. The following week Sir Francis had another party. The weather was lovely and the bag good. The little experience I had of it does not really justify me in saying anything about the system of ringing tigers, but I may go so far as to say that I prefer hunting tigers on elephants in the sort of beats we used to enjoy in Northern India, because one gets the opportunity of seeing what a general a tiger can be when he is hunted in this way, and, what follows from this, that the tiger has, in this form of hunting him, the best chance of being equal with his pursuers.

## *Chapter Thirteen*

### VISITS TO INDIA AFTER RETIREMENT

AFTER leaving India I had kept in touch with Raja Bharat Sinha. He was a Jat landlord and manager of the large Sahanpur family estate near Najibabad in the Bijnor district. When Lorna and I were coming out to India in the cold weather of 1926-27 with Percy and Gladys Thellusson, I wanted to get them a tiger and bethought me of Bharat Sinha, who had been made a Raja for his excellent services during the war. He had a few elephants and was always in a position to get the Morgati block in the Bijnor district. Among several letters that he had written to me since I left India, one, dated 24th April, 1917, is worth reproducing. After thanking me for the letter which he was answering, he went on :

‘I am writing you about my shooting games. I had shot quite big tiger from Hathikund long after you had left United Provinces and that tiger gave me a good sport and mauled my elephant as well. Ever since I hate 400 cordite rifle and prefer my old 500 express one for tiger, because I hit the animal at his rib about an inch from his heart and he made a noise an hour just like as he is going to expire and even then he played such a good tamasha with elephants which was worth seeing.

‘I shot another tiger in Chilla lately on 28th March last : and his female taught me new lesson. I shot this tiger from

machan. The tigress came first evening and she gave me beautiful chance, but I missed her clean in moonlight, then the tiger came and I dropped him then and there, but he came after half an hour of the first bang. Now the moon set down about 11.30 and I couldn't come back to camp being frightened with wild elephant in night. After the moon set down the tigress came again and growled seeing the tiger lying dead and charged towards my machan seven times till four o'clock in the morning. I couldn't see her in the pitch dark but had to fire to keep her off from the lower trunk of the tree and then I ran short of my ammunition, so I left the machan and climbed to a higher branch of the same tree but fortunately she didn't give any more trouble after I went up and she left the place just at 4 a.m. Is not a good lesson there, animals never do one things always, that's my experience. It was a pairing season for tigers and so the tigress got so angry seeing the male dead. Now my leopard and panther bag is about 120 altogether. I shot a Himalayan bear last May in Naini Tal and a leopard who mauled my hill shikari, but there was not a single mistake of man.'

He was then just sending fifty recruits at his expense to Delhi. Lorna and I had, as just mentioned, last seen him in April 1921, when he gave us lunch at the Nagina dak-bungalow on our return from the Patli Dun where we had been shooting with Wyndham.

When I wrote to Bharat Sinha in the autumn of 1926 about the prospect of getting some sport, he said that he would get the Morgati block for the latter half of January. I then wrote to the Nawab of Rampur, who kindly agreed to lend us some elephants. These, with Bharat Sinha's, were sufficient in number for our wants. Morgati lies just to the north of the Kandi sarak, the road running from the east on the Sarda to the Ganges on the west near Hardwar. Near

the forest-bungalow itself, and around it, is a lot of reserved jungle within the areas of the forest block ; to the south of the road is an extensive and fine expanse of grass and tree jungle, outside the jurisdiction of the Forest Department. We arrived by train at Nagina on 18th January and were conveyed thence to Morgati by Bharat Sinha. We found the news very good. We first tried for a tigress with cubs in the Dhaulkhand sot about four miles off, but failed to find them. We left Percy to sit up over the kill. The tigress came towards evening, but did not give him a fair chance. Next day Lorna and Gladys were sitting up in the afternoon in a machan some distance to the east of the bungalow and distinctly heard a tiger moving about at some little distance off, and eventually heard him kill a chital. There was a lot of calling on the part of tigers and a young one that night quite near to the bungalow. It was resolved to beat the jungle on the east side of the nulla, running past the bungalow, next day, placing three machans on the side of the road leading to the hills on the north. Percy, Gladys and Lorna occupied these machans, and I went on an elephant to take up a position which it was thought a tiger might take to the right to cut out of the beat up the hill. The Raja directed the line on an elephant. The tiger was minded to cut out in my direction and came quite close in heavy grass without exposing himself. He was prevented from going up to the machans by the talking of some cowherds on the road which went past them. So our scheme failed, but after lunch we tried again to be at the corner with elephants. We moved the tiger and Lorna had a good shot at him at about twenty-five yards. Her elephant whipped round just then, and this prevented her from getting a second shot in. Now we were in a fix : it was about four o'clock in the afternoon and, at the end of January, would not be too long before it was dark. None of our four howdah elephants were reliable, Lorna's and mine were the least so. A langur



had only five minutes before completely upset mine. To take the line into the thick cover with a heavy (as Lorna had seen that he was) wounded tiger, when two of those in howdahs would not be able to give any order at all to their mahouts, spelt disaster. The odds were that the tiger, if only wounded, would pull down one of the pad elephants and some one would probably be killed. I was sure that the Raja was right when he advised breaking off, and leaving the matter till morning. It was perfectly clear to me from Lorna's description of her shot with her 400-450 Rigby H.V. rifle that he could only have moved a short way before he died, but it was not good enough to risk what must still be the possibility of his being alive.

Next morning we found the tiger dead, about sixty yards from where he was fired at. I have never seen a finer tiger. He measured 10 feet 2 inches, and must have been an inch or two longer had the tape been put over him before he had got stiff. He was in his winter coat and very perfectly marked. The measurements of his skull as given by Messrs. Spicer & Co., of Leamington, who set up the skin, are in their words 'over the bone' as follows :

Length —16 $\frac{1}{4}$  inches.

Breadth —9 $\frac{7}{8}$  inches across the zygomatic arches.

Weight cleaned —4 lb. 14 oz.

It was indeed a triumph for Lorna to get a tiger like this with a single shot, and the event formed a fitting conclusion to all the tiger-hunting she had enjoyed. We were to leave next day, and we continued our efforts after the tigress. We could not find her the same day that we got the tiger, but she called incessantly that night all over the jungle below the hill. She and the young tiger had obviously been up in their retreat in the hills when the tiger was shot. The

evening of the day that we recovered the dead tiger we were walking along the road to the north to Kalushahid, and the young tiger was walking on the high ground on the left-hand side of the road, parallel with us. Percy succeeded in getting the tigress (8 feet 8 inches) next day, and after he had done so we went straight off to our train at Nagina. We could not thank the Raja Sahib enough for all his kindness, and the manner in which he had carried out everything for our comfort and the success of our shikar. It was very sad to know that one was saying good-bye for ever to the Indian jungles and to the Raja himself, but one could not have done it in more auspicious circumstances. The Raja continues to help his English friends, and, though he does not find himself well enough to go out shooting as often as he used, his sons take his place. In the spring of 1934 they took Brigadier (now Maj.-General) Sergison-Brooke, then on the staff of the Eastern Command and now G.O.C. of the London district, with his wife and daughter for a few days shoot at Morgati, during which he shot a tiger and a tigress. On March 1st, 1937, he wrote to me in great spirits because his son Sham Sher had, in the election for the United Provinces Legislative Assembly, defeated his Congress rival by over 2,000 votes in the Bijnor West General Rural Constituency and was one of the eight independent candidates who were elected.

My predecessor at the Court House, Chipping Warden, kept a large number of horses and had a harness-room which contained twenty-six saddle rests. When we looked the buildings over, it at once occurred to Lorna that this would provide an admirable home for the trophies of the chase, of many kinds, that we own, as well as for interesting curios which we have collected during our wanderings in Australia, New Zealand, Canada and the Near East. A smaller building provides a very good harness-room for all that we need.

Messrs. Spicer & Co., arranged the skins and heads in the most admirable manner, and by regular visits avert the danger of injury from moth. On a table in the centre of the room is the most valued of all the trophies. It is a silver tiger, designed by an artist for Messrs. Longman and Strongitharm, which many friends combined to give me when I left India. The work of the artist was supervised by Cleveland and, under such perfect conditions, he succeeded in reproducing to the life the figure of a splendid male tiger. This work of art was presented to me at a banquet, given by the subscribers, at the Naval and Military Club. It was then a bright silver trophy but, after several years' exposure to the atmosphere of London, at our flat there, it became oxydised and now has the delightful appearance of an ancient bronze.

The names recorded on it are those of

Colonel Ward

Jack Cowans

Lord Durham

Lady Anne Lambton

Charlie Lambton

Bryan Mahon

Bill Peyton

Wardrop

Arthur Wauchope

Neil Haig

Jack Atkinson

Jack Campbell

Chief Justice Richards

Lord Ronaldshay (now

Lord Zetland)

Major Humfrey

Ramsay Gordon

Major O'Meara

Val Pollok

Alan Reynolds

Mouse Tomkinson

Charlie FitzMaurice

Ginger Houston

Julian Grenfell

St. Leger Atkinson

Kid Charrington

(The last six all in the  
Royals, with whom  
Bunty joined up in 1913.)

Jingle Forrester

Rattle Barrett

Blazer Nugent

Eustace Crawley

John Vaughan

Pedler Palmer	J. A. Broun
Nigel Learmonth	Willie Holmes
Cyril Murray	Percy Wyndham
Osma	Charlie Cleveland
E. S. Norton	Richard Burn
Douglas Straight	A. B. fforde
Whymper	Clutter
Faunthorpe	W. S. Cassels
Ludovic Porter	&
Louis Stuart	Joe Phelps.

Alas that so many of those gallant friends, who shared with me the joys of the Indian jungles in the trips which I have tried to describe, have passed away.

## *Chapter Fourteen*

### TOURS IN THE HILLS OF KUMAUN, GARHWAL, JANSAR BAWAR AND TEHRI

EARLY in October, when the move of the Government takes place from Naini Tal to the plains, there is an interval in which the transfer of the servants and their appurtenances from Naini Tal to the Government House at Allahabad or Lucknow rendered it necessary for the Lieutenant-Governor to travel somewhere. It is still too hot to expect any comfort on a tour in the plains, nor is the time a convenient one, just when men who have been on leave in the hot weather are coming back again to relieve those who have been acting for them, to disturb them by visits. I accordingly took the opportunity of making a short tour in the hills in this interval. Such tours were carried out by me in 1907, 1908 and 1909. In 1910 I was on leave in England at that time of the year, in 1911 at Simla on work connected with the Coronation Durbar, and in September, 1912, my term as Lieutenant-Governor came to an end.

Travelling in the Himalaya in Kumaun—which province includes the three districts of Naini Tal, Almora and Garhwal, though a good deal of the Naini Tal district is in the plains—is very pleasant, and at this time of the year you enjoy perfect air and scenery. The sky is as clear as crystal : it will be very cold when you leave your tent in the morning and it may sometimes be very warm on the lower ground in the

middle of the day. But it will never be really unpleasant, and you will always be able to get a shady place under some trees, very often deodars, in which you can take your snack of lunch. You will meet travellers, but not very frequently, and sometimes you may, as we did, get groups of them to stand by the side of the road and get photographed with you. There is very little crime except murder, and that is less common in Garhwal than in Almora. The cause is usually women or gambling. The hill people are in a way simple, but they have a very shrewd way of trying to get money out of one. A nice little child shyly gives you a flower; you hand her a coin, but papa promptly takes it; honey, plantains, raspberries, and nosegays are all offered on the road and always amply paid for.

You will come across many delightful birds in the course of your tramps. Old friends from the plains who have come up to nest on the edge of the snows, such as choughs and the rose finches from Central India, may have gone back. But you can hardly take a march without seeing one or more flocks of scarlet minivets, the male in his bright-red coat, and the hen rather like a female canary, flitting gaily down towards the foothills for their winter season, and chattering all the way. There will be many places where you will hear laughing thrushes screaming, the chatter of the babbler, or the cheery call of the bulbul. You will often meet specimens of two remarkable magpies—the yellow-billed blue magpie and the red-billed one, and as a contrast you will see many lammergeyers, whose expanse of wing may be even ten feet, flying over the mountains.

In 1907 our intention had been to go to the Kuari Pass (12,000 feet) over the range of Pikhunta. I was very anxious to see the Gohna valley. In September 1893 the Maithana hill, 11,109 feet high, had slipped and caused an estimated fall of 12,500,000 cubic feet. The effect of a

succession of slips had been to form an enormous dam 1,000 feet high, 11,000 feet wide at the base, and 2,000 feet wide at the summit, which held up the waters of the Birahi Ganga stream in a lake three miles long. My old friend Colonel Pulford, R.E., who had been District Engineer when I joined at Agra, expressed the opinion that nothing would happen till the waters topped the barrier, when an enormous accumulated volume of water would burst, carrying destruction down the valleys of the Alaknanda and the Ganges. This view was disputed by other experts, but was accepted by the Government, who took action on it. Captain (now Sir Sydney) Crookshank, R.E., was the engineer in charge of the operations, and under his orders every precaution had been taken to prevent damage when the water should overflow the dam. On 22nd August, 1894, Captain Crookshank issued notice that the flood might be expected in forty-eight hours. On the morning of the 25th the water began to flow over the dam, which collapsed at midnight. By early morning of the 26th the lake had fallen just under four hundred feet, and ten million cubic feet of water had escaped. Much damage was done all down the river and the town of Srīnagar, once the capital of Garhwal, was swept away. The only human casualties were one man with his wife and three children. He was a fakir who had insisted on remaining in a dangerous place, below the dam, from which he had been twice removed.

There is now a permanent lake at Gohna, more than three times the size of the lake at Naini Tal. A most interesting and exhaustive report of the damage done, and the measures successfully taken to prevent a catastrophe, was written by Colonel Pulford. The Government in India may certainly claim that action, so successful in averting a widespread calamity, would not have been possible, but for the presence of British officers to devise and guide it.

When the expedition to Kamet came to the Kuari Pass in 1932, the lake was 3,900 yards long by 400 yards broad and 300 feet deep. Mr. Smythe, in his delightful book *Kamet Conquered*, describes the magnificent panorama from the Kuari Pass and the glorious descent from the Pass towards the Dhaoli valley to Tapoban, four marches from the Niti Pass.

But I was not destined to see the Kuari Pass. One of our party had an attack of fever just before we had intended to start from Naini Tal, and the start had to be delayed some days. Consequently we had to curtail our marches. At this time of the year, the rainy season having ended, the clearness of the atmosphere is intense and the snow peaks, which are at other seasons usually wrapped in mist, are often brilliant from the time the sun lights on them till sunset, when they become forbidding in their dark and unsympathetic pall. The Kumaun Himalaya contain Nanda Devi (25,645), the highest peak entirely within British territory, exclusive of the Native States, which until recently has been unclimbed after several attempts, Kamet (25,447), climbed by the Smythe expedition in 1932, Trisul (23,406), climbed by Dr. Longstaff in 1907, besides countless other peaks. The higher Himalayan peaks—Everest (29,140), Kanchenjunga (28,226) and K2 (Mount Godwin Austen, 28,187)—are outside India. Kamet is only about ninety miles, as the crow flies, from the civil station of Almora and the military station of Ranikhet. It is one mile south of the Thibetan border between the Mana and Niti Passes, through which the trade routes between India and Thibet run. Rambling in these hills took us into very romantic places, and we pursued the route to Gwaldam and Wan that the Smythe expedition followed in 1932. The view of the Himalaya for several hundred miles in Nepal, Thibet and Kumaun, as seen from Binsar (7,913) above Almora, is indescribably



beautiful. Camping in small tents at night and out on the hill-side all day, with some new view of the snows as one comes round a corner, and in a climate that cannot be beaten, is a fascinating and enjoyable life. So, though the objective of the Kuari Pass, and the view of the Gohna Lake was not for us, we had a really pleasant tour to look forward to. We aimed at travelling light, and in order to avoid taking the people away from harvesting their fields we employed mules belonging to the Transport Department, which the military authorities were ready to hire at a fixed rate, to carry all but a very small fraction of our baggage. In three expeditions, only one mule was lost by falling over the mountain-side. This accident occurred on the face of a very precipitous hill near Ramni. Unfortunately, the autumn is not a good time for flowers, so we did not see the rhododendrons in bloom just below the snow line, nor the edelweiss, nor blue poppies, but some of the hills over which we tramped were covered with many kinds of balsam and commoner flowers. And, though we moved too rapidly to go in seriously for shooting, we had an occasional hour on the hill-side after koklass, cheer and kalij, pheasants (the latter in the lower grounds) and even monal, and we once camped close to a nulla which had, till recently, been the haunt of tragopan.

Starting from Naini Tal on 2nd October, 1907, we motored thirty-six miles through Ranikhet to Majkali on the cart road between Almora and Ranikhet. We marched downhill next day to Someswar (4,752) and camped in a pine forest. The village is situated in the valley of the Kosi River, and there is a very large area under rice, the common crop in hilly tracts on the level of a stream. There is a very old temple here which possesses considerable sanctity. Not long ago there was a story about it in the newspapers. A cobra living in it is made a pet of by the priests and regularly fed with milk.

It is said that it will allow the priests to stroke it, but this may be doubted. A villager, accused of theft, was forced by the priests to undergo the ordeal of the test by stroking the snake himself. It was asserted that an innocent person would never be bitten. The unfortunate man, made to stroke the cobra's head, with the inevitable result, was said to have been proved guilty.

After three marches we reached Wan, a lovely camp with deodars and plenty of monal scratching the soil for insects all over the place. Anything more beautiful than a cock monal flying in the sun from one side of the hill to another cannot be imagined. He looks like a gigantic butterfly, with the most wonderful colouring. There is a cypress tree by the Wan camping ground with a girth of over eighty-eight feet. After a halt at Wan and one further march we reached Ramni. This is rather a bare camping ground compared to some others, but there are fine views from it. One heard woodcock flitting past the tents at night. As we had not time to go on to the Kuari Pass we had to confine ourselves to some short marches in the neighbourhood of Ramni before we turned our faces away from the snowy range. The country was cultivated, with relatively little forest, and nothing particular about the habitations. It was most interesting to see with what skill a cultivator would at this high elevation get a rill of water to twist round a terraced field, and supply him with all the irrigation it required. This is as noticeable in Kumaun as it is in most hilly tracts in the world that are capable of being cultivated. Below Ramni we soon reached Banjbagar and Narainbagar, two of the most peaceful villages that I have ever seen. One little thought that in a few years this tract, and especially that part of it extending on the west to the Alaknanda, would be overrun by one of the worst man-eaters that has ever been known among leopards. The following account of the Rudraprayag man-eating leopard

taken from *The Pioneer* newspaper of 15th May, 1926, shows how the wretched people of this part of Garhwal were persecuted by it :

‘The man-eating leopard, which has lately been widely known as the Rudraprayag pest, and has, during the past seven years, killed one hundred and twenty-five human beings in the western part of the Garhwal district, has at last been shot, having fallen to the rifle of Captain J. Corbett, of Gurney House, Naini Tal.

‘The career of the animal makes one of the strangest of the many strange stories told of the Himalaya, so strange, indeed, that it might be doubted if the details, many of them tragic and gruesome, were not so well established. The first instalments of the story were published in *The Pioneer* in December when the efforts of Mr. X (who may now be identified as Captain Corbett) to bag the animal last autumn were described. The final chapter can now be written. The western part of Garhwal, in which the animal had committed its depredations, is comparatively well-populated and there are some fifty thousand people in the area of some three hundred and fifty square miles which it roamed. Rudraprayag, from which the animal had been called, is a hamlet close to the borders of Tehri State. It is at the junction of the Alaknanda River, which, when it reaches the plains at Hardwar, becomes the Ganges, and the Mandagini River. Here, also, is the junction of the pilgrim routes to the holy shrines of Kidarnath and Badrinath. The area comprises a considerable amount of scrub jungle and parts of it are honeycombed with caves formed by the waters of Alaknanda cutting their way to the plains. Rudraprayag was the centre from which operations against the leopard were conducted. The leopard had been the terror of an area about twenty-two miles long and eighteen miles broad on the east bank of

the Alaknanda and an area of about equal extent on the west bank.

‘It started killing human beings in 1918 and took a regular toll of the people of the affected area until it was finally disposed of on the 1st May. Its victims were generally snatched from inside houses or from the entrances to houses at night. It was particularly active during the summer months, when people desire to have their doors open at night. In recent years the fear of the leopard has been such that even in the stifling hot weather houses have been closed up and barricaded at night. At least three pilgrims have been among the beast’s victims during the past two years, but the pilgrims were usually avoided by the man-eater because they were, as a rule, in bands of considerable size, and their shelters at night were well protected by lights.

‘In the previous articles in *The Pioneer* on the subject of the Rudraprayag pest, details were given of some of the many devices which were unsuccessfully resorted to in order to rid the area of the dreaded scourge. Sixteen shikaris, paid by the Government, had vainly endeavoured to dispose of the animal. Gun licences had been freely issued in the district and the Government had supplied a specially constructed trap as well as poisons, in the hopes of ending the beast’s career. The leopard had been caught twice, once in the trap and once in a cave, but it had got away on each occasion, while the frightened people on the spot were sending miles away across the hills for specially chosen men, they hoped would shoot it. As there is an inclination in certain quarters to blame the Government for all the evils from which India suffers, the Government had been blamed for permitting the existence of the Rudraprayag leopard. The Government had done what they could in the matter and had spent altogether Rs 1,518 in the measures already described. Legislative Councillors who had been inclined to be indignant at Government’s

inability to rid Garhwal of its scourge had ignored the invitation given to go to Rudraprayag themselves to try and lay the animal low. Less talkative people had on various occasions essayed the task.

‘Some three years ago two military officers made an effort, and Captain Corbett, who has had considerable experience of various kinds of shikar, concentrated on the task for a whole month from the 16th September to the 16th October last year. He was ably and enthusiastically assisted by Mr. A. W. Ibbotson, the Deputy Commissioner of Garhwal, who spent on the work as much time as he could spare from his official duties. But, as already recorded, the animal was so extraordinarily cautious that gun traps, gin traps, the most careful tracking, the sitting up over human kills, the poisoning of the kills with strychnine, arsenic and cyanide were of no avail. The uncanny wariness displayed by the animal on many occasions, its ability to sense when there was danger about, and its various wonderful escapes had led the simple inhabitants of those parts to the conclusion that the man-eater had supernatural powers; they believed the brute was possessed of an evil spirit which no human agency could exorcise.

‘It has already been explained that it was considered advisable after the 16th October to leave the animal alone for a few months as the more it was harried the warier it became, and during the winter its human victims were not generally numerous. This plan was adopted, and it was not until the 16th March last that Mr. Ibbotson and Captain Corbett returned to the little rest-house at Rudraprayag and re-opened their campaign against the man-eater. In the meantime they had been carrying out experiments with patent machans, gun-traps and flash-lights. When they arrived at Rudraprayag the bridges over the river were closed at night and various other precautions were taken. The man-eater had been busy this year before the 16th March. He started killing

human beings again in January, and between then and the 16th March eight victims had been added to his previous total of one hundred and fourteen. From the 16th March until the 1st May Captain Corbett was continually on the animal's tracks and he was again assisted by Mr. Ibbotson, who was always in the neighbourhood of Rudraprayag when his duties permitted.

'The frightful activities of the man-eater continued. On the night of the 1st April the animal snatched a man from inside a house. At dawn on the 7th April an old woman of 85 in a village two and a half miles from Rudraprayag was seized when near her house, which she had just left, and was carried half a mile away. A boy of 15 at a village eighteen miles due east of Rudraprayag was the next victim on the 14th April.

'Meantime Mr. Ibbotson and Captain Corbett had also been active. Part of the body of the man killed on the 1st April was poisoned. The leopard returned to the kill and ate part of the body which was not poisoned. On the 3rd it ate a part of the body which had been treated with poison, but seemed to suffer no ill effects. After the kill on the 7th April two ingenious traps were set. Two rifles with the muzzles directed on the kill were secured to a tree; lines of fishing tackle joined their triggers to the kill. It had been hoped that the leopard would pull the lines and thus let off the rifles when it returned to the kill on the night of the 8th. It was thought probable that it would endeavour to move the kill away from the rifles in the same direction that it had carried its victim on the previous night. With the object of ensuring that it should do this a number of bushes were stuck in the ground near the kill between the kill and the rifles. The leopard came at 7.45 p.m. on the 8th, pulled up the bushes, dropped them down a khud and then moved the kill in the direction of the rifles. The fishing lines were thus

slackened and the rifles did not go off. The animal was disturbed and in springing away landed on a huge gin trap some six feet or seven feet in length, which had been hidden near by Mr. Ibbotson and Captain Corbett, who were in the nearest tree—the leopard usually conveyed its victims to a spot where there were no trees within easy range—about one hundred yards away, immediately rushed to the trap. There was no animal in the trap but a tuft of hair was sticking in its jaws.

‘On the 20th April Captain Corbett decided that he would sit up for the leopard for at least ten nights, near Golabrai chatti, a grass shelter for pilgrims, half a mile from the Rudraprayag rest-house on the pilgrim road. Between the 10th and 20th April the pug marks of the leopard had been seen near this chatti, where last year it had killed three people. Captain Corbett believed there was a probability of it appearing there again at any rate once during the following ten nights. He sat up in a machan in a tree by the chatti and above the road. On the road below he had a goat secured with a bell round its neck. Captain Corbett sat up for ten nights on this machan without seeing or hearing any signs of the leopard. He then thought it would be well to persevere in sitting up for one more night, that of the 1st May, and he did so. The man-eater was due to kill that night. Four days earlier the animal had had what was believed to have been his last feed, this being from a goat which had been taken from a house. On the last day of April the beast had made an unsuccessful attempt to secure a human kill.

‘It was at 10 p.m. on the 1st May that Captain Corbett heard from his machan something rush down the road and the bell on the goat tinkle. Captain Corbett looked down on the road and saw an indistinct blur in the direction of which he pointed his rifle. He switched on his electric torch and found that the bead of his rifle was drawn on the body

of a leopard and fired. The leopard made a spring and disappeared. All this had happened in little more than a second, and the leopard got away so quickly that, had Captain Corbett not very luckily found, when he switched on the light, that he was already covering the leopard with his rifle he would have had no opportunity of adjusting his aim before the leopard had been away. Captain Corbett spent a very anxious night, not knowing whether he had killed the leopard or not. The moon, which appeared at three o'clock in the morning, did not reveal any signs of it. At daybreak Captain Corbett set out to look for the animal. He found blood tracks which led to the leopard lying dead in a hole into which it had fallen fifty yards down the khud. It may be mentioned that one hundred pilgrims had spent the night in the Golabrai chatti.

'There are sufficient good reasons for identifying this leopard with the man-eater. In all the human kills by the Rudraprayag leopard there have been three teeth-marks showing that the leopard was one short of its full complement of teeth. The leopard shot by Captain Corbett had one tooth broken. The man-eater had been shot at, three years ago, by the military officers already referred to and had left behind on that occasion smears of blood which indicated that it had been hit in the foot. The leopard of Captain Corbett had the mark of an old bullet wound in the foot. Moreover, a piece of hair was missing from its right hind leg where there was apparently a recently healed scar : this evidently corresponded with the tuft of hair found in the trap on the 8th April. About the animal's body were a number of old scars and some more recent ones. Two weeks before its death Captain Corbett had heard two leopards fighting. This suggests how the man-eater had received its scars. In various ways the leopard in appearance fulfilled the generally accepted theories concerning man-eaters. It was a light-coloured and



evidently very old animal with an indifferent coat and practically no whiskers. Its length was 7 feet 10 inches, an exceptional size, particularly for a hill leopard. This measurement was taken after it had been in a hole lying all night, during which it had probably shrunk to some extent.

'News of the shooting of the animal spread rapidly in the affected area and hundreds of people from neighbouring hamlets went to see the body as it lay in front of the Rudraprayag rest-house on the 1st May. Upon catching sight of it and noticing some of the peculiar details mentioned in the description of the beast, they were unanimous in declaring it to be the 'adam khwar' (man-eater) and expressed delight at being at last rid of their terrible enemy and great gratitude to Mr. Ibbotson and Captain Corbett for persevering until they had completed what had seemed to them a superhuman task.

'If the courage and determination displayed by Mr. Ibbotson and Captain Corbett in their relentless pursuit of the man-eater had not been of an exceptional order, the people would still be wondering whose turn it was next to be carried away and suffer a horrible death.'

Three marches below Narainbagar, *en route* to Ranikhet, we got to Dwarahat, a large village where there was an American mission. The place was long ago the residence of one branch of the Katyuri Rajas, who were for many centuries the ruling family in Kumaun. There are many antiquities, chiefly ruined temples which were desecrated by the Rohillas in the eighteenth century and then ceased to be venerated, ten miles from Ranikhet. Above Ranikhet proper is Chaubuttia (6,942). In these two cantonments three battalions can be accommodated. At one time it was proposed to transfer the summer headquarters of the army in India from Simla to Ranikhet. The day after reaching

Ranikhet we started at 7 a.m. by motor-car by the cart road through Kathgodam to Bareilly, a journey of one hundred and fifteen miles which, with various stoppages, we were able to finish by 6 p.m.

In 1908 our destination was the Pindari glacier lying at the foot of Nanda Devi, from which the Pindar River takes its rise. This glacier is frequently visited by travellers from the plains, both before the monsoon and in the autumn after the rains are over.

We started from Naini Tal on 4th October, and motored seventy-eight miles to Someswar, which we had visited in 1907, taking a different route from that by which the glacier is usually approached. The next day's march was to Bageswar (3,200), the junction of the Gumti River from the west and the Sarju from the north. The latter river flows under the bungalows and camping sites. This is an interesting old town, rather priest-ridden. We arrived on the last day of Dasehra festival. The town is paved, and the god Meghnath proceeded about it on an elephant, Sita and Laksman in a small car drawn by bullocks. The chief temple is 1,000 years old. The Rawal (priest) of it had a grievance. His predecessors had dissipated the property attached to the temple, and the Government had, improperly according to him, allowed the lands attached to it to be sold in payment of their debts. He also claimed a monopoly of the sale of wood, which he alleged that the Forest Department and other persons were infringing. I listened to him, but his grievances were imaginary. Bageswar is a great place for bodies to be brought for cremation on the banks of the Sarju, and the Rawal no doubt makes a large income from this, and wished to have a monopoly of the fuel available.

A petition was presented in the name of the residents of Bageswar. It deplored the decline of the little town (once the centre of commerce with Thibet) owing to the falling off

of the trade in borax, which had driven the people to resort to agriculture. Borax and salt were brought in on sheep and goats, and the importers of borax took it direct to the foot of the hills to meet the railway. Pack goats in Thibet will carry a maund's (82 lb.) weight among three. On the way down, as the grass becomes less nutritive, they can only manage a smaller burden, and a maund of salt or borax has to be distributed among four. The position of Bageswar, at the confluence of two rivers being very suitable, the petitioners suggested that water power should be utilized for the transport of timber, and rather indefinitely asked that I would open some kind of factory there. There was an old mess-house belonging to European planters which confirmed the statement that Bageswar was not as flourishing as it once was.

The next march took us uphill to Kapkot (3,650) on the right bank of the Sarju River, a different stream from that in Nepal of the same name, referred to in chapter XII. There were crowds of butterflies of many kinds on all sides, and the temperature was rather high. There was good fishing in the Sarju, the mahseer running up to 30 lb. in some of the pools. We stayed here two days, and then proceeded to Loharket (5,600), where we were encamped on the banks of a small stream. Our next march took us 3,000 feet up into the high hills to Dhakuri (8,900), where we came on a direct view of the snowy range for the first time. The pass above the bungalow over the Dhakuri—Binayak ridge—is 500 feet higher. Some of us took a very cold walk to the top of the pass at 5.30 a.m., and were well rewarded for our pains. The peak of the ridge is 10,541 feet high, and from the pass a very good view is obtained of the snowy range from the Nandakot peak on the east to Trisul on the west, with a glimpse of Nanda Devi, and, to the south, Cheena (above Naini Tal), Almora, Binsar, and Ranikhet and a dim view of the plains below.

We watched the brilliant prospect till clouds began to rise on the snows at about eight o'clock. Coming down the hill I slipped and sprained my ankle. The plants of balsam were very thick and were slippery after a sharp hoar frost. As I was going down in a dandy, which had been obtained from the bungalow after my fall, one of the leading coolies slipped up on the wet strawberry leaves, which were very thick, and also sprained his ankle.

At Dhakuri we were met by Darwan Singh. His father, Malak Singh, thokdar, had opened the pass between Danpur and Johar by the Pindari Pass in 1830, and had a certificate to that effect from Mr. Commissioner Traill given in 1835. The thokdar is a much less important person than he was before our time. He was then rather in the position of a baron chosen from the principal landowners in the area, and entrusted with the duty of collecting revenue and maintaining order. The patwari was his deputy in individual villages. The patwari is now the important man—Darwan Singh was patwari as well as thokdar. Darwan Singh had a large number of certificates in a paper cover printed at Allahabad. It was his duty to take charge of any coolies used to carry baggage to and from the Pindari glacier. Any who had come on from below were not taken beyond Loharket. His son was ill, so we sent our hospital assistant to see him in the village. Darwan Singh brought presents of sheep and honey.

We were here met also by Pam Singh, Bhutia, an individual who prided himself on his constant laughing, and was not averse from the bottle. He proposed his assistance, as I believe he did to every traveller, to escort us to the glacier, and we accepted it. Referring to our last march, the hospital assistant informed us that as we got higher in the hills he had been riding with great difficulty. The other Babu with us rather laughed at him, and said that the latter had had two

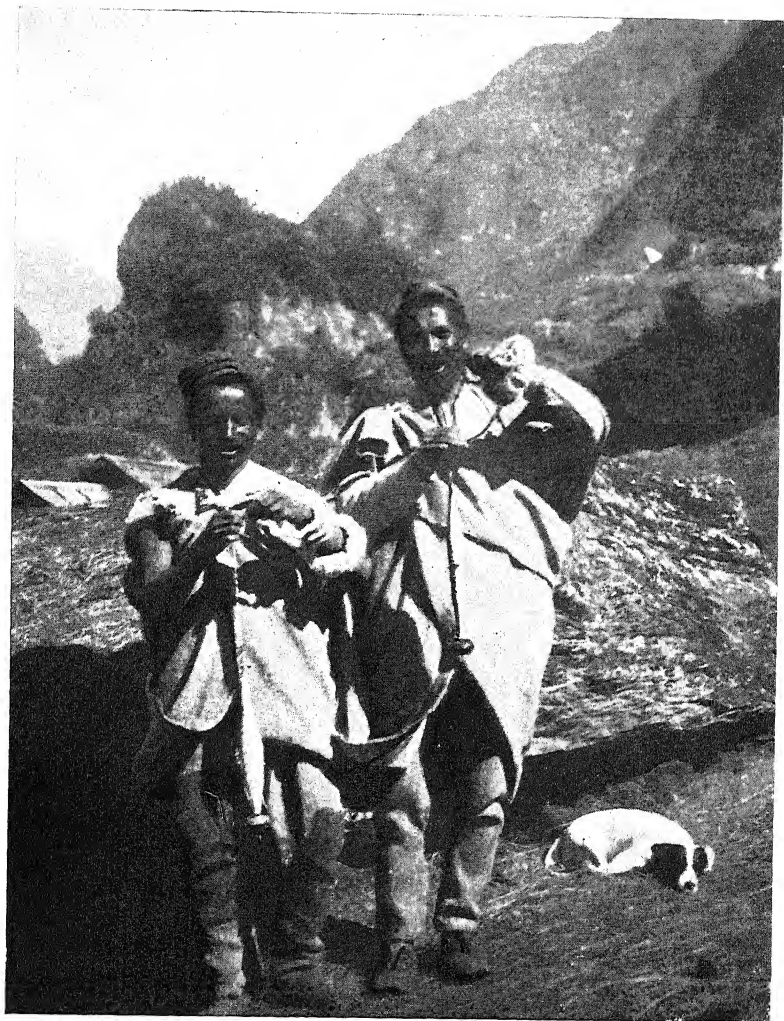
falls, at Someswar and Bageswar : 'He could not manage his pony. He ran at his very fastest pace.'

My injury proved to be slight, but it was a nuisance not to be able to walk for a day or two.

At Dhakuri Pandit Kishan Singh, Rai Bahadur, came to see us from his home at Mana close to Milam, by the pass into Thibet. He had been a great traveller and was now living in retirement, aged 58, a very fine-looking man. He had been on the Yarkand Mission, and done much work for the Survey of India, with whom he was known as Pandit A-K. He was four years in Thibet, from 1878 to 1882. He had a gold medal from the Geographical Society in Paris, and a gold watch from the Royal Geographical Society of London. Porters from Mana have done splendid service to the expedition which recently climbed Nanda Devi.

The next march was to Dwali (9,000). The Kuphini River joins the Pindari by the bungalow. It is only three miles on from there to the Phurkia bungalow (11,700), the last one before the glacier. At Phurkia it was very cold. On p. 65 of *Kamet Conquered*, Mr. Smythe writes : 'We seldom saw a native in Garhwal without his shuttle of wool. In one hand he carries a mass of wool : from this he draws out a thread, which is wound on to a shuttle suspended by the thread itself, and twisted so that the wool is both alternated and woven into a compact strand before being wound on to the shuttle. Such of this wool as is not required for their own hand-loom they sell to the agents of the Cawnpore woollen mills or trade it for salt and borax.' The photograph taken outside the bungalow at Phurkia illustrates this.

We spent the 15th October in or about the glacier, this being a little over four miles beyond the bungalow, of which Nanda Devi is due north. We all of us started on ponies, but the rest of the party, except Lorna and I, dismounted as we approached the glacier. I would gladly have done so



GARHWALI SHEPHERDS



had my ankle not been rather painful. Lorna rode Swallow (14.2) and I, Bannu (13.3), two absolutely sure-footed Waler ponies, till we reached the top of the moraine.

We then went down and up again to the glacier (13,000). During the time we were having our lunch on a lovely plateau below the glacier, covered with dried edelweiss and in sight of many kinds of rhododendrons growing up to the snow limit, we heard three large avalanches on the Thibetan side of the range. Unfortunately, clouds arose over the snow peaks rather early. We did not get a real view of Nanda Devi to the north-west of the glacier: we saw Trisul to the west-south-west and Nandakot on the east. The Bhutias have a path by the Pindari Pass to Milam. The glacier became very dark and forbidding as the sun went off it, and it was bitterly cold before we got home to the bungalow.

Next day we retraced our steps via Khati (omitting a stay at Dwali), Loharket (omitting a stay at Dhakuri), and Kapkot, to Bageswar. At Khati we turned aside on the road to Gwaldham, where we met the brothers Troup at their tea garden in 1907, along the banks of the Pindar, to see the stone put up on the side of the road to Lieut. Grant of the East Surrey Regiment, who, getting on this road by accident, his coolies having gone on to Dhakuri, wounded a bear and was hurled by it down the very steep hill-side into the torrent below on 19th May, 1886.

On the 19th October, just after we had crossed from the right to the left bank by the bridge about two miles below Loharket, five out of my six spaniels plunged into the Sarju trying to pursue some langurs on the far bank, and we had much trouble in retrieving them. At Song, half-way down from Loharket, is the only school in this northern division of the district. Such a division is called a patti and the name of this one is patti Dhampur. It is a very sparsely populated tract. We found twenty-four boys and eight girls attending



the school. We all noticed on the return journey how much easier the road, whether when going up or down, seemed to be than when we first faced it.

The march of eleven miles from Bageswar to Takula (5,355) is a troublesome one. The first part for some two miles on the right bank of the river is easy enough, with some very pretty reaches. The road then mounts a high ridge from the top of which, at Dewalgarh, is a magnificent view of a part of the snows. Babu Lalla Chiranji Lal had a fine fruit garden and a tea garden of 3,000 acres, and a guest-house on the top of the ridge. He grew excellent pears, apples, cherries, walnuts and tomatoes. From this ridge we went down to the river, then up another ridge and down half a mile to Takula. The next march, a short one of only six miles, took us to Binsar, whence a sublime view of hundreds of miles of snows is obtained. Sir Henry Ramsay, when Commissioner of Kumaun, built a bungalow here on an unsurpassable site. After a day's halt there, we reached Almora (5,600), capital of the district, where we were again in civilization. A march of fifteen miles next day took us to Muktesar (7,500), where is the laboratory for the preparation of vaccine against cattle disease. I had last been at Muktesar in October of the year in which the great eruption of Krakatoa took place. The atmosphere was then full of ashes blown all the way from Japan. There is a fine view over the valley below and on a clear evening one can often hear the bell of a sambar calling below.

After halting a day there for business, we passed on via Dhari and Bhim Tal to Kathgodam, and thence by motor-car to Bareilly, which we reached on November 1st. There I spent nine days on very important business, including a Durbar for the Durbaris of the Rohilkhand and Kumaun Divisions, before moving on to Lucknow.

In 1907 and 1908 we had cut our party down to ourselves

and staff in order to employ as little transport as possible. In 1909 our objective was the headquarters of the Chief of Tehri-Garhwal at Tehri. We had with us Jack Campbell, the Commissioner of Kumaun and Agent for the Lieutenant-Governor with the Chief, Percy Wyndham, designated as his successor, Ludovic Porter, Osma, and Bunty, who had been given leave to be absent for that term from Winchester. On this occasion we had to go outside Kumaun and we started from Naini Tal on 30th September. We went by train to Dehra Dun to enter first the Sewaliks and then, as we got up higher, the Himalaya. There we took to the hills north of Dehra and began by a motor drive of fifty-five miles to Chakrata (6,885). A short time before, a hamadryad had been reported to have driven a man off this road. The next day we marched six miles to Deoban (9,300) where there was a beautiful view of the snows from Snow View, interrupted to some extent by cloud. At Deoban an ice-pit was maintained in the Moghul Emperor's time where snow was collected in the winter and despatched by boat to Badshahpur, where the Jumna cuts through the Sewaliks.

We were now in the Jaunsar-Bawar pargana, the hilly tract of the Dehra Dun district, and our intention was to march through it to the Tehri-Garhwal State on the west. Osma has very kindly prepared the following description of the scenery through which we marched :

‘The mountains of Jaunsar and Tehri-Garhwal range from 1,500 feet above sea level on the Tons river to 23,000 feet in the snowy range at the source of the Jumna. The lower hills, when not under terraced cultivation, are covered with a dense growth of mixed deciduous forest, harbouring jungle fowl and pea fowl. In the inner hills beyond the military station of Chakrata there are extensive forests of

the long-leafed pine occupying the valleys and hill-sides from 2,500 up to 6,000 feet. Then we come to a forest of ban oak and crimson rhododendron mixed with the blue pine and the deodar, which extends from about 6,000 to 9,000 feet. At an elevation of 8,000 to 9,000 feet we also find, on the cooler aspects, grand forests of the moru oak and higher still, on northern and eastern aspects, the kharshu oak. The acorns of these three oaks form the staple food of the Himalayan black bear during the months of July and August and December to February.

‘Between 8,000 and 10,000 feet again there are vast forests of the Himalayan spruce fir and the Himalayan silver fir. In a few places there is the Himalayan cypress, mostly on precipitous limestone crags. Higher, again, come the birch and high-level rhododendron, and, lastly, from 12,000 upwards, dwarf shrubs, with an alpine herbaceous flora, including the lovely blue poppy.

‘The fauna of the hills include the leopard, the Himalayan black bear and the common fox, with the barking deer, the sambar and the musk deer, the langur and red monkeys, the Indian marten and the flying squirrel. The serow or goat antelope and the thar are also found at moderate elevations, the former keeping to dense forests and the latter to precipitous slopes. At higher altitudes we find the burhal and the snow leopard with the red bear, but the latter is very scarce.

‘The birds are, many of them, rare as well as beautiful. Among game birds may be seen :

The monal pheasant  
The western horned pheasant  
The cheer pheasant.  
The koklas pheasant  
The kalij pheasant



BODYAR



CAMP AT OBRA



The peura partridge

The chukor

The black partridge.

At high levels we meet with, commonly, both the red-billed and the yellow-billed chough, also the snow pigeon, and at lower levels, in the blue pine forests, the Himalayan nut-cracker, a very noisy bird.

‘Other noticeable birds at moderate altitudes are the red-billed blue magpie, the whistling school-boy (found along all rivers and mountain torrents), the short-billed scarlet minivet, and the verditer flycatcher. We must not forget to mention the grey-winged blackbird, perhaps the finest of all Himalayan song-birds, which is common from 6,000 to 7,000 feet in the ban oak forests.’

From Deoban we marched to Bodyar, through some fine forest, and there we halted to enjoy some quite decent pheasant-shooting, chiefly koklas, with some cheer and kalij. We had an unsuccessful bear-drive. We marched on by Konain, where there was a lovely little bungalow with a shingled roof, to Mandali via Kerambur (10,075). We passed close to the turn of the road, which passes through several small hill States, to Simla. Near Konain there was some lovely timber, deodar, silver fir, blue pine and spruce, some of the last, 210 feet high. There were plenty of moonal near Kerambur, but they were very difficult to get near. From Kerambur we got a view which took in places beyond Simla, viz., Mashobra, Fagu and Matiana (the two first dak-bungalows on the road between Simla and Narkanda), and Hattu, the high peak between Narkanda and Bagi. We passed on the 10th October the scene where Osma, then almost a boy, so distinguished himself by killing a man-eating tigress. He showed us the scene, and described the event

very modestly. The story has been published more than once and will repay being told any number of times. It is thus related in the *Indian Forester* of July 1889 :

‘ According to the information we have been able to collect, our tigress seems to have been first heard of in 1876. Throughout her career as a man-eater, she confined herself to a narrow beat, hardly twenty-four miles from end to end, ranging from the Rama Sarai group of villages in the Jumna valley to the spur immediately overlooking Chakrata.

‘ After leaving the Jumna valley she came up to Lokhar at the top of the spur just above Rama Sarai. From Lokhar she followed up, to the other end of her beat, the main ridge which forms the water-parting between the Jumna and Tons rivers. She never left this ridge or its vicinity to go down to the numerous villages which skirt the valleys of the several mountain streams that run down into the Tons. This ridge, being from 8,000 to 10,000 feet above the sea, is covered with snow from December to the end of March, so that during the winter she remained at the lower elevations round Rama Sarai. But so soon as the snows were melted, she would come up again, although during April-May and October-November the temperature on the ridge after sundown stands constantly in the vicinity of freezing, and is often low enough for the ground to remain frozen hard for hours after the sun is up.

‘ There can be no doubt that she took to man-eating under stress of long starvation, due to the difficulty of securing game in the steep mountainous country in which she had established herself. Previous to her appearance, tigers were unknown so far north in Jaunsar.

‘ About that time, however, professional graziers (Gujars), gradually forced to move eastwards from Kashmir owing to scarcity of grazing for their increasing herds, reached the

Dehra Dun. The custom of these men is to remain in the hills until driven down to the Sub-Himalayan forests by the severe winter there. Our tigress thus no doubt followed the herds from the Dun forests, and got left behind when these went down again at the beginning of winter.

‘ She appears from the very first to have had cubs with her, which fact probably accounts for her great destructiveness and boldness soon after her arrival in the hills. In September, 1880, she took up her quarters, with three nearly full-grown cubs, in the neighbourhood of Deoban, three and a half miles above Chakrata, and killed three men within a fortnight. One of these cubs was shot on September 15th by Mr. A. Smythies almost at the upper end of Chakrata ; another was killed by Mr. Lowrie eight days later ; while the third, put up with the mother in a beat only five days after, got away wounded. Through all the vigorous hunt after her and her cubs during the whole fortnight, the tigress escaped scatheless.

‘ It has been already said, above that, she took to man-eating owing to the precipitous nature of her haunts, which prevented her from obtaining a sufficient supply of the usual food of tigers, viz., deer, pigs, etc., and, when opportunity offers, cattle. The same circumstance drove her to attacking flocks of sheep and goats, which are very numerous in those rich high-level pastures during the period from the melting of the snows to the approach of winter. She would make one or more rushes through a flock, killing several animals, only a few of which she could eat. Thus her appetites were not purely anthropophagous, although she, no doubt, preferred the flavour of the better-nourished flesh of man. She often apparently disappeared for weeks and months at a time when she chanced to get in amongst a sufficiency of game. When this supply ran short, she would suddenly appear and attack men with increased persistence,



killing several within a few days. As she grew older, her taste for human flesh increased, and her fear of man proportionately diminished.

'If near a herd of cattle she took no notice of the cattle, but went straight for the herdsmen. On one occasion, in June 1883, she walked at night into an out-office of the Lokhar rest-house where some men were sleeping at the farther end, a cow and her calf being tied up in the doorway. She passed these animals without taking any notice of them, and carried off one of the men.

'The movements of the affrighted cow and calf, and no doubt also the noise made by the tigress as she darted off with her victim, woke the other men, who began to interrogate one another as to the cause of the commotion. Some of them even went to the door to investigate. Everything was, however, still now, and the men rolled themselves up again in their bedding, not recognizing in the dark that one of their number was missing. What happened in the meantime, outside, was that the tigress, alarmed by the sudden exclamations of the awakened sleepers, dropped her man and made off to one side. When all was quiet again, she came back and picked up the unfortunate man, who just then became conscious and groaned aloud with pain. Realizing, at last, the position of affairs, the men inside the room rushed out with loud cries only to see, in the dim light from the clouded sky, the tigress disappear with their comrade down the slope on to the road below. Mr. G. P. Chill, from whom we had the preceding details a few days after their occurrence, and who was sleeping in the rest-house, came out with his rifle on hearing the cries of the men, but the tigress had already disappeared, and he merely fired off his weapon in the direction in which she had gone, in order to calm the fears of the men. We ourselves were on that eventful night in camp at Mundali,

only five miles from Lokhar, and the account we have given above accords in every particular not only with the information given by Mr. Chill, but also with that given to us directly by eye-witnesses, and by Dhan Singh, the headman of Lokhar, whom we met last only a few days after the death of the tigress.

‘There was a strange fatality which always brought the tigress to Mundali while we were there. In 1883 we spent two months at Mundali, during the whole of which time she kept within the immediate neighbourhood. For several nights running she patrolled the road running along the main ridge above Mundali, and also the bridle-path connecting Mundali with that road. She often prowled round our camp at night, on two occasions coming right inside it. The first time she came it was past midnight, and every one was asleep. Our orderly was, however, fortunately sleeping lightly, and was suddenly awakened by the dull thuds of some heavy animal, like a buffalo (to use his own words), galloping down the soft slope just above his shuldari (tent). A presentiment of the tigress’s approach made him snatch up a brand from a large fire that was burning immediately outside the opening of the tent, and at the same time to shout away at the top of his voice. He had hardly begun doing this, when the flaps of the tent were suddenly flung open, and he found the brute glaring at him, with only the log fire between them. His shouting awoke the half-dozen fellow-occupants of his tent, and between them they made such an infernal hullabaloo, while he kept flourishing the fire-brand across the opening of the tent in the face of the tigress, that the beast could do nothing more than continue standing there and glare at the men. This went on for about two minutes, by which time the whole camp was astir, and a number of men, armed with bludgeons, fire-brands, and anything else they could pick up, rushed on the scene.

Such an accession of force was, of course, rather more than the tigress had bargained for ; she sprang back a few paces, tore up in her rage great clods of earth, and sulkily walked away, by the same route by which she came, into some cover not far off. The orderly's tent, which had been pitched about thirty yards in advance of the rest of the camp, was, of course, forthwith abandoned, and its occupants were only too glad to pass the rest of the night within the body of the camp.

' The next visit the tigress paid us was about 10 p.m. before any one had turned in for the night. The moon, just past her full, was concealed by clouds, but enough of her light passed through to enable objects up to twenty yards off to be discerned clearly. A party of the servants were sitting gossiping round a fire on the edge of a terrace. Suddenly, one of the party, who was facing the edge of the terrace, caught sight of a crouching animal about eight yards off. Instantly a hue and cry was raised, and the tigress sprang away and disappeared down the slope.

' A few days before our arrival at Mundali the tigress had entered a cabin built of large hewn slabs, in which about eighteen men were asleep, and walked off with one of the sleepers, without awaking the rest. This incident and the attack on our orderly's tent combined to render us circumspect, and before retiring for the night we invariably bolted the doors and windows of the rest-house occupied by us.

' On the 7th May, 1889, we reached Mundali in company with the Forest School students, who were on their hill tour. On our way we had been informed that she had just been killing two women in Rama Sarai, and so we congratulated ourselves that she was well out of the way. Nevertheless, we warned the students and their servants to be careful. One party of four European students pitched their tents on a spur about eighty yards above the place

where our orderly's tent had been attacked six years ago. Towards ten o'clock that night, the moon being up, one of the students happened to come out of his tent, when, only eight paces off, he observed a large animal standing at the same distance from their kitchen tent. He at once called to the others. The tigress, for she it was, finding herself observed before she was ready to do any damage, fled down the hill and disappeared. The students could hear the thuds of her footsteps as she sprang down the slope.

'The next night the same students, expecting another visit, sat up for the brute ; but instead of turning up again at our camp, she killed some sheep belonging to shepherds, whom only four days previously she had followed up from Rama Sarai to a high-level grazing ground about one and a half miles above Mundali. One of these shepherds she had attempted to carry off two days previously but, missing her spring, she only clawed his back and was driven off by the father of the young man striking her on the head with a stick, while a plucky large Bhutia dog seized her by the neck. This sudden double attack was too much for her, and she made off as fast as she came. Two of our students sat up the following night over the dead sheep, but although she prowled about the place and gave chase to several buffaloes, she did not come to the kills.

'The night of the 11th was dark and rainy, and we were sure the tigress would take advantage of this circumstance. And so she did. There was a herd of buffaloes just above our camp. Here towards morning, as one of the herdsmen came out alone from the hut in which about ten of them were living together, the tigress suddenly rushed at him. Luckily he dodged her and ran back into the hut. Foiled of her prey, she gave chase to a small, but full-grown buffalo, which, taking fright, had separated from the herd and was running down the hill. She soon overtook the buffalo, and killed

her just below the road immediately above the head of a deep and steep ravine. As soon as it was light, the herdsmen promptly moved off to another grazing ground about two miles nearer Chakrata. The tigress evidently followed them, for she was met just above that locality by our dak man and syce, who saved themselves by shouting and howling at her like mad.

‘ On the news of the buffalo being killed reaching our camp, Mr. Osmaston, one of our latest recruits from Cooper’s Hill, and Mr. W. Hearsey, one of our students, got a machan tied up near the kill, intending to sit up for the tigress towards evening. To prevent birds from interfering with the kill, Mr. Hearsey set a servant to watch it. About 2 p.m. this man came running back to say that he heard some heavy animal, most probably the tigress, coming up the ravine, about the head of which, as said before, the buffalo had been killed. Upon this Mr. Hansard, another student, came to ask us for the loan of our twelve-bore Reilly, and to see whether Mr. Osmaston would accompany him. Fortunately, as the sequel proved, we had previously forced Mr. Osmaston to take the rifle, as his own had been left behind at Chakrata for repairs. Both young men started off for the scene of the kill, intending to sit up on the machan for the tigress. But after having arrived there, Mr. Hansard, who from the very beginning, not being able to realize what a terrible animal a tiger is, had thought of going after the brute on foot, proposed that they should go and look for her, arguing that if they sat on the machan they would never get her. Mr. Osmaston, who had arrived in this country only in January last, gaily closed in with this proposal. He, as said above, had our twelve-bore Reilly, containing cartridges loaded with explosive conical bullets, nine of which go to the pound, Mr. Hansard, on the other hand, had only a smooth-bore, loaded with slugs. Armed thus, the two young shikaris moved

down the hill-side, each taking one side of the ravine. The sides of the ravine were so steep and rough (gradient in places exceeding 45 degrees), that walking was extremely difficult, and Mr. Osmaston came down several times in spite of good screws in his boots. It was a good thing that the ground prevented them from moving at anything faster than a snail's pace, for as events showed, there was ample cover in the shape of rocks and bushes for a tiger to lie concealed within a few feet of the shikari without being noticed by an inexperienced eye.

When they had gone down about 180 yards, Mr. Osmaston's side of the ravine became too precipitous for him to walk along it, and he accordingly descended to the bottom with considerable difficulty over rocks, bushes and fallen trees. Meanwhile Mr. Hansard was walking parallel to him about thirty yards off on the steep slope immediately above. "Suddenly," to use Mr. Osmaston's own words, "I heard a thud followed by a series of short, snappish, angry growls, and at the same moment I heard the groans and cries for help of Hansard crushed to the ground by the tigress and struggling, face downwards, to get free. The tigress appeared to be tearing his neck and face with her claws. As quickly as I could, I levelled the double twelve-bore at the brute, and, although I was very much afraid of hitting Hansard, I knew it was the poor fellow's last chance. So I pulled the trigger, and to my relief saw the brute relax his hold and come rolling down the precipitous slope, which ended in a fifteen foot drop, nearly sheer. The tigress never ceased her hideous growling, even to the moment when she fell into the ravine and lay there in the water within a couple of yards of me. I was hemmed in on both sides, so I knew that if she was still capable of doing damage, it was all up with me. In sheer desperation, as my last chance, I fired the second barrel into her, and springing down the precipitous ravine—a feat which I don't think I could possibly perform a second time—I rushed up the side

of the ravine and made for the place where I had seen Hansard lying, his face all gory, and apparently dying. I could not, however, find him, and I rushed back to camp, the direction of which I more or less knew, across several spurs and ravines."

'What happened to Mr. Hansard was this: As he walked down the slope, the tigress must have perceived him and allowed him to pass on, probably then stalking him. At any rate she sprang upon him from behind, bearing him down at once. Fortunately all but one of her canines had been reduced to mere stumps, and it was probably because she knew this, and also because the slope was so steep, that she attempted to do little more than claw him. Even with her worn-down teeth, if she had seized his head between her jaws, she must have crunched his skull into fragments. Actually she clawed his face and back, dislocating the jaw, but the only dangerous wound she inflicted was with her solitary effective canine, making a hole just behind the ear and penetrating to the back of the mouth. It was a fortunate thing that before the brute could inflict further damage, Mr. Osmaston's first shot did for her. The bullet entered in the region of the loins, a few inches below the spine. But, as the shot was fired from below, the bullet went up against the spine, which it practically broke, and then worked along under it, raking it, and blowing up everything in its way until it reached the lungs, where it stopped. This first shot thus completely disabled the animal and rendered her perfectly harmless. The second bullet hit her in the shoulder. A minute after the second shot was fired, Mr. Osmaston's chaprassi, who was at the machan, hearing his master's cries for help, rushed down the ravine, and found the tigress stone-dead and Mr. Hansard lying insensible in the water at the bottom of the ravine. After the tigress had let go her hold and rolled down the slope, Mr. Hansard, thinking she would come back for him, had crawled down into the ravine, only to find himself within

ten yards of his enemy, who was, of course, already dead. It was lucky for him that the shot against her spine had made the tigress at once relax her hold of him, otherwise he would have rolled down with her and been certainly killed in the fall.

‘Measured soon after death the length of the tigress was found to be 8 feet 8 inches. Her canines, as said before, had been worn down, all but one, to mere stumps. Some of them were cracked and chipping off, and two were quite decayed, with a hole running through the centre. The buffalo killed by her had not a single tooth-mark on it, and hardly any portion of it had been eaten ; its neck had been broken. The tigress was in miserable condition, hardly any fat being found even round her kidneys. Although she killed a good deal, her broken teeth must have prevented her from eating anything like a full meal.

‘Mr. Hansard was attended to immediately by the native doctor attached to the school, and on the third day was carried into Chakrata, where, under Dr. Butterworth’s skilful treatment, he made such rapid progress towards recovery at the military hospital, that before the end of June he could be removed to Mussoorie, a distance of forty miles. At Mussoorie, however, the results of blood-poisoning manifested themselves in feverish symptoms of a very severe type, and a series of abscesses formed at the end of the wound behind the ear, which, pressing up against the brain, rendered him delirious for weeks. He has now, however, got through the worst, and it is to be hoped that plenty of rest and a good climate, combined with his youth, will soon enable him to recover his health and strength completely.’

Mr. Hansard recovered ; he married and went to the Forest Department in Ceylon. He continually felt the effects of his wounds, and probably they were not without effect in shortening his life, though he carried on to middle age.

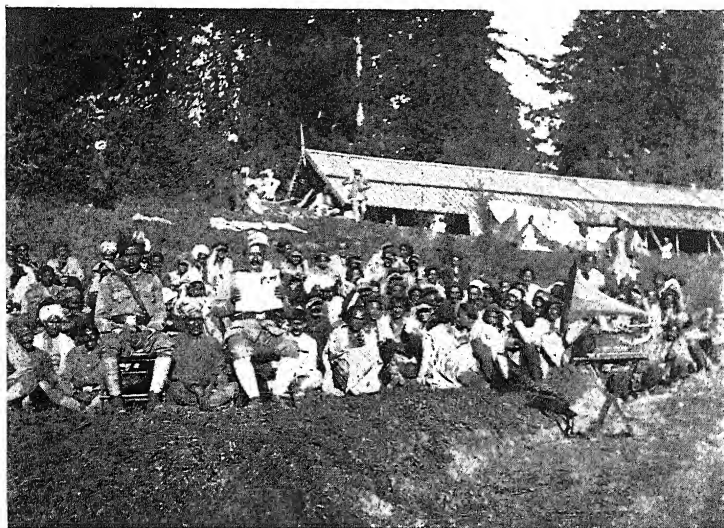


A tree, less than a mile from our camp at Molta, marked the date of the death of the tigress as 12th May, 1889. She had been proclaimed for ten years with a reward of Rs 500 on her head.

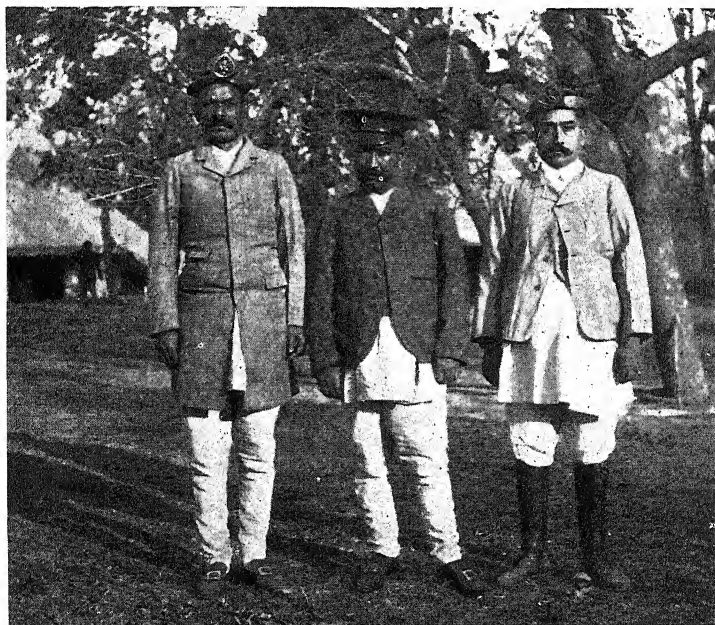
On the 7th at Mandali we had an assembly of the Forest Ranger and his assistant, and people from some villages near to the camp. The Forest Department officials are generally unpopular with the countryside in these parts. What could be done with the gramophone? A mixture of Tara-ra-boom-de-ay, Caruso and various other records had, as the picture shows, the effect of making them all enjoy themselves.

We temporarily divided forces two miles from Mandali at the junction with the Simla road. Bunty and Ramsay saw a bear but had no rifle. We got some moonal, kalij, koklas and peura but no cheer. There was a great deal too much forest, and the shooting was very difficult. At the Jackolani Pass, six miles on our way, we got a very fine view of Bandar-punch from which the Jumna rises, and Sargorain, the source of the Tons. Our camp at Thadiyar, on the Tons, was only 3,500 feet above sea level and was approached by a very hot march. There was a good deal of game about. Bunty got a kakar and a goral. He and Osma each wounded a tahr but failed to retrieve them. On a spur below Ringali they saw a herd of twenty-two tahr but there were no shootable males. They found marks of bear and panther and heard a sambar bell.

The water of the Tons was a dirty white, probably due to the recent melting of the snow owing to storms on the two previous days. At Thadiyar a bridge crosses it into the Tehri State from the Jaunsar Bawar tract of the Dehra Dun district. In my tent, the temperature in which was 50 degrees at Molta at 7 a.m., it was 80 degrees at Thadiyar at 4 p.m. Wyndham tried to fish, but there were no fish,



THE GRAMOPHONE PLAYED AT MANDALI



NEPALESE OFFICERS



large or small, in the river. Next day we had a very severe march to Ringali (7,500) two miles along the Tons and then up the Kunigadh stream. We were now in the forests leased by the Tehri State to the Forest Department which are very valuable and extensive. In this part the best forests are chir and kail but there is a good deal of oak and rhododendron. At some distance higher up, there is some very fine deodar. Two days afterwards we reached the Jumna valley and marched three miles down it to Burkot (3,900). The temperature at midday on the level of the Jumna was 98 degrees. On the same day it was not more than 95 degrees at Allahabad. There are very many fewer trees in the Jumna valley than in that of the Tons. There is excellent cultivation in small bays on the Jumna. There was not so much water in the Jumna as in the Tons at Thadiyar, perhaps two-thirds only, but it was very clear. Next day but one we marched to Dharasu (3,250), where the bungalow was situated between the junction of the Bhagirathi (the western arm of the Ganges) and a small tributary. The river was much discoloured by snow, there were no fish in it, and a great many logs and sleepers. Two days later we reached the capital of the Tehri State (2,500) where we halted three days. The Raja, Sir Kirti Shah, was an extremely nice man, and a very good ruler. His health was not very good when I gave up the Lieutenant-Governorship, and he was not well enough to come to Bareilly to see me off. He wrote a very charming letter, wishing me good-bye. He was succeeded shortly after by his son, Major Sir Narendra Shah, now the ruler of the State. The latter married two daughters of the Raja of Keonthal, a State which lies just below Chota Simla on the western part of that station. He and his wives and the Princess Bhuban (the daughter of an ex-Prime Minister of Nepal who, when required to leave Nepal, had to live close to Mussourie) came with her sister to tea with Lorna and

myself in our flat in London about 1924. They enjoyed themselves to their hearts' content on strawberries and cream. Afterwards the Raja went to a Court at Buckingham Palace. As he was not able to take two wives to the Court, the four girls went off to a play. One of the Ranis was unfortunately killed in a motor accident some years since.

The Ganges and the Jumna both rise in the Tehri State. The former rises in the glacier called Gaumukh (cow's mouth) at over 13,000 feet. This is a most holy spot to Hindus. The river is first called the Bhagirathi. Lower down it joins the Alaknanda and the combined stream is called the Ganges when it reaches Hardwar and debouches on the plains. Jumnotri and Gangotri, which are in the great range close to the sources of the Jumna and Ganges, are the objectives of the great annual pilgrimage of Hindus to this part of the Himalaya.

Everything was very well arranged for us at Tehri, the chief event being the inspection of the Imperial Service Sappers and Miners in the employment of the State. The men did very well at the inspection.

After passing on the high ground above the Jumna valley, Kauria (6,850) and Danaulti (7,500), we found ourselves sixteen miles from Mussourie (7,500). The latter marches had not been through such interesting country as the earlier ones. From Mussourie we went to Dehra Dun (2,650) and thence on 27th October by motor-car through Roorkee to Meerut, our route that day covering one hundred and thirty-one miles. This was the end of our hill tours.

## *Chapter Fifteen*

### A VISIT TO LEH IN 1921

LADAKH is a division of the Kashmir State, the territory belonging to which is more extensive than that of any other native State. It is the most westerly province of the high mountainous land spoken of as Thibet. It was conquered by Raja Gulab Singh, to whom the British Government sold Kashmir in the first half of the nineteenth century. The capital is Leh, the only place of any importance in Ladakh, and its population is only just over 2,000. Ladakh is one of the most elevated regions of the earth. It is very sparsely cultivated at heights from 9,000 to 14,000 feet. Mrs. Atkinson's description of her visit to Leh in 1921, which follows, is a natural continuation of our travels nearer home in the highlands of the Kumaun Himalaya.

'One of the places I have always wanted to go to is Leh. I do not know why particularly, but the words Leh and Ladakh have always held a peculiar fascination for me and I longed to go there. My opportunity came in the late summer of 1921 when I was up in Kashmir. I had been camping and living in a houseboat on the Jhelum river with my friend Dorothy McNeile, since April. It was our intention to stay in Kashmir camping up the various lovely valleys until the end of October, as I wanted to shoot a barasingh and we both wanted to see the autumn tints of Kashmir

which are so beautiful. It is worth going all that distance, just to see them. These plans, however, were knocked on the head by Dorothy getting ill and having to go home. She arranged to go at the end of July and this left me with two months before I could go to the nulla after barasingh. It was a great disappointment to her as she had not intended to go before I did, but she got so run down and ill she felt she must get back to England. I did not know what to do with myself. I felt that two months in Gulmarg with its social round of picnics, golf, dances, was not what I wanted. We had camped in nearly all the principal valleys, and I did not know where to go, when I got an inspiration. Leh! Of course, I would go up to Leh. Here was the opportunity I had been waiting for and I was determined to seize it. However, it was not going to be all plain sailing. The authorities had to give me permission to go, and, to my great dismay, at first I was flatly refused and told it was quite impossible for me to go alone. With a husband or a brother, or even another woman, it could be arranged, but alone, "No". As the whole object of the trip was to be alone, to get right away from people and civilization and be on my own, this was a great blow to me. I was told very politely that lonely women trekking about the country were a great nuisance and a source of anxiety to the authorities. Some women apparently will insist on crossing forbidden frontiers and so causing the Political Department much worry, others get ill and send an S O S for the only doctor within 500 miles, and whatever they do they are a nuisance. I was implored to find a congenial woman friend to go with me and save all this argument and possible disappointment. I was not to be deterred however, and I insisted that I could not find any one to go with me, therefore, I must go alone or not at all. How nearly I did not go at all, I tremble to think. In the end, armed with permission from H.H. Sir

Pratap Singh, late Maharaja of Jammu and Kashmir, a very old and valued friend of my father's, I confronted the British authorities and got the necessary permit. Luckily for me, the Political Agent in Leh was an old friend of mine, Captain Thomson-Glover, and it was owing to his help and the courtesy of H.H. the Maharaja that I was able to do the trip so comfortably.

'I had a few bad days waiting for a reply to my cable to my father saying I wanted to go to Leh and begging him not to stop me. But it came at length and was favourable, so I was able to start making my preparations. I wanted to travel as light as possible, but I had to take with me all my own provisions and those for my servants and I had to take a tent. An 80 lb. one was the smallest I could do with, a chair, a table and a camp-bed. My transport was to be ponies and I had also to decide what servants to take. Here I must introduce Rachel, my amazing Madras ayah (maid). I took Rachel away from Government House, Madras, where she had been for some time, and Lady Willingdon very generously said I could take her on my travels, as she was quite unique and a marvellous servant. I never ceased to bless Lady Willingdon for letting me have Rachel. She was my prop and stay, and I can't begin to think what I should have done without her. In appearance she was a little old shrivelled up woman, with a wrinkled face, just like a monkey. She reminded me of a picture in Rider Haggard's *King Solomon's Mines* of the witch Gagool, but, unlike Gagool, Rachel was blessed with a divine sense of humour, and the heart of a lion. Nothing daunted her. She would try any and everything and I believe if I had told her to swim across the Jhelum she would have tried. The question now arose as to what I was to do with Rachel. I could not take her up to Leh—it was too far and too wild a trip altogether. So Dorothy and I arranged



to leave her bearer with me and for Rachel to go to Bombay with Dorothy. I hated to part with Rachel but it seemed the only solution. However, Rachel decided the matter herself, by flatly refusing to leave me. She said: "Wherever Missus go, I go; if Missus ride I take up and ride too," and nothing would persuade her otherwise. So I gave in with many misgivings as I felt convinced she would crack up after a few marches and have to go back, but she was so insistent I agreed to take her. Then I wanted some one to cook for me, and I arranged to take the khitmutghar (table-servant), a pleasant little creature, or so I thought, in preference to the old villain of a cook, and I took a coolie to help put up tents, fetch water, etc. At the eleventh hour the khitmutghar got into a panic and would not come. He said he was frightened of the Bad Men, and it was much too dangerous, and nothing would induce him to come. So the villainous cook had to be taken after all. My retinue then consisted of Rachel, the cook, a coolie, and a big up-standing Sikh orderly that Captain Thomson-Glover sent down from Leh to escort me. His name was Khemaya Singh, and he was a most invaluable man, his fine military appearance and his great height commanded respect, and it was very amusing to watch him swaggering amongst the coolies and making them run about. Khemaya Singh also spoke the various dialects in Ladakh, which was a great help to me as I only spoke Memsahibs' Hindustani, which was not much use in those parts.

'It was pouring with rain on August 1st, when I started off. I had just seen Dorothy off to Bombay on her journey home. I lunched with Mrs. Pocklington and some Australians at Nedou's Hotel and started off for Nyal Bridge where I was to find my pony at about two-thirty. I felt rather miserable at going off all alone, especially as everything had gone wrong. My servants and kit were to have

preceded me at eleven o'clock so as to be in camp when I turned up. Just as the tongas were loaded up and ready to start, the cook could not be found. No one could find him—he was missing. I fussed and fumed and seriously thought of starting without him, when, at a quarter-to-one, he turned up. It appeared that he had been to the bazaar to buy rice and had given it to two coolies to carry. They promptly ran away and he ran after them and, according to his own story, had been running ever since. Eventually, with many shouts and yells of encouragement from Khemaya Singh, I got them off.

' My first march was not a pleasant one. I had to go for about twenty miles in a tonga, the last thirteen miles along a kutchra road, which had become a quagmire owing to the heavy rain. The poor tonga ponies slipped and slithered and progress was very slow. I reached Nyal Bridge at five-twenty having passed my servants and kit on the way. I waited in the pouring rain till seven o'clock and then proceeded to ride the next eight miles to Kangan where there was a rest-house. The going was terribly bad, my pony slipped and stumbled and we could only go at a walk, the last two miles in pitch darkness, and finally I crawled into Kangan at nine-thirty, having taken two and a half hours to go eight miles. Luckily the man in charge of the bungalow had been warned I was coming and had kept a room for me. Some other travellers had been benighted there and the accommodation was very cramped. I was wet to the skin and had nothing to change into, no food, no furniture but the bedstead and chair in the room, and no lamp! So I settled down sadly to wait for my kit and servants to turn up, wondering why I had ever been such a fool as to start at all. Fortunately for me, the other occupants of the bungalow, hearing of my plight, most kindly gave me some food, which revived me, and at midnight my kit turned up and I was able to

get some dry things and get to bed. Owing to my great fatigue I entirely forgot to put up what Rachel called my "skeeter" net, with the result that I was devoured by mosquitos.

'My next march of fourteen miles to Gund was little better, it never stopped raining and when I got to the rest-house, which was merely a glorified cowshed, I found it quite full and I had to pitch my tent. Everything was soaking and it continued to rain all night. The next day I woke to lovely sunshine and warmth. I did not start very early as I wanted to dry my tent and things in the sun. K. S. came to me in great excitement in the morning. A sahib had been robbed in the night of all his money, some Rs. 200, and his rifles! According to K. S., I also should have been robbed had the fame of his prowess not gone before us and frightened the robbers. It seems that there is a band of thieves in this valley who are very clever and resourceful, and who have already robbed three or four sahibs of rifles and guns. Probably they classed me with the four missionary ladies in the bungalow and did not expect to find me with any weapons. Little did they know what they had missed. As a precaution, I handed over my two rifles and money to K. S. and told him he was responsible for everything and to see to it I was not robbed. The march was beautiful. The path wound up the glorious Sind valley, with a rushing river tumbling over rocks and boulders on one side, and through glades of birch trees, chenars and walnut trees. I found a lovely camping ground two miles from the usual one, so was not plagued by the sight of other sahibs or memsahibs. I strapped my suit-case to my bed and, having handed over my rifle and money to K. S., I felt tolerably secure from Bad Men. I looked forward to crossing the Zojila Pass and being free from the possibility of robbers.

'My next march to Baltal was sheer delight. The weather

was glorious, the scenery grand and I was full of high spirits and health. The birches and pines now predominated and lovely patches of flowers, larkspurs, balsams, blue poppies, columbines and mauve daisies, appeared on either side of the path. The roar and tumble of the river was a soothing and delicious accompaniment to the rhythm of my pony's hooves on the rocky path, and I journeyed through that lovely valley feeling all was well with the world. When I reached Baltal, I was disappointed to find the bungalow occupied, but I took my camp and pitched it some distance away in a lovely birch grove out of sight and sound of the rest-house. Presently a lady came over to my tent and asked me if I had any brandy or medicines with me as she and her two brothers had run out of everything and one of them was very ill with dysentery and they had nothing but native meal to give him. I was able to give her castor oil and chlorodyne, white flour, arrowroot and brandy. I hoped the poor old gentleman would recover. They were all well over middle age and, from the lady's accent, I should say they were Americans. It seems rash to travel in these parts with no medicines, brandy or supplies. I had a great drying and airing of clothes in the sun, preparatory to climbing the Zojila Pass next day.

' I had been warned that the weather crossing the pass might be very bad and I might run into snow. I therefore left Baltal at 7.30 a.m. in order to get the worst part of the climb over before the afternoon. The scenery now completely changed. I had left behind me the birchwoods and lovely valley of the Sind, and the mountains grew more and more rugged, topped with snow and descending in great rolling hill-sides to a little mountain stream. The path was narrow and rocky, about 6 feet wide, with, on one side, a sheer drop of some 1,500 to 2,000 feet down to the Zoji stream, and, on the other, a rocky bulging hill-side. In

places the path narrowed to about eighteen inches, and, as my pony did not like it much, I walked most of the way. In the distance the great mountains, with their snow-capped peaks, made a glorious background, and the flowers simply defy description. Down the steep hill-side to the stream, up the rocky face of the mountain above, were quite literally carpets of flowers, columbines, daisies, balsams, alpine wall-flower, poppies, primulas and hundreds that I did not know by sight. The colouring was too beautiful, ranging from palest shell pink to deep rose, from primrose to orange, from pale turquoise blue to deep cornflower, and from mauve to deep purple.

‘ I was about half-way up the pass, lingering to revel in the beauty of the flowers, when down came a great thick cloud and torrential rain. The clouds were so low they formed a thick fog and it was impossible to see fifty yards ahead. It grew colder and colder and, when I had crossed the snow to the watershed and reached the summit of the pass, it was freezing. I was thankful for my fleece-lined leather waist-coat, as without it I should have fared badly. Soon after reaching the summit, the rain and mist cleared off and it was lovely. At about one o’clock I reached Machohoi rest-house, where I determined to have lunch. There I met a doctor and his wife on their way down from Leh and was depressed to hear that the rest-house at Matayan, where I had intended spending the night, was occupied by three missionaries and that the nearest camping place was about four miles on. My servants had had a hard march in horrible weather and I did not at all relish the thought of an extra four miles. However, I pushed on again shortly after two, in another deluge of cold rain. How I wished I could have had with me those persons who had assured me it never rained north of the Zojila. What strange things one is told !

‘ On arriving at Matayan I was relieved to find the missionaries had departed and I had the two-roomed little bungalow to myself. It was a relief not to have to pitch a wet tent. I spread myself in the two rooms and had huge fires lighted and dried my clothes and kit, which had got very wet on the march. The scenery was wild and very lovely—rugged mountains, rocky and precipitous—and the people as wild-looking. They are Dards and Baltis and are curious-looking creatures, very unkempt and dirty. As I was enjoying the warmth and comfort of a fire and listening to the wind and rain outside, congratulating myself on being safely under a roof this wild night, I was interrupted. It was the cook with a petition—would the memsahib kindly mend his watch, it was broken ? He had brought it to the memsahib, who could do all things, to mend. I took the watch and saw that it was indeed broken ; the mainspring had gone. I was just going to hand it back to him when something about it struck me as being familiar. Surely I had seen this watch before. I examined it carefully. Yes, I was positive, it was the watch D. and I had given to the khitmutghar a few weeks ago. We had complained, I remember, about the unpunctuality of our meals and on being reprimanded for this the khitmutghar informed us that he had no watch, therefore, could not be expected to know the correct time. He went on to say that he could get a very good watch in the bazaar for Rs 30, but being a very poor man, with many children to support, he could not afford to buy it, but, if the memsahibs would pay for half of it, he would buy it. The memsahibs, poor, dear, deluded creatures, thought it was rather hard on this good, hard-working, honest little man to make him pay Rs 15 out of his hard-earned wages, in order to buy a watch, so they said they would pay the whole sum and told him to go off and get it. Wreathed in smiles and breathing vows of eternal fidelity the good little man went off.

D. and I rather apologetically assured each other it was the least we could do, as, after all, it was a question of our meals being in time, not his, and quite obviously they never would be unless he had a watch. How then had this watch got into the hands of the villainous old cook? Of course, he must have stolen it and the poor little khitmutghar had been robbed.

‘Sternly I asked the cook how he had come into possession of the watch. Calmly he told me it had been given to him. “But,” said I, “You lie, cook, this is the watch I gave to khitmutghar, therefore it cannot be yours.” “Your honour, it is my watch,” repeated the cook, “it was given to me, it is mine.” I was beginning to be a bit shaken, he was so positive and so emphatic. I determined to test him and I said: ‘Very well, you say it is your watch, I say it is the watch I gave the khitmutghar. You must prove to me that you are right.’ “Very good, your honour, I will show you,” and he took the watch and, sure enough, inside the lid was an engraved inscription to the effect that this watch had been presented to Abdul Karim, in token of his faithful services, by a Captain Somebody, whose name I forget, and dated 1916. I was dumbfounded and completely at a loss. Eventually I asked the cook how it was the khitmutghar had brought me the watch in Srinagar which he said he had got in the bazaar and for which he asked me to pay Rs 30. “Oh,” said the cook, quite gravely, “I lent it to him.” There was no more to be said. I dismissed him curtly, telling him his watch was past my mending, and reflected on the baseness of human nature all over the world. I was furious with myself for having been so easily gulled, and more furious when I thought of the quiet laugh those two old rascals had had over their successful ruse. I imagine the khitmutghar came out of it best, as he only hoped for Rs 15 and no doubt was to share this with the cook, but

when the two simple-minded memsahibs were fools enough to pay the Rs 30 I expect the other Rs 15 never got farther than the khitmutghar's greasy pocket.

'My next halt at Dras was very uncomfortable, the bungalow was very dirty and, as a terrific gale got up, I was obliged to put up the outside shutters. Dras is in a fairly fertile valley, shut in by huge rugged mountains. It is 10,000 feet up, swept by cold winds of which I got a dose, the rain lashing the windows. I changed my ponies here and got a fresh lot, for which I was thankful as the other lot was bad. Shinsha Karbu was my next stop and there after a long march of twenty-one miles I was glad to find a very nice little bungalow, prettily situated in a grove of willows, a nice change after Dras. I left Shinsha Karbu at eight o'clock and had a very difficult march to Kargil. The scenery was wonderful, very wild and rocky, and the path wound up and down khuds and along precipices. Huge great boulders piled on top of each other and a very narrow path, loose sand on top and loose rocks beneath, which made the going very hard. I found Kargil was quite a large place, with a bazaar and a nice bungalow. In the afternoon the chuprassi (orderly) came and said the Tahsildar wanted to see me. I was rather bored, but said "salaam do" ("show him in"), and, instead of a wild and woolly creature like the people I had seen, a most resplendent individual walked in. He was dressed in spotless white trousers, beautiful white boots, a grey coat and a white puggaree. He spoke perfect English and, after asking after my welfare, he said he had come to tell me that a Pultan (regiment) was on its way to Leh but, if it inconvenienced my worship in any way, he would immediately give orders for it not to proceed to-morrow. I hurriedly said I did not in the least mind the Pultan and I hoped he would not prevent it from going on on my account, at which he seemed very much relieved. He then said he had brought a dali for



my acceptance, and a most extraordinary procession appeared. Six men carrying baskets of French beans, tomatoes, beetroot, white flour, sugar, dried fish, ghee, delicious apricots, a live sheep, two live fowls and three dozen new-laid eggs. I was speechless for a moment, then thanked him profusely and shook hands with him. He seemed much pleased. I really did not know what to do as I felt he was much too grand to tip. I was quite evidently regarded as a Personage, as wherever I went Tahsildars and Lumbardars ran out and fell on their faces. I saw in all the bungalows complaints from travellers about the difficulty of getting supplies and transport, but I experienced none of this and proceeded like a queen. When I got to Kargil, which is a large place, the population ran out and bowed to the ground. I pursued my way salaaming graciously to right and left. It was great fun, but meant a lot of tips. However, eight annas produced blessings and twelve stupified the recipient, so it was not very costly. The Suru River winds along below the rest-house, and I found Kargil a very attractive spot. The march to Moulbek Chamha was through fine wild scenery, but it poured with rain all the way, which rather spoiled the view. The first monastery is here, perched high up on a hill and signs of Buddhism all round. I did not visit it, as I knew there was a fine one two marches ahead.

'The rain stopped next day and I had a lovely march to Bod Kharbu. I crossed the Namikhal Pass, 13,000 feet up, and from the top I got a divine view, range after range of lovely snow-clad mountains, and looking down into a beautiful fertile valley. The bungalow was very comfortable, and I remember the beauty of the lovely lights and shades on the mountains. K. Singh was most anxious for me to go on and do two marches in one, to avoid the Pultan which was rather a bore, as it always camped in the same place. But I did not mind the soldiers and did not see any point in forced marches.

It was curious coming into a Buddhist country again with Dadhabas all over the place. I never understand why people say Baltistan is ugly. To me it is absolutely fascinating, wild, barren and mountainous, with the glorious blue of the sky. The extremely picturesque people, in their rags and dirt, their lovely turquoises and their jolly smiling faces, fit in so perfectly with the scenery.

‘I had one more pass to cross, the Fotu La 13,000 feet, with a descent to Lamayuru of 2,000 feet. Then I was in Ladakh and getting near my journey’s end. The climb up to the top of the pass was long, but easy, and then the descent was very sharp. I got in to camp early in order to see the monastery which is a very fine one. Accompanied by K.S., who insisted on going with me to protect me—and, I must say, I was glad to have him with me—I climbed up to the monastery. It is perched upon a cliff and is built in tiers and looks like a bees’ nest. I felt rather shy going off like this into a Buddhist monastery, and was not at all sure what to do. What to say was easy enough, as I could say nothing. I did not know the language, and had to rely on the interpretation of K.S. I was most kindly received by the lamas, who took me all over the monastery and showed me everything. They wear dark-red cloth robes, red felt boots and red caps, and looked very lean and fine drawn. I found it most puzzling to know what religion they practised ; there were figures of Buddha everywhere, interspersed with Hindu gods, one deity riding on a tiger, another with ten heads and one hundred hands. There were tawdry plaster images of lamas dressed in silk and lace, and some with large hats like a cardinal’s hat, so I really did not know quite what to think. I found afterwards that the religion of this part of the world is a debased form of Buddhism, with a good deal of Hinduism mixed up with it and it is known as Lamaism. For instance, these people eat meat, and a true Buddhist will not take life.

' The lamas cultivate their land and work in the fields, and teach. In this monastery were some lovely old books and some beautiful embroideries. They showed me their prayer-wheels and drums, their dirty little cells, the kitchen, the sole utensils of which were two huge iron cauldrons in which all the food is thrown together and cooked into a nauseating mess. Finally, I was taken in to the great Puja room where they say their prayers, the holy of holies, and I was suddenly overcome by the most violent desire to be sick, the stench was so appalling, as if three hundred unwashed people had slept there for fourteen years without a crack of air. I rushed outside and, with the aid of a tiny smelling-salts bottle I luckily had with me, I was able to return to the attack. The room was large and all round it were placed these plaster images dressed up in silk and lace, numbers of bells and brass utensils and some good embroideries. I was then taken to see the room of the head lama or skooshook, who was away. In comparison with the Puja room, this was almost clean. On the walls were some nice paintings and banners, there were some very fine old books, and a beautiful low painted wooden seat where His Holiness sat and received petitions. The stables on the fourth story was the next place I was taken to see. How on earth they got the few old ponies up all those stairs I can't think ; I had not climbed so many steps for years. There were some women working in the stables and when they saw me they all came out and stared at me, and then with one accord clamoured for bakshish. Bakshish is a word common to all peoples of the East and one which needs no translation. I had no small change on me, but profiting from my former experiences I gave them two rupees between eight of them. To my intense horror, they all gave a scream of joy and fell on their faces, clutching my legs and nearly pulling me down. They clawed my skirt and kissed my boots, and finally I almost had to kick them to get

away. After the excitement of visiting the monastery, I did not sleep well and, having omitted to put up my "skeeter" net, was well bitten by sandflies.

'I was now beginning to find it a bit hot, so I started my marches at 5.30 a.m. in order to get into camp before the heat of the day. The march to Nurlu was long and tiring, the path was narrow and precipitous khuds made me feel I would rather walk than ride. The beauty of the coloured rocks which reared up on each side of a boulder-strewn stream was most striking. I had never seen such strata of lovely coloured rock—red, dark blue, jade green, turquoise blue and dark green, all in layers like a cake, and giving a most wonderful effect of mosaic. After about eight miles I came out into the Indus valley and was thrilled at my first sight of the Indus River. It is, in reality, anything but thrilling, being a swift-running, muddy swirl of waters, flowing between huge rugged cliffs. I passed through a pretty little village called Khalsi, and then the last part of the march was over a hot glary road, most desolate and sandy. I found the heat and sandflies very trying, and was glad to move on next day to Saspul. This was an amusing march; the road went along horrid khuds, and over stretches of stone and sand, but it was cloudy and cool, and half-way it poured with rain, which was a great relief to man and beast. The heat had been very intense during the past few marches. I had here the most embarrassing reception I had had up to date. About one hundred yards from the rest-house a most appalling noise began, drums beating, pipes wailing, an ear-splitting din. Suddenly four females sprang into the road and began to nautch (dance). They were draped in scarlet blankets and wore the beautiful Ladakhi head-dresses of turquoise. The whole population of Saspul had turned out and was bowing and salaaming to the ground. On asking what it all meant, I was told that it was always done to welcome the Com-

missioner or any Burra sahibs or Lady sahibs. I was immensely amused at all this being performed in my honour, and suitably rewarded the performers with most embarrassing results. The Ladakhis are a warm-hearted people and express their gratitude in a most marked manner. When I eventually arrived at the bungalow, I found a magnificent dali of fruits and vegetables from the Tahsildar of Leh, which I much appreciated.

‘I was getting quite excited by now as I only had two more marches to Leh. The next day’s march to Nimu was an easy one inland, and I was thankful to leave the noisy, dirty Indus, with its nerve-racking khuds. I was sped from Saspul by a band, and to my horror, on approaching a delightful little village between Nimu and Saspul called Basgo, the same awful din began again, and I went through a repetition of the former receptions, band, nautch girls, bowing crowd and myself proceeding with great dignity and graciously acknowledging the acclamations of the populace. On arriving at Nimu a third band, etc., awaited me, and more and more baskets of fruit, vegetables and other offerings. What became of them I never knew ; it was quite impossible to carry them all along with us. I had enjoyed my trek up so enormously that I was feeling very much depressed at the thought of reaching civilization again at Leh, much as I was longing to get there. I had enjoyed the lovely long marches through the wonderful scenery. I had enjoyed seeing the cheery friendly people, the visit to the monastery, my amusing receptions in the villages, and the evidently enormous importance attached to my person. Never before had I been the central figure in such demonstrations, never before had a Pultan drawn up and presented arms to me (which, by the way, is what this Pultan did every time I passed it on the road), and never again would it happen. It was great fun while it lasted. The time had gone so quickly, I could not

believe that the next day I should have been fifteen days on the march. The heavenly evenings in camp, with my books and my work, and feeling deliciously tired after my day's march! The glorious feeling that there was no one for miles and miles I could talk to, that I could not be worried or bothered, except by the little mishaps incidental to a long trek! All this made me wish I could prolong my journey indefinitely and just go wandering on and on through this wild, cruel, yet fascinating country. However, all good things come to an end, and the first part of my trip would end to-morrow.

' I left Nimu early and got into Leh by 10 a.m. I had to cross a flat plain which was very easy going, so I could canter along quite comfortably. Leh is a small green oasis, surrounded by a sandy desert and tucked in under barren brown hills. It is 11,000 feet up and the air is rather rarefied and some people find it difficult to sleep. One enters Leh through a wooden gate and immediately finds oneself in the town, which is immaculately clean and consists of one long wide street, with most fascinating shops on either side. The Residency, where Captain and Mrs. Thomson-Glover lived, is a charming house situated in a grove of trees with a nice garden, with real green grass and flowers, very refreshing after so much rock and stone. I was warmly welcomed by my host and hostess, who were too kind to me for words and I must say I enjoyed the luxury of a really good bath and a comfortable bedroom, where I could spread myself. After tea we strolled into the bazaar as it was a Burra Din (holiday) and every one wore their lovely gala clothes. The serai (inn) where the traders coming in from Yarkhand assemble was perfectly fascinating. There they are with their yaks laden with bales of goods, carpets, silks, jade, turquoises and all kinds of merchandise for exchange and barter. The traders are great, strong, cheery-looking men,

with a very mongolian type of countenance and the most infectious and cheerful smiles. I tried to buy a white mutton-fat jade bangle that one man was wearing. He would not part with it however, and said it was not for sale and tried to tempt me with other trinkets. I, however, had set my heart on that bangle and was as determined to have it as he was not to sell it. A most amusing hour's bargaining then began and, having had some experience of the Oriental trader, I enjoyed it as much as he did. In the end I won, and took my bangle away for the ridiculous sum of ten rupees. The clinking of ten solid good rupees had been too much for my jolly trader, as with a gesture of despair he tore off the bangle and thrust it into my hand. These Ladakhis have very small flexible bones and I found that the bangle was not at all too big for me, though the man who had worn it was a good hefty fellow.

' That evening I had a long talk with Captain Thomson-Glover about the prospects of shooting. The Maharajah had very kindly said I might have a nulla for ovis ammon as well as one for barhal and shapu and I was, of course, most anxious to try for an ammon. However, to my great disappointment, Captain Glover said that the ammon nulla was six marches beyond Leh, beyond the salt lakes and over the Debuij Pass, 17,000 feet. It would take me six days hard marching to get there and six days back, leaving me with only four days in the nulla, so that it was not worth it. The Khabar from the shapu and ibex nulla had just come in and was very bad : shapu very small and ibex very scarce. So Captain Glover was trying to get me to Rumpack for four or five days as he thought I had more chance there of a shot.

' I spent about six days in Leh and enjoyed every moment of it. I wandered about the fascinating bazaar and shops and had great fun trying to talk to the people in signs and,

with much laughter and good nature on their part, I was surprisingly well understood. One day we went to see the goods of one of the biggest and most important traders in the town and he insisted on us having tea with the ladies. We all sat cross-legged on the most lovely Bokhara rugs, with low red-lacquer tables in front of us, and they gave us tea out of most exquisite little porcelain cups with chased silver lids. The tea looked quite normal, but was absolutely nauseating to taste, and it was only by an immense exertion of will-power that I was able to swallow it at all. My discomfiture amused the Thomson-Glovers very much, as they had not warned me what to expect. I found out afterwards that the tea, which comes in bricks from Lhasa, is put into a big cylindrical sort of churn and mixed with ghee and salt. No wonder my western palate did not appreciate it, though my hostesses appeared to find it delicious and refilled their cups over and over again. The ladies wore most lovely jewellery, chiefly turquoises, cornelian and lapis lazuli, and in their delightful brocade cloaks made a most picturesque group.

‘ Another day I went to see a polo match. I am intensely interested in polo, and have seen some of the most wonderful and exciting matches both in India and England, but I have never seen a match approaching this one for excitement and dangerous play. The polo ground at Leh in those days was a narrow strip of sand, with a high wall on one side. Any number of players may play. There were eight a side that day, I think, and the ponies range from twelve to sixteen hands. There are no rules. It was a glorious *mêlée* of ponies, sticks and flying sand, and there appeared to be no time limit to chukkers. Players advanced, waving their sticks over their heads, from any and all angles of the ground, uttering shrill cries. There was a general concussion somewhere in the middle of the ground and for



several moments the game resembled a rugby scrum, as all that one could see was the hind-quarters of ponies and players, all their heads being lowered in search of the ball. Occasionally a player with a shout of triumph would get the ball away and start off towards the goal—I think it was immaterial which goal—to be set on with a thunderous yell by all the other fifteen players, and the scrum was repeated again in another part of the ground. I laughed until I felt quite helpless and only recovered myself when, after the match, it was decided that I had better try riding a yak. As yaks were to be my transport beyond Leh I felt perhaps I had better learn to ride one in case of emergency. The one produced for me looked meek and mild enough and it was with a certain amount of confidence I mounted my strange steed. I can honestly say I have never felt anything so uncomfortable or so bony as that wretched yak's back, but I was not prepared for its extremely bad behaviour. I was trying him on the polo ground, the only flat place in Leh and was just going to dismount and say that I found yak riding quite an easy proposition, when to my horror the hateful animal bucked, a real good buck, and deposited me on my back, intensely surprised and exceedingly angry. It was now the polo players' turn to laugh at me, but with innate courtesy they forebore to triumph over my ignominious downfall, but contented themselves with covert grins, while I picked myself up and walked, with what dignity I could muster, off the polo ground.

The only other Europeans in Leh were the German missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Kunig of the Moravian mission. They were a charming couple, full of the milk of human kindness and devoted to their flock. They were fine examples of the right type of missionary, believing in tending to the physical as well as the spiritual needs of the people. They had a very nice little church and a school and I attended a

service one day, at which some 50 or 60 Ladakhi children sang hymns to the familiar tunes, but with Bodi words. The result was a little weird, but they sang so lustily and so earnestly that it was quite impressive. The K's were much beloved by all and sundry and people flocked from miles around to be doctored and nursed by them. The people had the greatest faith in their powers of healing and firmly believed that they could cure them of all ills.

'One afternoon after polo I saw a very odd Yarkandi game, peculiar, I should think, to this part of the world. All the Yarkandi traders mounted their tiny ponies, having previously killed a sheep. The game was for each man to ride wildly down to where the carcase lay and try to carry it off. No mean feat, and it was very amusing watching them try. The ponies were small and the riders large, but, even so, to carry off a full-grown sheep lying on the ground, from the back of even a small pony, going full gallop, is not an easy thing to do. While I was in Leh two Americans turned up at the rest-house and Mrs. Thomson-Glover, with her usual kindness, invited them to dinner. They were a not very young couple going round the world on their honeymoon. They were pleasant people and much interested in all they had seen and done, but I must confess we found Mr. H. rather trying when he would insist upon giving us a lecture on how to govern India. He held forth at great length on the fatal mistakes the British had made during their long period of rule and what, in his opinion, they should have done. Captain Glover bore it with great patience and good humour, but we were all getting a bit restive, when luckily I caused a diversion. The stopping came out of my tooth. This had the desired effect of diverting Mr. H's thoughts from the channel of British misdeeds to that of personal reminiscences and he at once began on a long story, the point of which revolved round the fact that,

on one memorable and never-to-be-forgotten occasion, the "inlay" had come out of his tooth and therefore he was able to sympathise with me.

'The great excitement of the Leh season were the sports. These were for the children and most admirably organized and run by Mrs. Glover. Quite a large gathering of Europeans assembled in the Residency grounds, the two Americans, the two Germans and the Glovers and their cousin, who was staying with them. The Hereditary King and Queen of Ladakh were there and all the ladies of the place, resplendent in their turquoise head-dresses and brocade cloaks. The children thoroughly enjoyed it all and entered into everything most wholeheartedly. It was amazing to see how these little barbarians showed a real sporting instinct in their races and competitions and how completely they seemed to grasp the ethics of competitive games and their appreciation of fair play.

'The Hereditary King and Queen of Ladakh were rather a pathetic pair of monarchs, I thought. There was nothing to distinguish them from their fellow Ladakhis either in dress or speech. The purely honorary title of Hereditary King of Ladakh is borne by this little Raja, as the descendant of a family, in the dim dark ages, probably the richest and most powerful in the country, which enabled it to take the title of king. As this has naturally been extinct for a great many years, the title of Hereditary King has descended to this rather sad representative of a ruling family. Anybody more unlike a king, or a chieftain of any sort, it would be hard to find.

'One night there was a most amusing entertainment in the Residency garden to which all the bigwigs of Leh were invited. Lighted by huge bonfires and torches, we were entertained by some very original acting. The plot was involved and difficult to follow, but there were undoubtedly

a wreck, a Chinese princess and a dragon. One scene, depicting the birth of the lion, was extraordinarily funny. There were Yarkandi, Balti and Ladakhi national dances, monotonous and very similar. One of the traders performed an excellent sword dance, and another, one with torches. I must say it was a most unique entertainment, which the performers appeared to enjoy a good deal more than the audience.

‘ I was extremely anxious to visit the big monastery of Hemis which lies about eighteen miles beyond Leh. It is the next largest monastery to Lhasa and the Skooshook or Abbot is a very holy man and the incarnation of some great abbot of the past. I was particularly anxious to see one of the devil-dances of which I had read and heard so much. As the monastery had just celebrated its annual festival and devil-dance a few weeks back, Captain T. G. was very doubtful whether he could get permission for me to go there and thought the devil-dance would be out of the question. However, I wrote a letter to the Skooshook to say who I was, and that I very much wanted to visit Hemis and to see a devil-dance. It took some days to get a reply but, finally, a magnificent parchment scroll, ornamented with seals, arrived. Captain Glover translated it to me and it was to the effect that the daughter of such a distinguished man as Sir John Hewett would be most cordially welcomed at Hemis, and that, although the real devil-dance was over, the lamas were going down to Jammu to perform before H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and they would therefore give a full dress rehearsal at the monastery, to which I was invited. Needless to say, I was delighted with the prospect of visiting this monastery and most grateful to Captain Glover for arranging it for me, and I was very much surprised at the Skooshook having heard of my father at all. It was nine years since he had left India and the

Skooshook had never been to British India at all. Captain Glover told me that he was an exceedingly well-informed and cultured man and, in spite of lack of newspapers and other channels of news, he kept thoroughly up to date with what was going on in the world. At any rate, the fact that he knew of and admired my father was my passport to Hemis.

‘ We left Leh one evening after an early tea *en route* for the visit to Hemis. Our way lay for sixteen miles across an awful sandy desert and, though our camp was in a nice little grove of poplars, a horrible wind got up and lashed us with sand and grit. These sudden tempestuous winds in Ladakh are very trying, and add very considerably to the difficulties of camping.

‘ Next morning we set off for Hemis, a distance of about eight miles. We left at seven-thirty and in about an hour’s time we sighted the monastery. Like the one at Lamayuru, it was built on a very high hill in tiers up the hill-side. Long before we saw the monastery we saw some lamas standing on a high rock, silhouetted against the sky, evidently on the look-out for us. As soon as they saw us they hurried off to give the signal, and as we approached the foot of the hill we saw a procession of lamas coming out to meet us. At the same moment, on the roof of the monastery appeared some more lamas dressed in lovely red brocade cloaks and head-dresses that looked like mitres. These were the musicians and they began to play some sacred music on tom-toms and queer eight-foot-long copper trumpets with conch shells. The sound produced was weird and melancholy, a kind of rhythmic droning in a minor key. It was not unpleasant : though, to a western ear, and an unmusical ear, it produced no effect of harmony, it fitted in with the whole scene quite perfectly. To the accompaniment of this wailing music the procession of lamas advanced to meet us, and

I then discovered that I was the chief and honoured guest on this occasion. First a lama advanced and gave me some flowers and placed a white scarf round my neck. These scarves are made of some fibrous material and are sent by the Dalai Lama from Lhasa and only presented to the most honoured guests. Then other Lamas walked in front of me, swinging incense burners, in order to purify the air before the honoured guest and finally we reached the gate of the monastery.

‘Here we were received by the Skooshook’s personal secretaries and escorted to his private quarters. The Skooshook met us at the entrance and welcomed us gravely and with much dignity and courtesy. He was a man about forty years of age, with a very fine and intelligent face. He was the head of all the western lamas and, being the reincarnation of some very great abbot, he was regarded as a very holy man indeed. Dressed like the other lamas in dark red robes, he was distinguished by the bright yellow cloak and cap he wore in virtue of his office as Skooshook.

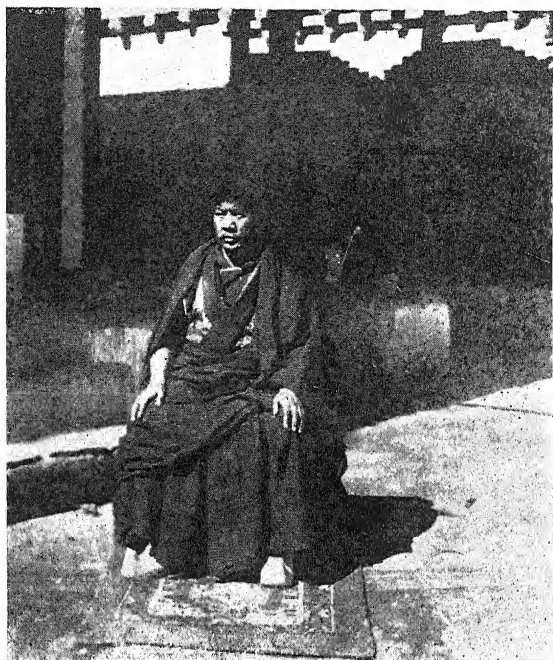
‘We breakfasted with him, sitting cross-legged with low lacquer tables before us and, though I looked on the tea with great suspicion, my experience in Leh being still fresh in my mind, I found it very nice indeed. It came from Lhasa and was really delicious. Before we had breakfast, I had to undergo the ceremony of being decorated with another scarf of honour, this time by the Skooshook himself, after which he presented me with a chased brass cylinder to carry pens in, a blue enamel and gilt case, containing ivory chopsticks and a knife, and a small wooden bowl, lined with silver that the lamas use for their food.

‘After breakfast I was escorted outside and presented with yet more gifts. Trays of white flour, barley, rice, sugar and apricots, a packet of Lhasa tea and a live sheep. My

thanks had to be conveyed through an interpreter as the Skooshook only speaks Bodi, which I do not speak.

‘Now was the time for the big tamasha (show) to start, but first I was taken into the Puja room to see the service which was going on. There I saw row upon row of lamas seated cross-legged on low divans, swaying and chanting in a low monotonous tone. In front of each lama was a little bowl, which from time to time an attendant filled with tea, and all the while they chanted they drank tea. Presumably they needed it, as these services go on for hours at a time, with apparently little or no variation of the dirge they were then chanting. Leaving the lamas to their devotions we went up into the gallery which runs across one side of the courtyard where the devil-dance was to take place. After a considerable period of waiting, a long procession of lamas issued from the building opposite us and descended the steps into the courtyard. They were dressed in the most beautiful robes of priceless brocades, most wonderfully embroidered and of the loveliest colours. Each lama wore a hideous mask, which completely hid his head and face and came down on to his shoulders. These masks represented all kinds of evil and horrible creatures—devils, goblins, dragons, all with most fearsome and terrifying expressions. They act some sort of a play, the first part representing the awful punishments meted out to the human soul when first it leaves the body. In the middle of the courtyard is laid a waxen figure, representing the departed. Round this “corpse” the devils slowly revolve, round and round, chanting in time to the music played by the musicians on the roof, making passes over the body, darting knives, swords and lances into it, and generally inflicting all the tortures of the damned. This goes on interminably and then the scene changes. More lamas come forth, but these wear masks of a more benign character. Truth must admit that the faces depicted on

THE ABBOT  
OF HEMIS



DEVIL-  
DANCERS





these masks were more leering than amiable. Nevertheless they were intended to represent the good spirits, who now came to claim the soul of the one who had passed over. His punishment in purgatory being deemed sufficient, he was then received by these angelic guardians and wafted away, one hoped to Paradise.

‘The entertainment was interesting and amusing for the first half-hour, but after that it began to pall, and the monotonous repetition of the same gestures and steps, and of the same dreary music, made me wish heartily I had never asked to see a devil-dance. Nevertheless, in spite of the tedious length of the programme, I would not have missed it for any consideration, as it is a sight which not very many Europeans get a chance of seeing.

‘At the end of the performance I was conducted by the *Skooshook’s* all over the monastery. Except that it was on a very much larger scale and was much cleaner and finer in every way, it resembled the one at *Lamayuru* in the general lay-out. The library here was, of course, much finer and I believe that there are records and parchments here that some of our great Oriental scholars would give anything to have a glimpse of. Alas, to me, they conveyed very little beyond the antiquity of their origin, and in some cases the beautiful illuminations. When we had completed the tour of the monastery we were taken back to the *Skooshook’s* quarters for a *Deshi Khana* (native dinner). As it was close on five o’clock then and, except for the cup of tea with the *Skooshook* at nine, I had had no food since 7 a.m., I was extremely hungry. We sat, as usual, cross-legged, each with a little table in front of us, and our first course was a very delicious sort of stew, of meat, soup and a kind of macaroni served in porcelain bowls. This was followed by an excellent pilaff of rice, mutton and raisins and then little china bowls full of dried apricots in syrup—a really

delicious meal. I should have enjoyed it more had I been more adept with chopsticks. I had to give up trying to eat with them and ignominiously take to the little fork in the case given to me by the Skooshook. What might have been quite a little disaster for me occurred during the devil-dance. I had kept a lot of films for my Kodak and also for my Panoram, especially for Ladakh. What was my dismay, then, to find that I had finished my roll in my Kodak and that, in my hurried departure from camp, I had picked up an exposed roll by mistake. So I had no film. However, I had my Panoram; but when I tried to use that, I found the shutter would not work and so that was useless. It was a great disappointment, as I could have got some good photos. The Skooshook, noticing that something had gone wrong, asked me through the interpreter what it was. I explained to him what had happened and he asked to see my Panoram. After examining it for a minute, he gave some order to an attendant and in a few minutes the man reappeared bringing with him a Panoram camera, exactly like mine in every respect. I was much astonished at the Skooshook having a camera, and a Panoram at that, but I was told that he was very fond of taking photographs, and that some former Resident had sent him a Panoram as a gift. It was a godsend to me, as I was able to use my own film in it and so secure some photographs.

‘ I thought I would like to send the Skooshook some little token in grateful remembrance of my visit. I asked his secretary what he thought he would like best and was amused at being told that what he would like better than anything else was a daylight-developing tank, as he longed to develop his own photos. This I duly dispatched to him on my arrival at Bombay. After many interchanges of compliments, and laden with my gifts, we left the monastery about six o'clock after one of the most delightful and interesting

days I have ever spent. One thing amused me very much—the Skooshook's secretary who escorted us to the gate of the monastery repeatedly told me how very much the Skooshook had enjoyed my visit, and how glad he was to have had the opportunity of entertaining the daughter of that great man Sir John Hewett, who, in his opinion, should undoubtedly have been made Viceroy of India. But the Skooshook had also taken a great fancy to me personally because, according to the secretary, on seeing me he had smiled and then laughed for the first time for many months, which proved that he had taken a liking to me. The little secretary was so much in earnest, and so evidently wished to impress me with the fact that I had been a success, that I assured him I was extremely touched and flattered by the compliment paid to me. On thinking it over later on, I fear I must regard as rather a left-handed compliment the fact that until he saw me the Skooshook had not smiled or laughed for months, which can perhaps be taken either way.

'We moved camp next day to one much higher up at about 14,000 feet. Captain Glover suggested I might camp up in this nulla for two nights and see if I could get a shot at a barhal. He was not very sanguine, but I felt I must go and see what could be done. We had a nasty march all over rocks and boulders and sand. We passed under the monastery of Marcho, and the lamas came out on the roof and blew conch shells and trumpets in salutation. The Raja of Marcho came to meet us and presented me with another scarf. The camp was in a very rocky, restricted little area, with barely room to pitch a tent, and the khabar was very bad—the shikari said that he had seen no good heads at all and the nulla was so full of men with grazing yaks and zos that all the good heads had cleared off to the snows. However, I was very keen to go out on the ground even if

I did not see anything worth shooting, so I decided to start at 5 a.m. next day.

'I got up at 4.30 a.m. when it was very dark and very cold, but luckily I was able to ride the first part of the way on one of the yaks we had brought with us. We saw plenty of females and young males, but no shootable head. After a time we saw a herd a very long way off and thought there might be a decent head amongst them, so we made a very long detour to get up wind of them. By then we were up about 15,000 feet and I found the going hard, my breath came in great sobs and my heart beat so quickly I thought I should choke. Then I suddenly got my second wind and went on again merrily. We had got up to nearly 16,000 feet and about 300 yards ahead of and above us were some great big rocks and suddenly the herd we were after came round the corner going like the wind. Something must have startled them and put them up, as they came crashing along on the hill at us. As we were taking a long detour to get up to them we expected them to be miles away, so we were completely taken by surprise. I had no idea of shooting, as it was obviously an impossible shot 300 yards away uphill and going like the wind. The shikari, however, was so insistent that if I did not take a shot then I should not get another that, much against my will, I did shoot and, of course, missed, which was very annoying but not unexpected.

'It was then about 9 a.m. and we climbed and walked till eleven-thirty, when we saw another herd miles away across a nulla and the shikari went to spy out the land. He returned at one-thirty and said there was one small head just shootable. He had seen no others and was evidently anxious for me to go after it, and so off we went again. This time we had to go down a precipice of rock and shale for 1,500 feet, and it was not an

easy descent at all as the loose stones and shale slid away from one's feet and when I got to the bottom I had five nails in one boot and none in the other. We then had to climb about 2,000 feet and, as the wind was wrong, crawl along the ridge for about two miles. We had gone up about 800 feet of real precipice and I was panting and blowing at every step, as at that height any exertion is a tremendous effort, when the shikari who had gone ahead, came back and said the herd had moved on up the hill out of range. So I crawled along to a rock from which I could see and sure enough there they were, little tiny dots miles away.

'As it was by then three-thirty and it would have taken me two and a half hours to get up there, with the light rapidly failing and the chance of not getting a shot after all, I decided to give it up for that day. I had been out since 5 a.m. and it was nearly 5 p.m. when we got back to camp. I had had a most wonderful day and had been simply thrilled by my effort, though I was bitterly disappointed at not getting a proper shot, but as Captain Glover pointed out, no one goes out for one day and expects to shoot a good head. It takes days and sometimes weeks to get a shot. I was really very fortunate to have seen any animals at all and to have seen the sort of country they live in.

'We left camp next day at 6 a.m. and had our breakfast in the monastery garden. They gave me that nasty tea which nearly made me sick again, but it is very difficult to refuse without giving offence. On our way back to Leh we went to see Spitok monastery, the Skooshook of which is a baby of four years old.

'When the old Skooshook died no one knew who his successor would be. One day a deputation from the Dalai Lama at Lhasa appeared at the monastery and said that there was a boy child in the neighbourhood who was the re-incarnation of a very holy wonderful lama who had died many

years ago, and it was decreed that this baby should be the Skooshook of Spitok. The child in question was the son of the Raja of Marcho, and, whatever he felt on the subject, he had no alternative but to dedicate his little son to the monastery. There was no escaping from fate, he had to go. Accordingly the poor baby was taken away from his mother and father and taken to the monastery. There he was being brought up entirely by the lamas, with no woman near him and none of his kith and kin, save a stern old uncle who was a lama. Until the age of eight his parents might visit him occasionally, but after that they would not be allowed to go and see him. He was not allowed to mix or play with any other children, and his whole childhood and boyhood were to be spent in that grim seclusion. It sounded too pitiful, and I was full of sympathy for the parents long, before I saw the little Skooshook. When I had seen him, I felt it was so unbearable that he should be seized like this, and literally forced to become a Skooshook, whether he wished to or not, that I felt like picking him up and carrying him away.

‘Spitok monastery is quite a small one and built on the same lines as all the others. We were received by the sour-looking old uncle of the Skooshook and conducted to his presence. There he was sitting on the low wooden seat that is the seat of state, dressed in the dark red robes, shoes of a lama and with the yellow scarf and cap of his rank. On a table in front of him were all the signs and symbols of his office. The baby was sitting very solemnly on his little wooden seat and looking at us with big black eyes, not quite sure what to make of me. He was a lovely little boy with quite a fair skin and a most beautiful pink colour. His eyes were quite remarkable, with long thick black lashes, and he had a most lovely little determined chin. He looked like a wee fellow dressed up in fancy dress and not liking it very much.

‘At first he was very shy and did not respond to my advances

BABY SKOOSHOOK  
AND UNCLE



BABY SKOOSHOOK





at all. But gradually he began to be interested in me and came and played with my wrist-watch. I took a photo of him and showed him the camera and how it worked, and presently he climbed up on my knee and sat there staring at me for some time, and then quite suddenly he flung his arms round my neck and hugged me. Poor tiny baby, he just wanted to be petted and loved, and it was the most pathetic thing in the world to see the way he flung away his Skooshook's cap and clung to me. He did not want to be revered and almost worshipped, he did not want to sit on a hard wooden bench, receiving homage from grown-up men ; he did not want to be a holy man ; he wanted to be a normal healthy baby, to play in the sun with other children, to be able to run to his mother, to be petted and comforted when he hurt himself or broke his toy. It seemed to me the refinement of cruelty to capture anything so young and tender and to clap him behind prison bars. I stayed a long time playing with this darling baby, and, my tiffin basket being somewhere in the offing, I was able to leave him some sweets. It was quite a wrench to tear myself away, and I was haunted for months after by the vision of this tiny figure, dressed up in the red and yellow robes, with the Skooshook's cap on his head and solemnly sitting on his little wooden seat, while lamas, old and young, filed past him doing obeisance.

' I spent a few days in Leh, as I was suffering badly from toothache. The tooth from which the "inlay" had fallen was giving me a great deal of pain. There was, of course, no dentist within 300 miles, and remembering what a nuisance lone women travelling on their own could be, I said nothing about my toothache and hoped it would wear off. After two sleepless nights in Leh I could bear it no more, so I rushed round to the mission-house and implored Mr. Kunig to pull my tooth out. He was less drastic in his treatment, and gave me some stuff called Bunter's Nerveine to put into the

tooth, as a kind of temporary stopping. This immediately stopped the pain, and by the aid of this wonderful remedy I was able to hold out until I got to London and could see my own dentist. Mr. Bunter has gained my undying gratitude, as without his remedy I should have had to face weeks of pain and discomfort.

'My time was getting short now, as I had to get back to Kashmir by the end of September in order to get up to my Barasingh nulla the first week in October. Captain Glover had got permission for me to go to Rumbak nulla and see if I could get a shapu. It was really a two day's march, but owing to my being pressed for time I decided to do a twelve-hour march and do the distance in one. On looking back, I see now that it was really a hopeless venture trying to do anything in the shooting line in such very limited time, and that anything under a month in a nulla is quite useless. However, I was determined to go and I went.

'We left Leh at 6 a.m., and had a very long and trying march of twenty-six miles. The wind was very cold and pierced through all one's woollies and waistcoats, and when we got to the Indus we found it in flood. As it was unfordable, we were obliged to make a detour of ten miles and cross by a bridge. We got into our camping place about 5 p.m. Very cold, and up at over 14,000 feet, we sat shivering in the wind until the camp turned up about seven, only to find that my bedding had fallen into the Indus and was absolutely saturated. I made up a bed of two numdahs, a blanket and my coat for a pillow, and in spite of the discomfort, the cold and the height, I slept like a top.

'Next morning, shivering with cold, I got up in the icy darkness at 4 a.m. and left camp before dawn. About sixty-five we saw four shapu, miles away under the snow, two good heads, so we pursued. The climbing was very hard over rocks and shale and as we were then over 17,000

feet I found it real hard work. The pressure on one's heart and lungs at that altitude is tremendous, and every movement is a great effort. I thought my stalk after barhal at between 13,000-16,000 feet was hard, but it was nothing to this. About eight-fifteen we saw them over a mile away on the skyline, so we waited to see what they would do. For a long while they hung about and then they started to move over the crest. It was then about eleven-thirty, and feeling revived and refreshed after my long rest, also feeling extremely cold, I started off to stalk them, hoping to crawl up to the ridge, about 1,000 feet and to get a shot from the other side.

'The going was bad, over a terrible bit of shale, and the wind and sleet made matters much worse. We had only been going for half an hour when, to our horror, we saw the wretched brutes coming back over the ridge. We at once dropped flat on our tummies, clinging on to the hill-side by our eyelids, and not daring to move a finger. Every time we breathed deeply a shower of stones and shale went hurtling down. We remained like this for three mortal hours, until I could have cried with the pain of cramp and the awful effort to prevent myself sliding down about 2,800 feet.

'The shapu never got our wind or saw us, and they remained in the same spot about 1,300 yards away until 3 p.m. They then went over the crest again, and full of hope we began to crawl slowly up. Just at that moment a violent snowstorm came on and we could not see 100 yards in front of us. The snow stung and whipped our faces and made the stalk a very unpleasant and difficult one. At last we got to the top, 18,000 feet; my legs and arms were trembling with the strain of crawling and clinging to every out-jutting piece of rock, and I was thankful to huddle under a big boulder, where I soon became completely smothered with snow.

'The shikari went on a little to see if he could see any sign of them, but returned about four-thirty, to say there was

not a trace of them. By this time it had settled down to snow in good earnest, so I had to give it up. The descent was horrible, in the blinding snowstorm it was not easy to pick one's way down the steep shale slope, and once I slipped and slithered on my behind for about 200 feet, and was thankful to come up with a bump against a big rock. I got back to camp at 6 p.m., having had no food all day and thirteen hours' real hard work in snow and sleet.

'I was disappointed at not getting a shot, but I did enjoy it so enormously that the actual shooting did not matter. I was so thrilled at being out on those tremendous mountains, and seeing the shapu even at such a distance. I even enjoyed lying on my tummy with stones running into me, and cramp in every limb. It was such a thrill watching the shapu and not daring to wink an eye lest they should see me. I knew quite well that what I was trying to do was idiotic and preposterous, and utterly foolish, but, oh, how I did enjoy it!

'The next morning I was off again before dawn and we spotted the same four shapu, but not on the same ground. We began to stalk about six-thirty and, after a real hard climb up to about 16,500 feet, we found the wind had changed and was wrong for us, so we had to get round and come up from the other side. The climb was hard and strenuous, all over sharp crags, rocks and slippery shale. When we got up to about 17,400 feet, we saw the shapu about three miles away on a ridge—they were lying down and did not look like moving. The shikari wanted me to give it up, as he said, even if I succeeded in getting near them, I should never get a shot. However, I wanted to go on. I knew I'd probably never get another chance of getting a shapu, and it seemed so pointless to give it up. The only way to get near our quarry was along the sheer face of a precipice, where there was no path at all. I shall never forget that stalk.

We started off at about a quarter to one, and we got to within shot by five o'clock. We were up at 17,400 feet, and the height was beginning to tell on me, and I found the physical effort of climbing and pulling myself up over rocks and crags very tiring indeed. We had to crawl along very slowly, as we were on loose shale, precipitous rocks rose sheer up on our right, and to our left was a drop of 3,000 feet. We had to make each foothold first and every now and again one's foot slipped and one felt the next thing would be feeling oneself hurtling into space. At first I just could not move. I felt horribly dizzy and dared not look down. When we got to a bulge and had to crawl round it, clinging to the face of the rock with our fingers, and flattening our bodies against it as much as possible, it was real agony, as one knew one false step or a slip meant that one was hurled to the bottom.

Eventually we got over this alarming and nerve-racking part of the climb, and after a couple of hours we sighted the shapu again. They had moved to yet a further ridge, and I had to lie down and wait for twenty minutes until they moved on again. After another period of climbing and crawling, we at last got on to the ridge where they were. Lying low, I waited while the shikari went on to see if he could see them. He returned with a long face, and said they were there about 250 yards away, but it was an impossible shot as I could not see them without exposing myself. It was by then five o'clock, and the light was beginning to go, but I felt I could not return to my camp after all the hard work I had put in and not take a chance of a shot. So I crawled up to where the shikari had seen them and found that he was right, and the rock bulged out at this point preventing me from seeing over it. My only chance was to kneel up and see if I could get a shot. By kneeling and peering over the edge I was just able to see the

head and horns of one which looked like a good one. He was about 200 yards away and the rock below me prevented me from seeing more than his head. Although I knew it was practically an impossible shot, as in order to shoot I had to kneel right up and show myself, I decided to take it, but at the very moment I was cautiously pulling myself up on to one knee the shapu spotted me, and the whole four were off like a flash, and without having time to aim properly I took a snapshot at the big one and hit him. I then had to run uphill to a knoll about 150 yards off to try and get a second shot, and running uphill at 17,400 feet is no joke; I could scarcely see for a sort of mist over my eyes, and my head was thudding so I could hardly hold my rifle. I saw them disappearing over a ridge about 600 yards away and had a snap at the wounded one. I did not hit him but went very near, as he leaped into the air. I wanted to follow him up, but the shikari had had enough of it and flatly refused as he said the darkness was coming on and the shapu had gone up to the snow line.

'Then began my weary and sad descent of 3,000 feet to my camp. All the way down, stumbling and slipping at every yard, I was upbraiding myself for my obstinacy in insisting on taking a shot when I knew it was 100 to 1 on my not shooting the poor beast dead. And I regretted so bitterly not having missed clean, instead of wounding and maiming the animal. It was a nightmare that climb down—I was nearly at the end of my tether. I was cold, hungry and dead tired and carried a load of regret with me, which I still carry to this day. Why on earth I would not listen to the shikari, why on earth was I so pig-headed and obstinate? Why couldn't I have killed the poor animal or missed altogether? All these thoughts went racing through my brain and I returned to camp at seven o'clock after fourteen hours of hard physical exertion, thoroughly depressed and miserable.

' We sent a man out next day to look for tracks and he found a good deal of blood and trailed the shapu for miles right into the snow. The shikaris said that they thought I must have hit the shapu in the fleshy part of the shoulder and, if so, it would heal up and no great harm was done. I tried to comfort myself with this thought, but the shikari had no intention of letting me off, as he repeated that it was a hopeless shot and further that no right-minded sahib ever went out all and every day like I did. They usually got out for a stalk in the early morning and if by midday they don't get a shot, they give it up and go out again next day. So I had broken all the rules of procedure, and I did not make this any better by announcing my intention of going after barhal again that morning. It was my last day, and in spite of all the well-trained sportsmen and their methods of shikar I determined to go my own way. It was not a success ; we saw plenty of barhal but all females and young males, no good head. The climb was a long but moderately easy one, and, as I had to return to Leh next day, I made a short day of it and got back to camp at four.

' I left my camp at 4.30 a.m. next day, and as I wanted to have one more look for a barhal, we had about eight miles to go out of our way, making the march a long one of about thirty-six miles. I got on to the ground at about eight, but again saw no good head at all, though we saw a number of barhal ; so at midday I had to give it up and start off for Leh. We had to climb down a very steep precipice for about 2,000 feet to a stony nulla, and it was a case of real chamois jumping from rock to rock for about three miles. Once I fell and I thought I had sprained my ankle, as I felt sick with pain. However, I had only ricked it badly, and after a quarter of an hour's rest I was able to go on again, though more cautiously. At about four o'clock we reached the Indus, and the question was, could we or could we not ford it ? Coming



out we had to make a long detour as the river was in flood. Now we could just ford it, though it was risky, as the water was rising every minute. I flatly refused to go one yard farther than necessary, and so we sent for a man to show us the ford. It was a hateful experience. The water was up to my pony's shoulder and over my knees. The current was terrific and my pony was constantly being swept down a little farther each time. It really was rather alarming, as, if he had lost his foothold, we should both have been swept away. We landed at last about a quarter of a mile farther down than we had started. I had an uncomfortable cold ride into Leh in my wet clothes, and got in at 7 p.m. having left my camp at 4.30 a.m.

' So ended my abortive attempt to shoot in Ladakh. Disappointing as it was, I would not have missed it for anything. It was the most wonderful experience, and I can still see in my mind's eye every detail of the scenery—the huge, rugged, rather cruel mountains, the sandy plains and rushing torrents. I see the camp perched on a little ledge and the smoke of the fire curling up into the cold air. I experience again the intense thrill and excitement when first one spies one's quarry far, far away, with great chasms and ridges between oneself and them. I go over in my mind again the high hopes with which I always began my stalks and the bitter disappointments with which I ended them; and I can see clear and sharp the wonderful panorama of the Himalaya spread out before my eyes, range after range of giant snowclad mountains, whichever way one turned as far as the eye could see, the eternal snows, with that quite indescribable and utterly unique feeling of peace and healing which comes only from great heights and perfect stillness. I carry with me always memories of an experience which I look back on with utter happiness, when just to be alive and breathing in that rare atmosphere, seemed to be the sum total of one's desires.

‘ I rested two days in Leh after my labours and then sadly and regretfully I took leave of my very kind hosts, feeling quite incapable of expressing to them, in any adequate manner, my thanks and my gratitude for their kindness and hospitality. To Captain Glover I owed all my delightful experiences. Without his help and assistance I should never have got to Himis, or to Spitok, or to my two nullas, and mere words were insufficient to express what I felt.

‘ My return journey was uneventful. I started off unfortunately, as, just after I had left Leh, a real Ladakhi wind arose, so strong that my pony had great difficulty in keeping his feet. My topi was blown off three times, and we got into the middle of a terrific sand-devil about thirty feet high. This finished my pony, as he promptly fell down. He did stumble badly, but this time I think he was blown off his feet. I was not hurt and picked myself up and remounted. I got into Saspul after dark.

‘ Just before leaving Leh I was slightly cheered by meeting at dinner at the Residency two men who had had no more luck than I had had. One, a retired gunner, had been out for weeks. He missed an ammon and never got a shot at a shapu. The other man, a General, who should have known better, was after shapu. He did not get one, but returned in triumph with a 20-inches barhal. As twenty-three inches is the smallest head it is permissible to shoot, I fear the poor General’s triumph was short-lived.

‘ I did not have such good weather on the return march and ran into frequent storms and cold winds. The days were rapidly drawing in and I found, as it was so much cooler, I could do my marches in the middle of the day, instead of at break of dawn. I was unlucky in giving my excellent pony a sore back. The saddle had gone completely flat and he had a horrid lump on the wither. I was obliged to get one of the hill ponies or yaks to ride and found it most tiring

and uncomfortable and very rough. However, as I walked a great part of the marches it didn't matter so much.

'At last I got to Gund in the Sind valley and felt I really had returned to civilization. I had only one more march into Srinagar, and then I should be once more plunged into the ordinary routine of life. I felt curiously depressed and sad. I had tasted the joys of solitude and found the comfort and peace which lies under open skies and on the heights. I had had no one but myself to consider all these weeks, and the delicious and unaccustomed feeling of freedom, of being able to come and go, when I liked and where I liked, the unutterable joy of being in tune with my surroundings without one jarring note, had made these precious weeks pure bliss to me. It was hard to bring oneself back to everyday life again, and I felt that I should probably never again find such perfect peace.

'My depression and reluctance to return to civilization were tempered by my old Rachel's unfeigned joy at once more approaching the flesh-pots of Kashmir. She had been too splendid on the march, never too tired to look after "Her Missus." No matter how long or how hard the march, Rachel proceeded grandly in her dandy (sedan chair) and, at the end of it, was there superintending everything, from pitching the tent to preparing my meal. Rachel was everywhere, shrilly scolding or encouraging and making everything as comfortable as she could in the circumstances.

'I left her behind at Leh when I went off shooting. She was much annoyed as she wished to come, being quite convinced that something appalling would happen to me once I had eluded her eagle eye. She never failed to greet me on my return with "Thank God, thank God, Missus not got taken up and killed." Her spirits rose with every march in proportion to every drop in mine, and by the time we got to Gund she was beaming, but suitably subdued her elation



LEH



when she saw me, and endeavoured to comfort me by saying : " Poor Missus, very sad never shoot nothing, never mind, maybe Missus take up and shoot big tiger soon." She seemed to have got it into her head that my whole life was set upon shooting something.

' I got back to Srinagar just seven weeks after I had left it, feeling fit and hard and ready to start off again. I had had seven perfect weeks, and I have never ceased congratulating myself on the brain wave that suggested my trip to Leh.'



## APPENDIX

### Glossary of Names

#### (a) MAMMALS

Antelope (1) Indian	<i>Antelope cervicapra.</i>
(2) Four-horned	<i>Tetracerus quadricornis.</i>
Barking deer	<i>Cervulus muntjac.</i>
Bear (1) Himalayan black	<i>Ursus torquatus.</i>
(2) Sloth	<i>Metursus ursinus.</i>
Bengal monkey	<i>Macacus rhesus.</i>
Black buck	<i>See Indian Antelope.</i>
Buffalo	<i>Bos bubalus.</i>
Barhal	<i>Ovis nahura.</i>
Cat, Jungle	<i>Felis chaus.</i>
Cheetah	<i>Cynaelurus jubatus.</i>
Cheetal, Chital	<i>Cervus axis.</i>
Clouded Leopard	<i>Felis nebulosa.</i>
Elephant	<i>Elephas maximus.</i>
Flying Squirrel, Large red	<i>Pteromys inornatus.</i>
Fox, common	<i>Vulpes alopec.</i>
Fox, Indian	<i>Vulpes bengalensis.</i>
Gaur	<i>Bos gaurus.</i>
Gond	<i>See Swamp Deer.</i>
Goral	<i>Cemas goral.</i>
Himalayan Langur	<i>Semnopithecus schistaceus.</i>
Hog-deer	<i>Cervus porcinus.</i>
Hyæna	<i>Hyæna striata.</i>



Ibex	<i>Capra sibirica.</i>
Jackal	<i>Canis aureus.</i>
Kakar	See Barking Deer.
Kashmir Stag	<i>Cervus Cashmirianus.</i>
Langur	<i>Semnopithecus entellus.</i>
Langur, Himalayan	<i>Semnopithecus schistaceus.</i>
Leopard or panther	<i>Felis pardus.</i>
Leopard, Snow	See Ounce.
Lynx	<i>Felis lynx.</i>
Markhor	<i>Capra falconeri.</i>
Marten, Indian	<i>Mustela flavigula.</i>
Mouse deer	<i>Tragulus meminna.</i>
Musk-deer	<i>Moschus moschiferus.</i>
Nilgai	<i>Boselaphus tragocamelus.</i>
Ounce	<i>Felis uncia.</i>
Pangolin	<i>Manis pentadactyla.</i>
Pigmy hog	<i>Sus salvanius.</i>
Porcupine	<i>Hystrix leucura.</i>
Ravine deer	<i>Gazella bennetti.</i>
Rhinoceros	<i>Rhinoceros unicornis.</i>
Sambar	<i>Cervus unicolor.</i>
Serow	<i>Nemorhaedus bubalinus.</i>
Shapu	<i>Ovis vignei.</i>
Shou or Sikkim stag	<i>Cervus affinis.</i>
Spotted deer	See Chital.
Swamp deer	<i>Rucervus duvaucelli.</i>
Tahr	<i>Hemitragus jemlaicus.</i>
Tiger	<i>Felis tigris.</i>
Wild Boar	<i>Sus cristatus.</i>
Wild Dog	<i>Cuon dukhunensis.</i>
Wolf, Indian	<i>Canis pallipes.</i>
Yak	<i>Bos grunniens.</i>

## (b) BIRDS

Alexandrine Paroquet	<i>Palaeornis nepalensis.</i>
Bengal Florican	<i>Houbaropsis bengalensis.</i>
Bulbul (1) Red vented	<i>Molpastes haemorrhous.</i>
(2) White cheeked	<i>Molpastes leucogenys.</i>
Bustard, Great Indian	<i>Euopdotis edwardsi.</i>
Chloropsis (1) Gold fronted	<i>Chloropsis aurifrons.</i>
(2) Orange bel- lied	<i>Chloropsis hardwickii.</i>
Chough	<i>Pyrhocorax pyrrhocorax.</i>
Crane, Demoiselle	<i>Anthropoides virgo.</i>
Cuckoo (1) Common	<i>Cuculus canorus.</i>
(2) Common Hawk-cuckoo	<i>Hierococcyx varius.</i>
(3) Indian cuckoo	<i>Cuculus micropterus.</i>
Dove, Bronze-winged	<i>Chalcophaps indica.</i>
Drongo (1) Common King- crow	<i>Dicrurus macrocerus.</i>
(2) Racket-tailed	<i>Dissemurus paradiseus.</i>
Eagle (1) Changeable Hawk-eagle	<i>Spizaetus lemnættus.</i>
(2) Crested Hawk- eagle	<i>Spizaetus cirrhatu.</i>
(3) Crested Serpent- eagle	<i>Spilornis cheela.</i>
(4) Tawny	<i>Aquila rapax.</i>
Flycatcher, Paradise	<i>Terpsiphone paradisi.</i>
Hornbill (1) Great Indian	<i>Dichoceros bicornis.</i>
(2) Common Grey	<i>Lophoceros birostris.</i>
Indian Tree Pie	<i>Dendrocitta rufa.</i>
Junglefowl, Red	<i>Gallus ferrugineus.</i>
Jungle Crow	<i>Corvus macrorhynchus.</i>
Kalij	See Pheasant.
Kite (1) Brahminy	<i>Halistur indus.</i>

(2) Common Pariah	<i>Milvus migrans.</i>
Lammergeyer	<i>Gypaetus barbatus.</i>
Magpie, Red-billed Blue	<i>Urocissa occipitalis.</i>
Minivet, Indian Scarlet	<i>Periclorotus speciosus.</i>
Nightjar, Horsfield's	<i>Caprimulgus macrurus.</i>
Nutcracker, Himalayan	<i>Nucifraga hemispila.</i>
Oriole (1) Black-naped	<i>Oriolus indicus.</i>
(2) Indian	<i>Oriolus kundoo.</i>
Owl (1) Fishing	<i>Ketupa ceylonensis.</i>
(2) Scops	<i>Scops giu.</i>
Partridge (1) Black	<i>Francolinus vulgaris.</i>
(2) Chakor	<i>Caccabis chucar.</i>
(3) Grey	<i>Ortogornis pondicerianus.</i>
(4) Peura	<i>Arboricola queola.</i>
(5) Seesee	<i>Ammoperdix bonhami.</i>
(6) Swamp or Kyah	<i>Francolinus gularis.</i>
Peafowl	<i>Pavo cristatus.</i>
Peregrine Falcon	<i>Falco peregrinus.</i>
Pheasant (1) Cheer	<i>Catreus wallichii.</i>
(2) Crimson-horned	<i>Tragopan satyra.</i>
(3) Western-horned	<i>Tragopan melanocephalus.</i>
(4) Kalij	<i>Gennaues albicristatus.</i>
(5) Koklas	<i>Pucrasia macrolopha.</i>
(6) Moonal	<i>Lophophorus impeyanus.</i>
Pigeon, Bengal Green	<i>Crocopus phoenicopterus.</i>
Pigeon, Snow	<i>Columbus leuconota.</i>
Pitta	<i>Pitta brachyura.</i>
Sandgrouse (1) Imperial	<i>Pterocles orientalis.</i>
(2) Common	<i>Pterocles senegalensis.</i>
Shama	<i>Kittacincla macroura.</i>
Shikra	<i>Astur badius.</i>

Shrike, Rufous-backed	<i>Lanius erythronotus.</i>
Swift, Crested	<i>Macropteryx coronata.</i>
Thrush, Himalayan white- crested laughing	<i>Garrulax leucolophus.</i>
Vultures (1) Egyptian	<i>Neophron percnopterus.</i>
(2) Himalayan Griffon	<i>Gyps himalayensis.</i>
(3) King	<i>Torgos calvus.</i>
Whistling Schoolboy	<i>Myiophoneus temminki.</i>

## (c) REPTILES

Biscobra ( <i>Bish-khopra</i> )	<i>Varanus sp.</i>
Cobra	<i>Naia tripudians.</i>
Hamadryad	<i>Naia bungarus.</i>
Krait, Common	<i>Bungarus caeruleus.</i>
Python	<i>Python molurus.</i>
Russell's Viper	<i>Vipera russelli.</i>

## (d) FISH

Mahseer	<i>Barbus tor.</i>
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## (e) TREES &amp; SHRUBS

Amaltas	<i>Cassia Fistula.</i>
Aonla	<i>Emblica officialis.</i>
Babul	<i>Acacia arabica.</i>
Bæl	<i>Aegle Marmelos.</i>
Bakli	<i>Anogeissus latifolia.</i>
Banyan or Bargad	<i>Ficus bengalensis.</i>
Barwa	<i>Crataeva.</i>
Bansa, Basonta or Pilu	<i>Adhatoda vasica.</i>
Ber	<i>Zizyphus Jujuba.</i>

Bhanwa	<i>Clerodendron infortunatum.</i>
Birch	<i>Betula utilis.</i>
Blue Pine	<i>Pinus excelsa.</i>
Chenar	<i>Platanus orientalis.</i>
Chir	<i>Pinus longifolia.</i>
Cotton tree	<i>See Semal.</i>
Cypress	<i>Cupressus torulosa.</i>
Deodar	<i>Cedrus deodara.</i>
Dhak	<i>Butea frondosa.</i>
Dhauri	<i>Lagerstroemia parviflora.</i>
Ebony	<i>Diospyros tomentosa.</i>
Fir, Silver	<i>Abies pindrow.</i>
Fir, Spruce	<i>Picea morinda.</i>
Gauj	<i>Millettia auriculata.</i>
Gular	<i>Ficus glomerata.</i>
Haldu	<i>Adina cordifolia.</i>
Jamun	<i>Eugenia jambolana.</i>
Kachnar	<i>Bauhinia purpurea.</i>
Kaen	<i>See Tiger tree</i>
Karaunda	<i>Carissa opaca.</i>
Khair	<i>Acacia Catechu.</i>
Kusambh	<i>Schleichera trijuga.</i>
Maljhan	<i>Bauhinia vahlii.</i>
Mango	<i>Mangifera indica.</i>
Mahua	<i>Bassia latifolia.</i>
Nim	<i>Azadirachta indica.</i>
Nimbu	<i>Citrus medica.</i>
Oak, Ban	<i>Quercus incana.</i>
Oak, Moru	<i>Quercus dilatata.</i>
Oak, Kharshu	<i>Quercus semicarpifolia.</i>
Pilu	<i>See Bansa.</i>
Pipal	<i>Ficus religiosa.</i>
Ruini	<i>Mallotus philippinensis.</i>
Saj or Sair	<i>Terminalia tomentosa.</i>

Sal	<i>Shorea robusta.</i>
Semal	<i>Bombax malabaricum.</i>
Shisham	<i>Dalbergia Sissoo.</i>
Siris	<i>Albizzia stipulata.</i>
Tamarind	<i>Tamarindus indica.</i>
Tamarisk	<i>Tamarix articulata.</i>
Teak	<i>Tectona grandis.</i>
Tendu	See Ebony.
Tiger tree	<i>Bischoffia javanica.</i>
Toon	<i>Cedrela Toona.</i>

## (f) GRASSES

Bamboo (Bans)	<i>Dendrocalamus strictus.</i>
Dubh	<i>Cynodon dactylon.</i>
Kans	<i>Saccharum spontaneum.</i>
Khaskhas	<i>Andropogon muricatus.</i>
Munj, Sirpat	<i>Saccharum ciliare.</i>
Nal or Narkul	<i>Phragmites roxburghii.</i>
Patair, Patel	<i>Typha sp.</i>
Ratwa	<i>Sporobolus indicus.</i>
Rusa	<i>Andropogon Martini.</i>
Ulla	<i>Anthisteria gigantea.</i>
„ Chota ulla	<i>Imperata arundinacea.</i>

## (g) Glossary of Vernacular Terms

- Ankus* or *gajbagh*, an iron hook used as a goad for elephants.  
*Bhisti*, a water carrier.  
*Bin*, a reed pipe or flute.  
*Bojhi*, thickets of trees and grass.  
*Churr (char)*, a sandbank or island formed in a river.  
*Charkata*, the man who cuts fodder for elephants.

*Dadu*, a strong cold wind from the hills.

"*Fussed*" (from *phansna*, to be snared), bogged.

*Gadeli*, a small pad on which a mahout sits on an elephant's back.

"*Ghooming*" (from *ghumna*, to turn), prowling about in early morning on a pad elephant.

*Howdah*, a wooden seat on an elephant.

*Jhil*, a swamp.

*Kachcha* (literally, uncooked), an unmetalled road.

*Kadir* (*Khadar*), low-lying land.

*Khabar*, news, intelligence.

*Kondel*, patches of thick reed cover near streams.

*Khud*, steep hill-side.

*Lambardar*, a headman.

*Machan*, a platform in a tree for shooting purposes.

*Mahout*, an elephant driver.

*Maidan*, an open plain.

*Makna*, a male elephant with no tusks.

*Must*, a periodic state of excitement (of male elephants).

*Nadi*, a flowing stream.

*Nulla*, a watercourse, often dry.

*Padhan*, a headman of village.

*Pargana*, a fiscal subdivision of a district.

*Patua*, a seat on ground, screened by branches.

*Patwari*, a village accountant.

*Pultan*, a regiment of foot.

*Rao*, a watercourse subject to torrential action.

*Sarak*, a road.

*Sirpat*, high grass.

*Skooshook* (*sku-shogs*), a clerical title, 'His Reverence,' in W. Thibet.

*Sot*, a channel which always contains pools of water.

*Tahsildar*, a sub-collector.

*Tamasha*, a spectacle.

*Yashmak*, a veil to screen a woman's face.

## (h) Words used by Mahouts to Elephants

<i>Mail</i>	.	.	.	Go on.
<i>Baith</i>	.	.	.	Sit down.
<i>Chai</i>	.	.	.	Turn (to either side, indicate by foot).
<i>Dhăt</i>	.	.	.	Stop (when the elephant is moving forwards).
<i>Dhăt pichhe</i>	.	.	.	Step backwards (when the elephant is at rest).
<i>Dhir</i>	.	.	.	Take.
<i>Biri</i>	.	.	.	Don't do it.
<i>Biri chhut</i>	.	.	.	Drop it.
<i>Billai</i>	.	.	.	Lift foreleg.
<i>Tul</i>	.	.	.	Lift hindleg.
<i>Phulai baith</i>	.	.	.	Lower hindquarters (by bending hindlegs).
<i>Bhār<sup>1</sup></i>	.	.	.	Raise on your trunk.
<i>Jhúk</i>	.	.	.	Lower forequarters.
<i>Sām-baith</i>	.	.	.	Sit down properly (i.e., all four legs on one level).
<i>Tiri</i>	.	.	.	Lie down.
<i>Tăn</i>	.	.	.	Straighten legs (when lying down).
<i>Dalai</i>	.	.	.	Drink.
<i>Dhār úpār</i>	.	.	.	Reach up and take.
<i>Phūrú</i>	.	.	.	Break down.
<i>Āgādh</i> (or <i>āgāte</i> )	.	.	.	Move forward.
<i>Tokār</i>	.	.	.	Don't trip.
<i>Sāmálkār</i>	.	.	.	Go cautiously.
<i>Dăg</i>	.	.	.	Step out (for crossing a ditch).

<sup>1</sup> Said to an elephant when the mahout wishes to be lifted up on the elephant's trunk from the ground. He grasps both ears, one in either hand, and puts his foot on the trunk as high as possible and says 'Bhar.'



<i>Dăg lămbi</i>	.	.	.	Take a big step (for crossing a broad ditch).
<i>Măl</i>	.	.	.	Stand up.
<i>Măl măl</i>	.	.	.	Move on.
<i>Măl măl măl</i>	.	.	.	Run.
<i>Mojatang</i>	.	.	.	Be careful (in a narrow street).
<i>Kalamtaras</i>	.	.	.	„ „ (on sharp stubbles).
<i>Măl rapat bachakar</i>	.	.	.	„ „ (on slippery ground).
<i>Bol</i>	.	.	.	Trumpet.
<i>Lagai</i>	.	.	.	Fight (another elephant).
<i>Tirai</i>	.	.	.	Go to sleep.

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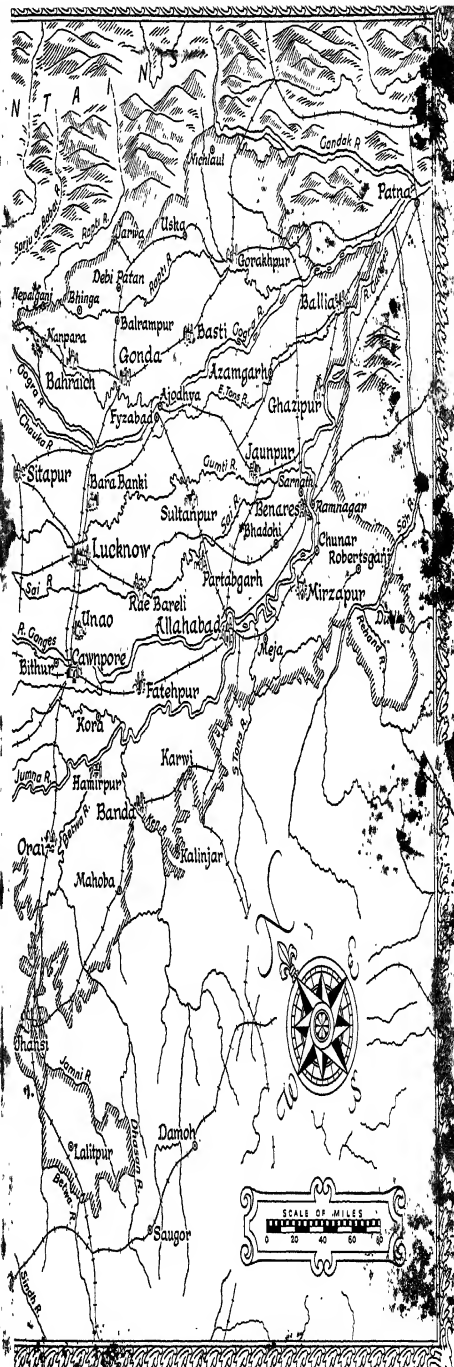
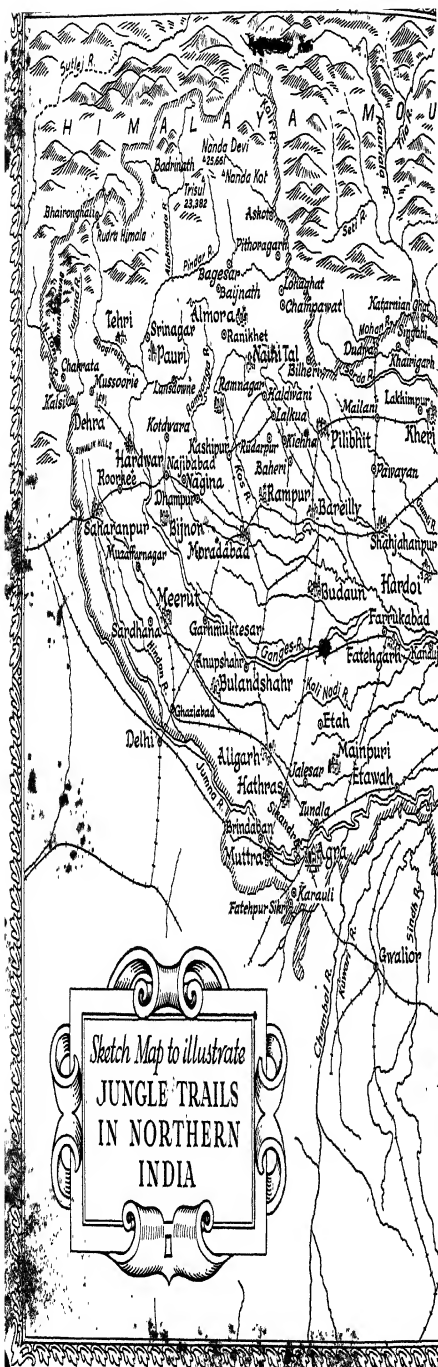
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